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COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

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The Home Outfitting Number

See Page 16 for Description of Patterns

EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Subscribe Liberally to the Next Liberty Loan and Help to Make It a Victory Loan

THE three weeks campaign for subscriptions to the next Liberty Loan will begin September 28th, and the military situation in France has improved so astonishingly of late as to raise the hope that, if we do our duty here as faithfully and efficiently as our soldiers and those of our Allies are doing theirs, it will turn out a "Victory Loan," or in other words that the war will end victoriously for us before the time arrives for another war loan.

The Germans were uncomfortably, even dangerously near Paris and the Channel ports when, in the middle of July, they launched their most recent drive designed and expected by them to be a crushing blow, but despite the most elaborate preparations and desperate attacks with enormous bodies of troops they gained but little ground during the first two days. Then General Foch, commander of the combined armies of the Allies, threw in his reserves and counter-attacked so effectively that along the entire battle front of more than fifty miles the Kaiser's men were obliged to fall back before the British, Italian, French and American armies.

This proved to be the beginning of a two weeks battle in which day by day the Allies drove the Germans, inflicting heavy losses in killed, wounded and prisoners and capturing hundreds of cannon, trench mortars and machine guns and large quantities of ammunition. So rapid was the retreat that vast quantities of food and other military stores would also have fallen into the hands of the victors had not the Germans burned them to avoid this result.

At the present writing (August sixth) the enemy has reached a strong position behind a river where he is making a stand and the battle is still raging. It is the first victory for the Allies in France since last fall, and, though not decisive of the war, it is a great victory and has turned the tide of battle which had been going against them ever since last March, and it is believed that the Germans are so weakened by it that they will not again be able to assume the offensive this summer or coming fall and probably never again during the war, although undoubtedly they will give us lots of hard fighting before they finally yield. How long before this will happen none can say, but one can now safely predict final victory for the Allies. It is only a question of time with time all in favor of the Allies who are gaining strength continually by the accession of fifty thousand fresh American soldiers each week.

Early this spring the German forces largely outnumbered those of the Allies, and the Kaiser's hope of victory consisted in dealing a crushing blow before America could get sufficient troops over to France to turn the scale, and he wisely planned his campaign accordingly. His boasted plan was to have taken Paris in April and ended the war by May. Failing of this he has lost his opportunity. The American troops were there in sufficient force to take an important and conspicuous part in this battle, and they will be still stronger in the next and in each succeeding battle until the end—and the Kaiser and his advisers know it full well, but so long as the German people in their infatuation will stand for the sacrifice their leaders will keep on fighting desperately hoping against hope for a turn of luck in their favor.

How soon the war will end depends largely on the German people, on how soon they will wake to a realizing sense of the inevitable and refuse to make further useless sacrifices in a hopeless cause. Will they fight on until their country is invaded by a hostile army and they see one after another of their cities taken by the Allies, or will they seek to mitigate their doom by suing for an early peace? America is the determining factor in this world conflict, as they know, and much depends on the attitude disclosed by the American people in subscribing to the

forthcoming Liberty Loan. If our people show indifference in this respect, if the loan goes hard, if they fail to subscribe fully, it will hearten the German people to prolong the war and will cost us a larger army in France, a larger toll of dead and wounded, heavier war taxes and a bigger war debt.

The recent victory has been at the sacrifice of life and limb of many of our brave soldiers. Will any American enjoying the comforts of home life fail to do his utmost to sustain our heroes on the battle front, to shorten the war for them, for our country and for humanity? Is any stay-at-home base enough at this critical juncture to shirk his duty by failing to subscribe to this issue of Liberty Bonds to the limit of his ability? Buy all you can—for cash if you have it, or on the installment plan if you have no ready cash but can save and pay. If a fifty-dollar Liberty Bond is beyond your means buy War Savings Stamps to the limit even if it costs you some sacrifice to do it. What is your sacrifice of luxuries compared to that of the man who lives in the mud of the trenches and goes "over the top" in face of poison gas bombs and German machine guns?

Don't Send Perishable Articles to Our Soldiers

THE sending of fruit and other perishable foods to our soldiers in camp has become such a nuisance that, on complaint of the military authorities, the Post-Office Department has issued an order directing postmasters "to refuse to accept for mailing parcels containing perishable articles, especially fruit, addressed to military camps or cantonments, if there is reason to doubt that the contents will not be in perfect condition upon delivery to the addressee."

Postmasters at post offices to which are attached military branches report that large numbers of packages, many of them insured, containing fruit and other edibles, are received daily in such condition as to render the contents unfit for use, and because of the decayed or spoiled condition of the contents are not delivered to the addressee by the military authorities, but for sanitary reasons and to safeguard the health of the soldiers are destroyed. For the information of the public the order explains that: "It should be borne in mind that mail matter for the soldiers in these camps can not always be delivered to the addressee immediately upon arrival there as it comes in large quantities and must be separated into many units, and the time of the soldiers is largely taken up with their military duties. Furthermore, a large percentage of the mail is delayed by insufficient addresses and frequently it must be forwarded because of changes for military reasons in the location of the troops."

Government Takes Over the Cape Cod Canal

THAT some good may accrue from the wickedest acts of war is well illustrated by the recent raid on our coastwise shipping by German submarines which incidentally opened the eyes of our Government to a tardy recognition of the great strategic and commercial importance of the Cape Cod canal.

Cape Cod, on the Massachusetts coast, juts far out into the Atlantic Ocean and beyond it are long stretches of treacherous shoals and dangerous currents, a veritable ship's graveyard strewn with many wrecks and constituting the chief menace to coastwise commerce in New England waters. There is an immense ocean-borne commerce plying between eastern New England and ports to the south, especially between Boston and New York, all of which had to round Cape Cod, in coming and going, until four years ago when the opening of the Cape Cod canal provided a short cut between the waters of Massachusetts

Bay and Long Island Sound and enabled vessels of light draft (as large as the canal would accommodate) to shorten the voyage and avoid the danger attendant on navigation in rounding the Cape.

It has served its purpose to the limit of its capacity which is neither deep enough to float the larger vessels nor wide enough to admit of rapid transit. There is urgent need of deepening and widening the canal sufficiently to accommodate ships of the largest size and to expedite their passage. But this will require Government aid which we hope will now be forthcoming as it should have been long ago. It is no new project, for it was recommended by Washington more than a century ago and since then has been urged on the attention of Congress many times. The canal is seven miles long and cost twelve million dollars. It was constructed by private enterprise of public spirited citizens in the hope that the Government would appreciate its national importance, assume control or ownership and undertake its further development to a degree adequate to the needs of commerce and of national defense.

But all efforts to induce Government action failed until a German submarine came within sight of the shore and sunk an ocean tug and the four coal barges which she was towing round Cape Cod. This startling demonstration shocked the Government into taking immediate control of the canal with the avowed intention of making the improvements requisite to the safety and efficiency of our coastwise shipping. The projected deepening and widening of the canal, if accomplished, will greatly facilitate the defensive operations of our navy. Our Government should buy the Cape Cod canal and proceed immediately to make it a first-class ship canal for commercial and war purposes and strongly fortify its approaches to protect it against enemy attacks. While we regret the loss of the tug and coal barges, which we can ill afford to spare under present conditions of scarcity of coal and need of ships, there is consolation in the knowledge that the sacrifice is not wholly in vain if it results in the proper handling of the Cape Cod canal proposition which is of incalculably more consequence than the control of the telegraph and telephone lines which the Government has recently taken over and made an adjunct of the Post-Office Department.

Scarcity of Kerosene

ANNOUNCEMENT is made by the U. S. Fuel Administration of a scarcity of kerosene oil and that "the supply will run short next winter." So grave is the situation that the Director of Oil Conservation enjoins every user to be as sparing as possible in the consumption of this precious fuel even to the extent of reducing its use for lighting purposes to the lowest possible limit. "Don't allow a lamp, lantern, heater, or stove to burn a minute longer than is necessary. Don't light one you can do without. Don't use coal oil for cleaning purposes. Hot water will do the work," he says. This will be a sore disappointment to those who have fitted up to heat and cook with kerosene in place of coal.

Large sections of the country suffered severely last winter because of the general shortage of coal and the U. S. Fuel Administration has issued repeated warnings to prepare to meet a greater shortage of coal next winter, and has urged conservation by the most rigid economy by users. It behooves everybody in the wooded sections to lay in an ample supply of firewood to take the place of coal the coming winter. The war industries will have the first call on the scanty coal and oil supply.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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IN & AROUND The HOME

Conducted By
Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson

War-Time Economies

Hand-Made Cotton Bedroom Embroideries.

IN spite of the war and the vast amount of knitting which must be done, some time and attention has to be given to making and keeping our homes attractive and comfortable. In doing any really necessary work of this sort however, one should plan to conserve their time, by omitting all fine stitches such as are required in elaborate embroideries, and materials, by substituting cotton cloths for linen and mercerized cottons for embroidery silks.

As modernized patchwork fulfills both of these requirements it is constantly gaining in popularity. A bedroom decorated with fittings such as are here illustrated may be all of cotton but oh, so pretty if only of unbleached muslin.

This being deeply cream toned, blends delightfully with the soft pinks, old blues, brown and greens of harmonizing shades.

The set illustrated which consists of bed-spread and shams, bureau scarf and pincushion cover, table cloth, curtains and a pillow for maps is simple in design as the same motif is used throughout.

The leaves and flowers may be cut from light weight sateen, one quarter inch being allowed on all edges for turning. Shrink all materials to be used, including lace and insertion before cutting.

To make good-looking patchwork it is only necessary to cut the different motifs as carefully as possible and turn in the edges evenly.

Fit in place and baste carefully, then button-hole as shown with white mercerized floss.

Cut stems or any portion of a design which should be curved somewhat on the bias.

In this basket design which is shown so clearly in our illustration of the pillow, the large flowers are of a soft shade of shell pink, the two center flowers of deep sky blue and all the other smaller ones of light blue.

One or two shades of a clear bright green can be used to advantage, while a golden brown is best for the basket. The parallel cross lines simply being outlined with the same shade in cotton perle.

The effect when finished of this graceful little basket of gay flowers, is enough to enthuse any fancy work lover.

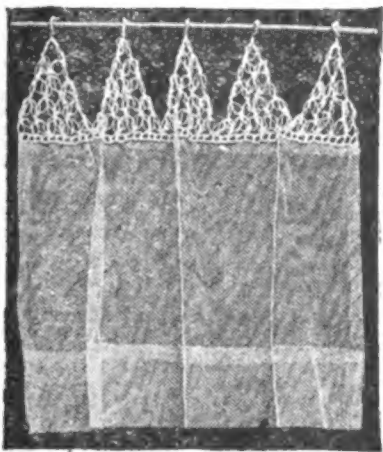
Bedspread

If full size unbleached sheeting is used for the spread the insertion may be omitted and the lace only used on the edge. The motifs with basket is placed in center of square below the pillows, while a group of the flowers and leaves decorate each corner.

Shams

These have the full size design on both ends. Bureau cover pincushion and table cloth each have smaller designs but of same coloring.

If curtains are also made to match somewhat as shown, they will add greatly to the attractiveness of the room as a whole. These need only be decorated in the lower inside corners, while a valance if used may have a group in the center, the two corners, or a running border as preferred. Pull backs which are again in vogue, may be made in keeping; if circular pieces, the colors of the flowers are drawn



CURTAIN WITH VANDYKE POINTS.

up, filled with cotton, sewed together and backed with a group of three-cornered pieces of green folded into leaf shapes. Attach them to heavy cream cotton cord.

Another suggestion which will rather add to the color scheme, as a whole, is to finish all edges with bias folds of either blue or pink sateen instead of using lace.

Besides the articles which have been mentioned, chair seats, cushions for window seats and even such minor details as laundry and other bags can all be made to carry out the color scheme.

Renovating Curtains

No room seems fully complete or homelike without curtains.

Thrifty housekeepers always make their own and in many cases it is practical to even make them over. For windows on the street or from which the view is ugly half curtains for the lower sash are desirable. These illustrated show two methods which will result attractively and are useful in making over curtains.

The vandyke points of knots are a good suggestion to lengthen out old material. These can be made separately and sewed on afterwards or one can begin by making one row of double crochet with a chain two between worked right into the material. Then to decide on the width of the bottom of the points fold the material into equal parts, and across this width make one row of knot stitches as follows; draw out loop three-eighths of an inch, insert hook under back of this loop at the extreme end and make one single crochet draw up closely, then draw loop out same length as before, thread over hook, draw loop through, insert hook just under this loop and back of the long loop and make f. s. c., now 1

s. c., in row of d. c. on edge of material, repeat and turn at end of width of first point. In each row graduate by making one less knot st.



BEDROOM SET WITH EMBROIDERIES SHOWN.

until point is reached, tip each point with small crochet covered brass rings, through which the rod can run.

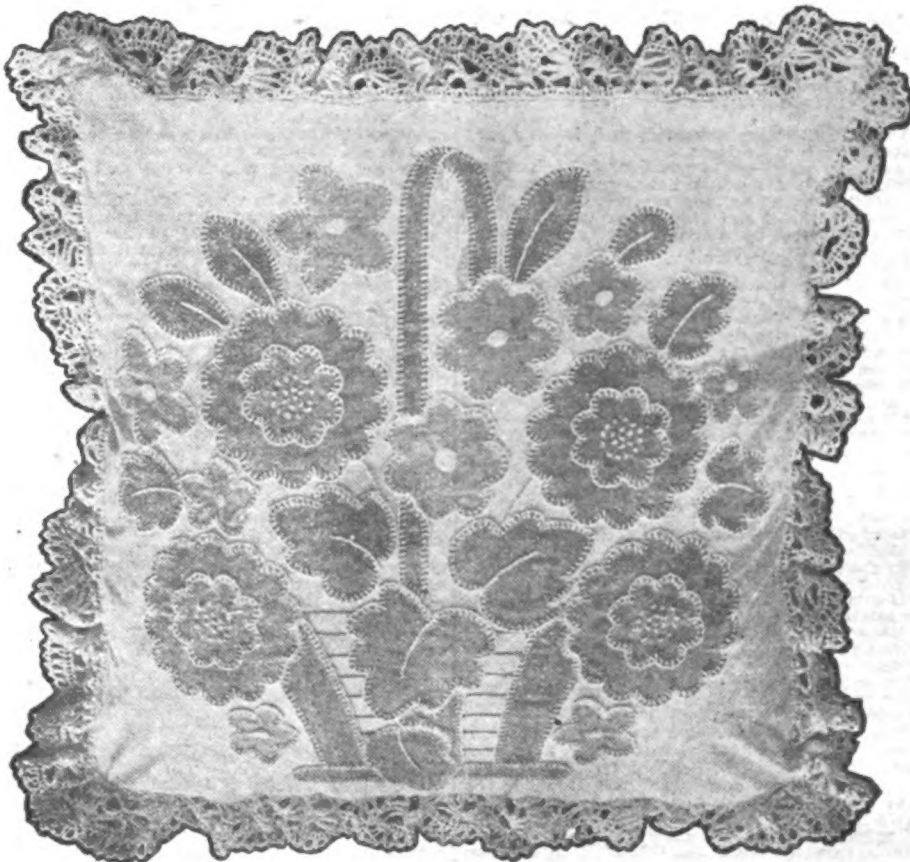
The second curtain is a good idea for renovating hems with frayed edges. Cut through the hems equal distances apart so that when the corners are turned back they will just meet, cat-stitch the edges together and between the points sew tassels which may be made of cot-

3rd row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 18 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., ch. 5.

4th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 13 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., ending this and each row with ch. 5, turn.

5th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 8 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.

6th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 8



SOFA PILLOW SHOWING PRINCIPAL MOTIF USED IN DECORATING THE BEDROOM SET.

ton thread or little balls such as come on trimming for curtains may be used.

Rose and Square Filet for Towel

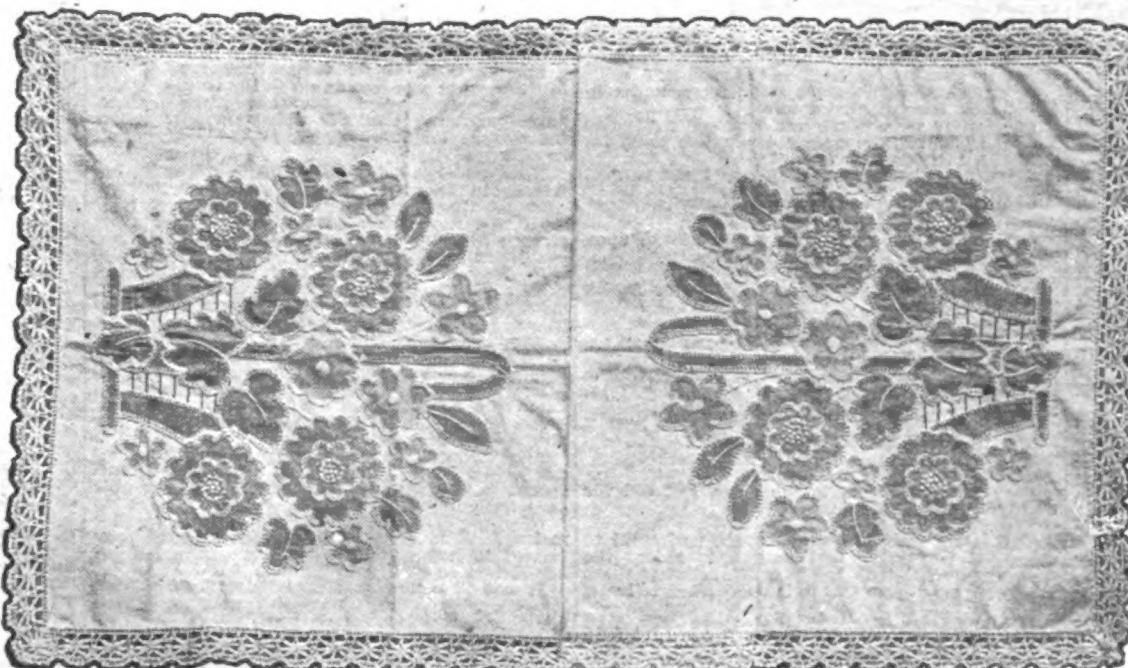
This filet crochet border is an unusually pretty pattern and worked up of medium fine thread makes an insertion which can be used for any purpose where such work as this would be suitable. For trimming in towels use mercerized crochet cotton No. 30 and No. 12 steel

blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.

7th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 8 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.

8th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 8 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 6 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.

9th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 11 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.

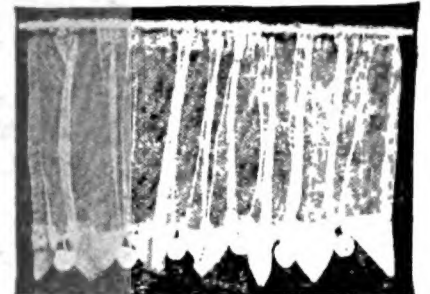


PILLOW SHAM FOLDED OVER IN CENTER TO SHOW UP DECORATION ON END.

hook. Begin with ch. 92 sts., turn. 1st row.—1 d. c. in ninth st. from hook, ch. 2,

10th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 3 blks., 3 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 3 blks., 3 sps.

11th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 2 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 3 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.
12th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 9 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.
13th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 11 sps., 1 blk., 6 sps., 1 blk., 6 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.
14th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 2 sps., 2 blks., 3 sps., 2 blks., 8 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.
15th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 3 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 2 sps., 3 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.
16th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 2 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., 4 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.
17th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 2 sps., 3 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 9 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.
18th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 8 sps., 6 blks., 1 sp., 6 blks., 6 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.
19th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 7 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 9 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.
20th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 6 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.
21st row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 3 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.
22nd row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1



RENOVATED CURTAIN.

blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 2 sps., 2 blks., 3 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.
23rd row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 6 sps., 1 blk., 6 sps., 1 blk., 6 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.
24th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 6 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.
25th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 11 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 6 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.
26th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 11 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.
27th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 11 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.
28th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 11 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.
29th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 11 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 11 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp.

30th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 8 blks., 1 sp., 8 blks., 4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.

31st row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 6 sps., 1 blk., 6 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.

32nd row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 6 blks., 1 sp., 6 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.

33rd row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., repeat from * twice more, then 1 blk., 1 sp.

34th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., twice, 1 blk., 4 sps., twice then 1 blk., 1 sp.

35th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., repeat from * twice, 1 blk., 1 sp.

36th row.—Same as last.

37th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 6 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.

38th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 10 blks., 4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.

39th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 sp., 4 blks., 18 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.

Repeat pattern from here.

Filet Initial Insert

Any initial can be worked in these squares which is especially pretty to mark individual towels. The letter P. is used in the towel shown. Ch. 62, turn.

1st row.—1 d. c. in 9th st., ch. 2, skip 2, repeat making 19 sps. in all.

2nd row.—1 sp., 17 blks., 1 sp.

3rd row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 15 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.

4th row.—Same as last.

5th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 7 sps., 1 blk., 7 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.

6th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 6 sps., 3 blks., 6 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.

7th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.

8th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.

9th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.

10th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 3 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.

11th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 6 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 6 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.

12th row.—Same as 10th row.

13th row.—Same as 9th row. And proceed to reverse the pattern.

Sibyl's Influence

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



"Were these your children?" she asked "Yes"



She lost her balance—tottered—fell!



Often she would spend a whole morning with Lady Prescott, reading to her



Then a general search was instituted, the whole neighborhood joining in it

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Lady Prescott, wife of Sir Athelstone Prescott, and her son Raymond, stop at a miserable inn, in a little fishing village on Flamborough Head. They are attracted to a little girl, Sibyl, who waits on them, and determine to take the child away. They learn that a woman who had been in a railroad smashup and injured, leaves the child, and Mistress Sloan, for the consideration of thirty pounds, consents to let the child go. That night, Sibyl is awakened and over-hears Jen and his wife talking over the terms of the bargain, and through a chink in the wall she detects the place where an invaluable trinket belonging to her is concealed. She traces three letters, "S. H. S.," and which convinces Lady Prescott that the gem is Sibyl's, and by it she may be restored to her own people. Five years later, her nineteenth birthday, Lady Prescott introduces her to society, where she meets Miss Ada Therwin, the adopted daughter of Count Egbert Shirley and the guest of General Maplewood. Miss Therwin refers to the ornament Sibyl wears, and to her surprise discovers the letters S. H. S. interwoven in the jewels. To the query if it is an heirloom, Sibyl says she supposes it belonged to her mother. Miss Therwin promises to call. Sibyl has a strange distrust for her. Scheming to estrange her from the Prescotts, she calls on Lady Prescott, Sibyl and Ray, and invites Sibyl to ride with her, and to further her plans, requests Robert to stop at the Widow Martin's, who does work for two orphan girls under her care at home. Sibyl's belief in Ada's work of charity arouses her interest, and, unsuspecting of her designs, Ada gains her confidence and the story of her early life. Arriving home, Ada plots the ruin of Sibyl and the winning of Raymond Prescott and enlists the aid of an unscrupulous woman, Judith, to be known as Sylvia Hortense Stillman. She makes a compact with the Duc d'Aubigne, to whom Sibyl conceives a dislike and repulses his attentions. Raymond asks Sibyl to be his wife. Going with Ada Therwin, Sibyl meets Mrs. Stillman, a widow and childless, who excites not only Sibyl's sympathy but her suspicions, when she hears the story of the railroad accident, the death of her little Sibyl and the resemblance Sibyl has to her; and with the assurance that she watches for her coming, her heart sinks,—what she fears is true. To further her scheme, Ada Therwin admits to Mrs. Stillman her anxiety to get Sibyl away from Raymond Prescott's company and the opportunity she has to make a snug fortune if she will assist one who is enamored with Sibyl. Mrs. Stillman gives the story of her shameful life to Sibyl, and, with no doubt in Sibyl's mind as to her parentage, she refuses to become Raymond's wife. Nancy Crawford, known as Nanette calls upon Mistress Sloan. If she will divulge where Sibyl is, Nancy can restore her to her mother. The Duc d'Aubigne is persistent in his attentions to Sibyl. Mrs. Stillman, recognizing him from the window, cautions Sibyl that she does not share the fate she did. Sir Athelstone makes arrangements for Sibyl and Mrs. Stillman to go to the seashore, and, alone, Sibyl tries to lead her mother's thoughts to a higher and purer life. Leaving Mrs. Stillman alone, the Duc d'Aubigne calls. A stormy interview follows and when Sibyl returns she finds her mother unconscious. Rallying from the attack and realizing she has not long to live, Mrs. Stillman writes Miss Ada Therwin her intention to confess the truth to Sibyl, who leaves her at night little realizing what the morning is to bring her.

CHAPTER XXX.

"WAS HE THEIR FATHER?"

THE early hours of the morning found the small household by the sea in direst confusion and distress. There had been a sudden change for the worse in Mrs. Stillman's condition during the night, and the hastily summoned physician said she could only live a very little while. She had had a shock which had paralyzed the whole of her left side, and rendered her almost speechless. Toward noon, however, she seemed to rally somewhat, and beckoned Sibyl to send the servants, and a neighbor, who had been called in during the night, from the room. "Dying!" Mrs. Stillman gasped, looking pitifully up into her face and trying to make Sibyl understand that there was something she wished to say. "Do you mean that you have something you wish to tell me?" she asked. Yes, the relieved look in her face told her that was what she wanted. "Can you write it?" She nodded, and Sibyl brought pencil and paper, holding the latter for her while she feebly traced the words: "I have done you a fearful wrong. Can you forgive me?" "It was all forgiven long ago, dear mother; do not let it disturb you now," Sibyl returned, tearfully, thinking she referred to the old story. But the woman shook her head, and wrote: "Not that. I have told you a falsehood. You are not my child." Sibyl's heart stood still as her quick glance read these startling words; then bounded in her bosom like a thing of life, while for a moment it seemed as if her senses were slipping from her. "Not your child! Why did you claim me then?" she gasped at last.

"It was a plot of Ada Therwin's; she knows all, go to her—demand the truth," were the words which she eagerly watched as they were written.

"Then I am not a child of—shame?" Oh, tell me!

"No," the white lips formed, while a look of pain swept over the death-stricken face.

"Forgive me," Sibyl cried, remorsefully, as she saw the words had hurt her, "but are my parents living?"

"Yes," Mrs. Stillman nodded, and, in an agony of suspense, Sibyl asked:

"Who are they?—who am I?"

The feeble fingers grasped the pencil once more, and tried to write, but she could not hold it; it fell from her hand and rolled upon the floor.

Sibyl picked it up and placed it again in her hand, and grew almost faint when she found how cold it had become.

Her waning strength refused her the power to form the words she so longed to write, and, with a look of despair, the dying woman turned her eyes up to the white, beautiful face bending over her, and feebly shook her head, signifying that she could not do it. Sibyl was in agony.

Yet she thought that, perhaps, by a few well-directed questions, she might learn something more, and she knew by her companion's looks that she longed to tell her more regarding her history and that fearful plot against her.

"You say that all this was a plot?" she asked.

"Yes," Mrs. Stillman nodded.

"And Miss Therwin was concerned in it?"

"Yes."

"Does she know all my history?"

"Yes."

"Is she in any way related to me?"

"Yes."

"Did she give you all the facts of my life as you related them to me?"

"Yes."

"And you knew nothing of them until then?"

"No."

"Do you know my parents personally?"

"No."

"Are they honorable people?"

"Yes;" and the woman's eyes brightened suddenly, which Sibyl took to mean they were very respectable.

"How I wish you could write their name! Oh, if you only could!" she cried, in despairing tones.

Two great tears gathered in the dimming eyes, and rolled slowly over the shrunken cheeks.

Sibyl took her own handkerchief, and wiped them tenderly away.

"I do not regret the past nine months," she went on, sweetly. "I shall never regret them; and I am even glad that God allowed this great sorrow, which I have endured, to come upon me, and sent me to you."

Ah! how those dark eyes changed at this, from their look of helpless remorse to one of deep thankfulness and peace, and then turned slowly upward, as if she, too, would thank God for the comfort of that moment.

"Is your mind at rest now, mother?" Sibyl asked, purposely using the name which, for many months, she had instinctively shrunk from speaking, and had never known why until this hour.

She appeared to think a moment, and then turned her eyes wistfully toward a tiny trunk standing upon a case of drawers on the opposite side of the room.

Sibyl brought it to her bedside, turned the key, which was within the lock, and opened it.

It was filled with letters and papers, and contained also several photographs.

The letters were nearly all directed to "Judith Hoffman," and Sibyl wondered who she could be, and why they were there.

"Is this a person you wish any message sent to?" she asked.

"No"—the head feebly turned.

"Is she a friend or relative?"

"No," and she managed to lay her hand upon her breast, signifying that it was herself.

Sibyl drew a quick breath.

"Do you mean that it is yourself—that Judith Hoffman is your name?"

"Yes."

"And Mrs. Sylvia Henrietta Stillman is an assumed name, adopted to correspond with the initials belonging to the necklace? Was that a part of the plot?" the young girl asked, eagerly, it all flashing upon her in a moment.

"Yes."

"Is that my mother's real name?" she demanded, greatly excited.

"No."

"Are her initials really the same, and did the necklace once belong to her?"

"Yes."

The sorely tried girl sighed; she so longed to solve the perplexing mystery; then seeing the eyes wander again to the box, she asked if there was something more within it she wished to know about.

Mrs. Stillman signified that there was, and she began taking the other things out.

There were a good many photographs, and among them Sibyl found those of two children, a little boy and girl; and something in the face of the former struck her as being strangely familiar. She held them up.

"Were these your children?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And they are both dead?"

The invalid nodded, but turned her eyes anxiously again to the little trunk, and Sibyl knew there still was something else within yet to be revealed.

One by one she took out every picture, and held them up to her, but without appearing to satisfy her, until she came to the very last one.

It was a likeness of a young and very handsome man, having a profusion of light curling beard and hair.

This seemed to be what Mrs. Stillman wanted, and she glanced from it to the pictures of the children, which Sibyl held in her other hand.

The little boy strongly resembled the man.

The young girl caught her breath quickly, and for a moment a mist obscured her sight.

"Who is it?" she asked, huskily, though her heart told her that the question was needless.

Again the dark eyes turned from it to the children, and Sibyl, in a voice of horror, cried:

"Was he—that man—their father?"

The woman nodded, and for an instant her eyes lighted with a gleam of their original fire; but it quickly faded, leaving them calm again.

The old spirit of hate was exorcised forever.

Tenderly as a mother Sibyl ministered to the fast-falling woman, after which she sat down beside her, and softly sang some of the hymns which she knew she loved, and she was at last relieved and comforted to see her drop into a quiet, peaceful slumber.

Then, gathering up the scattered papers, letters, and pictures, she replaced them in the little trunk; but not without a shudder of horror as she recalled that one familiar, handsome face—a face that haunted her continually, and would continue to as long as she lived. It was the face of the Duc d'Aubigne.

CHAPTER XXXI.

DEAD.

It was all over at last, and Judith Hoffman was dead!

Sibyl had written a second urgent appeal to Sir Athelstone as soon as the woman died, giving him some of the particulars, and begging him to come to her immediately, as she had very important information to communicate to him.

She waited three days, and there came no answer; and then, nearly heartbroken with her loneliness and this unaccountable neglect, Sibyl was obliged to follow the dead woman to her quiet grave alone.

The Duc d'Aubigne called immediately upon learning of Judith's death, to tender his services and condolence; but Sibyl, with a feeling of disgust and repulsion, refused, without assigning any reason, to see him, and he went away in no enviable frame of mind, but vowing to win her yet in spite of herself.

The day following Judith's burial (which was to be only temporary, since as soon as the authorities and the weather would permit, for it was intensely hot, she was to be removed and laid beside her children), Sibyl, nearly ill with loneliness and grief, went out upon the veranda, as soon as the sun had set, to cool her aching brow and get a breath of fresh air from the sea.

She sat there as the twilight came on, trying to think what was best to do in the future.

She knew she could not remain there alone, notwithstanding that Sir Athelstone had taken the cottage for the summer, paying a high rent in advance.

She could not bring her mind to return to her friends in Dumfries, to claim their protection, after all the neglect of the past weeks, at least until she should hear from them. What this strange deportment on their part could mean she could not explain. It was entirely at variance with Lady Prescott's kind heart to treat any one thus, while she knew that Raymond had too much manliness to desert her in her hour of need, even though he had ceased to love her as he used to do.

"No," she murmured, wearily, "my letters must have miscarried, and yet it is very strange that a like fate should have happened to all of them. I could telegraph, but there is no office within miles and miles of Barmouth."

A sudden thought came to her, blanching her already hueless cheek still more.

Ada Therwin was her deadly enemy for some unknown reason. Could it be that she had succeeded in alienating all the affection of her dear ones from her?

How could she have done it? What was her motive? Who could the girl be—in what way related to her, and how could she have learned her history so accurately?

It was all a miserable, tantalizing mystery, and it made Sibyl's heart turn sick with an uncontrollable desire to unravel it all.

Another thing that troubled her exceedingly was, while looking over Judith's belongings, to get them in order for packing away, she had not been able to find that necklace, with its peculiar clasp, which had done so much to prove to her the truth of the woman's statements, and which, since her recent discovery, she had hoped would even now aid her in finding her parents.

This much she knew—Judith had assured her

that the necklace had belonged to her mother, and the initials upon the clasp were her very own. That was something to guide her, though the clue was very faint.

But what had become of it, and how came it in the woman's possession in the first place?

There Ada Therwin's agency must have been employed, Sibyl believed, and only through her could she hope to gain any light.

She now remembered Miss Therwin's strange behavior on the night of the birthday reception, and her eager questions concerning the ornament which she wore. It now came to her that she must have known of those initials before she saw them there, or she never could have traced them so readily and she gradually came to the conclusion that Ada had furnished Judith Hoffman with the rest of the necklace to prove her false story, and to carry out some deep-laid scheme of her own.

If such was the case, and the necklace could be found nowhere among Judith's possessions, then Ada must have taken it again into her possession before they left Dumfries, and with it the long-missing link, which was the only clue to her birth, and which, in her disgust, she had returned to the jewel case when Judith had taunted her with her shame.

With her head aching, her whole body hot and feverish, her heart heavy from neglect, loneliness, and sorrow, she arose, and throwing a light shawl over her shoulders, and loosely tying a hat upon her head, she wended her weary way to the beach, to take a last look at the sea, for tomorrow she had resolved to go away.

The ocean had grown dark and restless, somber shadows were settling over the land, and the low moaning of the wind, as it came sweeping over the wide waste of waters, seemed sighing a requiem for the dead whom she had just laid away.

But Sibyl had no fear of the settling shadows, or of the rising wind and waves, neither of the lonely beach whither she was wending her solitary way.

She reached, at length, the ledge of rocks where she came so often, and where the Duc d'Aubigne had first found her.

The ledge shelved out over the water some ten feet and she knew it was very deep beneath, but it could not harm her, she had been there so often, she was familiar with every inch of ground, and she was sure-footed.

The storm was coming nearer; she felt a sprinkle upon her cheek, but its timely and gentle admonition was unheeded.

She was thinking over all her past, going back to the time when she was a little child carried to that wretched inn in the arms of her nurse, and reviewing every step of the way until now, when she stood alone and more desolate than ever.

She had resolved that if the bitter report was true, and Ada had succeeded in weaning the hearts of Sir Athelstone's family from her, she could no longer accept the annuity which his bounty had bestowed upon her. She would never eat the bread of idleness and be dependent where she was no longer loved.

A vivid flash of lightning made a trail of light along the western horizon, and was reflected in the inky waters beneath.

A gust of wind at that instant swept by, tearing her hat from her head, and sweeping it out into the ocean.

She reached forth her hand to save it. She did not realize how very near she had come to the brink of that dangerous cliff; she lost her balance—tottered—fell!

One moment of awful silence—a wild, despairing cry—a heavy splash, and the deep, dark hungry waves closed over their prey, hiding their dread secret beneath their sable folds!

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SEARCH FOR SIBYL.

Morning broke in unclouded splendor, and without a suspicion of the tempest which had raged during the night.

Early dawn found a group of anxious, frightened watchers collected upon the beach, straining their eyes seaward, where the waves still ran high, and running hither and thither in confusion and dismay; for it was feared that Sibyl Stillman had been drowned!

Then a general search was instituted, the whole neighborhood joining in it.

Almost the first thing that met their eyesight was a fine handkerchief clinging to a bush, and upon picking it up, they found upon its border the delicate monogram containing the initials "S. P.," as all her clothing had been marked by Lady Prescott.

They clambered to the top of the ledge, and looked over the shelving rock into the abyss below.

A white worsted shawl had caught, and was hanging upon the crags beneath, where, sheltered from the wind, it had clung all the dismal night through.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of Comfort sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to Comfort subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

"CHEERFUL" of California sends with her letter a poem which will appeal to all our readers and awaken any slacker sisters (if there are any) to the fact that no matter what their pet hardship may be, it is as nothing compared with the hardships our brave soldier boys are encountering. The ordinary things of life that we have been wont to fuss over, fade into insignificance when we think of the greater inconveniences our boys are meeting with a smile, and surely if they are brave enough to face danger, and death, for us we should be brave enough to help them by showing an equal amount of courage in adding to their material comfort by giving generously and saving willingly.—Ed.

WISCONSIN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I will drop in for a little chat but I must not be very noisy for I do not want to awaken my babies. I have four, the oldest is six and the youngest is one year old. I enjoy taking care of them and teaching them to be good and do little things to help. They like to feel that they are helping mother even if they are somewhat of a bother. Mrs. Lindsay, perhaps you don't praise your little boy enough when he does help at home. Tell him he is a fine boy and thank him for what he does and he will be more willing to help next time. Perhaps other people pay him a few pennies and that is why he prefers to work for them rather than for you.

I help Hubby by doing my own work, washing, baking and sewing and work in the garden and he helps me by taking care of the children in the night. We cured our boy of thumb sucking when he was eighteen months old, by putting mittens on his hands and tying them in place and leaving them on all night and during the day we watched him and told him he mustn't and in a week we had him cured.

I have three brothers in the war, the youngest is nineteen years old. I pray that I may see them again. I am sending some little verses that I like.

A BUSY MOTHER OF FOUR.

After All

There are only three things
That are really worth while—
To be good,
To do good,
And always to smile.

Thought for the Day

Just to be tender, just to be true,
Just to be glad the whole day through,
Just to be merciful, just to be mild,
Just to be trustful as a child;
Just to be good and kind and sweet,
Just to be helped with willing feet,
Just to be cheery when things go wrong,
Just to drive sadness away with a song.

Friends New and Old

Make new friends, but keep the old—
Those are silver, these are gold;
New made friends, like new made wine,
Age will mellow and refine;
Friendships that have stood the test,
Time and change are surely best;
Brow may wrinkle, hair turn grey,
Friendship never owns decay;
For 'mid old friends, kind and true,
We once more our youth renew.
But, alas, old friends must die,
New friends must their place supply.
Then cherish friendship in your breast
New is good, but old is best.
Make new friends, but keep the old;
Those are silver, these are gold.

Busy Mother.—We are glad you were not too busy to take time to send us the helpful little poems.

To the Wisconsin sister who wanted to know who "Ed" was, that she had seen his name mentioned several times in the Sisters' Corner, I want to explain that it means "editor," or in other words, your humble servant, Mrs. Wilkinson.—Ed.

VERSAILLES, IND.

DEAR SISTERS: In the press of interests in the last year we seem to have forgotten that we have some business on hand that should not remain unfinished any longer. I refer to the Uncle Charlie Home Fund. While the war has worked a hardship with some of us, there are many who are prospering as they never did before, and to these, especially, the Home Fund Sisters appeal for help in completing the work. Help the fund by donations or by purchase of the Uncle Charlie books, either directly or through subscription to COMFORT. There are no books more suitable as gifts for any occasion. A set of them and a subscription to COMFORT makes an ideal wedding gift. Try it as I did and see the pleasure it gives. In the past few years I have been using them for Christmas gifts and in every case they were hailed with delight. Uncle Charlie's Birthday (Sept. 25) is near—let's make it his Banner Birthday by "going over the top" with the full amount for that home. Don't wait for someone else. Let's see what "togetherness" will do—so come on, brothers and sisters, and do your bit for the fund! Sincerely, EMMA STOCKINGER.

Emma Stockinger.—I wondered if you had given up the fight and am glad to know you have not. Uncle Charlie needs all the backers he can get and appreciates your efforts to help him.—Ed.

OKLAHOMA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I have been a COMFORT reader for several years, but, like other sisters have neglected writing until I wanted help.

Mrs. J. H. Lindsay, I believe the lack of interest in the work in your Rip Van Winkle son is due to your nervous temperament. Be more patient and encouraging and remember a child is a child and not a grownup. Love is the theme of all things; this you must learn and teach your child accordingly.

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

VEGETABLES are baked, roasted, fried or boiled and prepared for the table in other ways, but the most common method of cooking them is in boiling water. The simpler the methods of cooking and serving vegetables, the better. A properly grown and well-cooked vegetable will be palatable and readily digestible. Badly cooked, water-soaked vegetables very generally cause digestive disturbances. Nearly every vegetable may be cooked so that with plain bread it may form a palatable course by itself if it is desired to serve it in this manner.

All green vegetables, roots and tubers should be crisp and firm when put on to cook. If for any reason a vegetable has lost its firmness and crispness, it should be soaked in very cold water until it becomes plump and crisp. With new vegetables this will be only a matter of minutes, while old roots and tubers often require many hours. All vegetables should be thoroughly cleaned just before being put on to cook. Vegetables that form in heads, such as cabbage, cauliflower and Brussels sprouts, should be soaked, heads turned down, in salted cold water, to which a few spoonfuls of vinegar has been added. If there are any worms or other forms of animal life in these vegetables, they will crawl out. To secure the best results, all vegetables, except the dried legumes, must be put in boiling water, which must be kept boiling until the cooking is finished. Herbaceous vegetables should boil rapidly all the time. With tubers, roots, cauliflower, etc., the ebullition should not be so violent as to break the vegetables. Green peas and beans when removed from the pod must also be cooked gently, just simmer. When the pods and all are used they are to be cooked rapidly.

To secure the most appetizing and palatable dishes, only fresh, tender vegetables should be cooked. If, however, green beans, peas, etc., have grown a little too old, a very small piece of baking soda added to the water in which they are boiled makes them more tender. Too much soda injures the flavor and an excess must be carefully avoided.—C. S. Dept. of Agriculture.

STUFFED TOMATOES.—Select large, smooth tomatoes and cut a slice from the stem end deep enough to go below stem. Remove the soft part, taking care not to go through the walls. Remove seeds, and add an equal amount of finely chopped boiled ham and bread.



STUFFED TOMATOES.

crumbs, and enough softened butter, pepper and salt to season. Fill each tomato with this mixture, heaping the centers, and cover top with buttered bread crumbs. Place in agate baking pan (do not use tin) in a hot oven and bake till crumbs are brown.

GREEN TOMATO RELISH.—Chop one peck of green tomatoes very fine and mix with one cupful salt. Let stand in a jar overnight. In the morning drain off all the brine, and mix with the tomatoes ten onions and five green peppers chopped fine; set on the stove and cover with good apple vinegar. Then add one cupful sugar, two tablespoons ground cinnamon, one tablespoon each of allspice and black pepper. Cook about two hours. Put in a jar and add one fourth pound white mustard seed and one cupful grated horseradish. This will keep some time without scalding if kept in a cool place.

TOMATO MINCEMEAT.—Chop one peck of green tomatoes fine, drain, and add to the chopped tomatoes four pounds brown sugar, two pounds seeded raisins, one pound currants, two tablespoons each of cinnamon, allspice, black pepper, salt and nutmeg. Boil two to three hours. When almost cold, add one cupful vinegar and, if you have it, one cupful good cider. This can hardly be told from genuine mincemeat.

BORDEAU SAUCE.—Four quarts cabbage put through the meat chopper, two quarts green tomatoes shaved fine, five onions, two peppers chopped fine, two ounces white mustard seed, one half ounce celery seed, one half ounce allspice and one half ounce cloves, one pound brown sugar, one pound salt and one half gallon good vinegar. Boil twenty minutes and seal.—Sent in by BEATRICE SMITH, Cleveland, Va.

DILL PICKLES.—Dill pickles are made as follows: Take cucumbers three to five inches long, if not too thick; wash them well. Place a layer of grape leaves in the bottom of a crock or keg, then a layer of cucumbers, two or three apples (quartered without paring), a few bunches of green grapes or stalks of pickle-plant, two or three sliced onions, two handfuls of mixed whole spices and two or three handfuls of dill tops and seed. Repeat until the jar or keg is full, placing a layer of grape leaves on top. Dissolve one and one half pounds of salt in eight gallons of cold water. Pour this over until the pickles are all covered. Weight down with a clean board and stone and in two weeks they will be ready for use.—Mrs. A. M. DeWitt Seneca, Kans.

TO DRY SWEET CORN.—Husk and silk as many ears as wanted. With a sharp knife split the grains lengthwise, then cut from the cob, scraping the cob clean. Place the pan of cut corn in the oven and heat thoroughly. Then spread on white paper or cloth in the trays and place in the sun to dry. Before storing away, heat it hot in the oven and pack in lard pans or fruit cans. I use cracked ones for this purpose.

TO DRY GARDEN PEAS.—Shell and scald slightly and dry in the sun. Give same treatment as corn before putting away for the winter.—Mrs. C. F. RITCHIE, Center Point, Ark.

CHOW-CHOW.—One dozen cucumbers, two heads cabbage, two dozen green tomatoes, one half dozen green peppers, four onions; chop together fine, cover with

The editor has asked for suggestions about Mrs. H. of New York and I too feel like scolding her and would were she not so young. She says she wants to do something great to obtain public sentiment. Listen, dear, don't you know that life is what you make it. Why then make it miserable? You are fortunate in having been awarded an ideal home, a loving husband and a dear baby, all of which are Heaven's richest blessings and is there anything so "great" as being Wife and Mother in a Home? There is but one remedy for your condition and that is to exchange places with one who has not been fortunate enough to receive such blessings as yours and within a short time you would come to realize how foolish you had been in wishing to change your life's program. Better wake up to your present "greatness" and be contented.

I am wondering if any of the sisters can give me advice in regard to cankered sore mouth. My mother, now at the age of 56, has suffered from this disease for several years, having as many as seven or eight of these large ulcers in her mouth at one time. She has consulted physicians who have advised her as a temporary cure, stating that the yeast of which the beer is made would bring relief. During the time she was able to buy beer her mouth was entirely free from ulcers but since the State has been voted dry she is unable to get the beer and is suffering with sore mouth again. Some say this yeast is made from hops. Can any of the sisters give me a recipe for making the beer yeast or any other recipe that has been found to help those suffering from cankered mouth. Any advice will be greatly appreciated.

I find much comfort in the bits of verse written in several of the sisters' letters. Here is a little motto that I try to remember in case of the blues: "Never give up to despair; it is always darkest just before the dawn."

I have a little book in which I paste all COMFORT

one cup salt and let it stand overnight. In the morning drain off brine and cover with vinegar, then add one cup sugar, one ounce black pepper, one ounce each cloves, allspice and cinnamon, one nutmeg, grated and a teaspoon of cayenne pepper. Let boil two hours; Seal while hot.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.—One half bushel green tomatoes, six large onions, six large green peppers, chopped fine. Put in layers, one of pickles and one of salt, using in all one half cup of salt, and let stand overnight. In morning, drain off brine and put on to cook in two quarts of vinegar, one quarter pound white mustard seed, two tablespoons celery seed and boil until tender. Add one pound of sugar and put in cans.—Mrs. A. L. MILLER, Bayland, Miss.

CABBAGE SALAD.—Shred very crisp cabbage, and cut fine an equal amount of tender celery; add about ten drops of onion juice and one teaspoon of table sauce



CABBAGE SALAD.

to each cup of cream salad dressing, and mix with cabbage just before serving. Arrange lettuce leaves in salad bowl so that each one will contain a portion of salad.

CREAM SALAD DRESSING.—Work to a fine mash four hard-boiled egg yolks and season with a teaspoon of salt, one scant teaspoon of mustard and two dessert spoons of vinegar. When thoroughly blended, add one and one third cups of cream beaten stiff, a little at a time, till the whole mixture is smooth and stiff, and lastly add a pinch of cayenne pepper.

STRING BEANS PICKLED.—Gather beans before frost comes, string and put them into a keg or wooden tub and cover with brine. To make brine, to one gallon of water, boiling hot, add three pounds of salt and let the brine cool. When cold test it with an egg. If the egg floats, the brine will keep anything you wish to put in it. Then pour this over your beans. It is best to make the brine in one gallon quantities at a time, until you have enough to entirely cover the beans.—Miss FLORA L. PAYNE, Irwin, Va.

CHOW-CHOW.—Chop one peck of green tomatoes, three large heads of cabbage, six small red peppers (seeds removed), salt to taste. Mix well and put in large stone jar and cover with vinegar, not too strong. This is fine with meat and can be used in two or three days after it is made.—Mrs. L. B. New Meadows, Idaho.

TOMATO VINEGAR.—If you have ripe tomatoes that are too soft to can you can make excellent tomato vinegar from them. Squeeze juice from tomatoes and to each gallon add one half pound sugar. To make it quickly, expose a large surface of the juice to the sun. If put in buckets or tubs with mosquito netting over top to keep out flies and dirt, and placed in the sun, in a short time you will have good vinegar. Small quantities may be poured into bottles, which should be left uncorked and set in the sun or behind the stove.—Miss FLORA L. PAYNE, Irwin, Va.

SPICED PICKLED BEETS.—Cook beets in usual way and when ready to peel, have vinegar spiced and sweetened. Put the beets in this and set on stove to come to a boil.—Mrs. JNO. HANLIN, Denton, Md.

CANNED CORN.—One cup each sugar and salt and water to nine cups of corn. Put on fire and from time it begins to simmer, boil fifteen minutes. Put in glass cans and seal. Tried and true.

RHUBARB CONSERVE.—Seven pounds rhubarb, five pounds of sugar, two pounds of raisins and three oranges. Put in a warm oven until the juice starts and then put it on the back of the stove where it will simmer. It burns easily.—A COMFORT READER, Allegheny, N. Y.

MOCK MINCE MEAT.—One peck green tomatoes, one half peck apples, five pounds of sugar, one cup of suet, one cup of vinegar, one tablespoon of salt, one teaspoon of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg, two pounds of raisins, two pounds of currants. Chop the tomatoes and boil one and one half hour, then chop the apples, add other ingredients and boil one half hour.—Mrs. C. A. E., Idaho.

BOILED CAULIFLOWER.—Boil cauliflower in salted water until tender. Lift from the kettle and put on a platter, surround with toasted points and decorate with parsley. Turn off most of the water, leaving



BOILED CAULIFLOWER.

about a half cup in the kettle. Add to this a piece of butter the size of a walnut, one half cup of milk into which a level tablespoon of flour has been rubbed, and serve hot.—MARY H. NORTHEND, Salem, Mass.

GRANDMA'S SWEET CORN POKE.—(REQUESTED.) One half tablespoon butter, one half tablespoon lard, one small cup sugar, one egg. Cream these ingredients together and add one pint of milk, one teaspoon salt, three cups of corn-meal, one and one half cups flour (use barley flour if you wish), one teaspoon baking soda, dissolved in one teaspoon of milk or water, and one teaspoon baking powder. Grease pans and sprinkle with corn-meal. This will make three jelly cake pans full unless you wish it thick, then it will make only two.—Mrs. L. G., New Salem, Pa.

The Interpreter

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recipes, remedies, etc., and many times have found it very valuable.

Mrs. Wilkinson, you surely will be rewarded for the national love you have brought about among the sisters.

With best wishes to all,

Mrs. C. F. KEWANNA, IND.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

As I have read the Sisters' Corner for quite a while and received so much good from it and so many hints on raising little folks, I thought possibly some one would like to read a letter from this part of the good old United States.

I have a question to ask the sisters and would like to hear from all who could give me advice. My George, and, of course, to me he is the best, has Army fever. He feels that he would like to enlist and go "over there" and fight for Uncle Sam and Old Glory. Don't you think if he is brave enough to leave three little ones and his wife and go over there and face danger, and perhaps death, as you know he will, that I ought to be brave and let him go? One thought comforts me and that is that he will not forget us or think less of us. And I know I am not the only wife to give her loved one for this most just cause. I had rather see him willing than sit back and take a slacker's chair. Some one has to farm, and that is what we are doing, but still—he says it is better to let some one farm that had rather do that than go to war. I had an acquaintance tell me yesterday that if she had a husband and he didn't think enough of her to stay and help take care of her and the little folks that she would be glad to get rid of him. That went clear in to my heart.

I have three little girls, one, two and four years old, so you see I never have to look around for work. I did all my own work from the time they were two weeks old and I raise chickens and a garden and try to do my bit in all ways.

I'll describe myself and then you can tell why I do so much. I am twenty-one years old, five and one half feet tall and weigh 175 pounds. I have dark brown hair and eyes and at present am very tanned but usually I am rather fair with rosy cheeks.

If my letter is printed I would like to receive letters from any of the sisters who care to write and to exchange dress patterns for girls up to five years.

Yours lovingly, to all the sisters and Mrs. Wilkinson.

OKIE MOORE.

CHILLICOTHE, MO.

DEAR SISTERS:

How many of you ever wrote your second letter to COMFORT? Well, you see I like you real well for this is my second letter. The last time I visited you was about five years ago when I was a girl of sixteen summers. This time I am a married woman. Shall I tell you the name of the friend that brought my husband into my life? It was no other than COMFORT. Among the hundred or so letters that came in answer

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

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The Girl He Loved

by Adelaide Stirling



Sir Thomas dived into his pockets.



Mrs. Murray walked slowly toward Regent St.



"I wish I'd never seen you!"
"I dare say you do—Lady Levalion!"

CHAPTER XXXVI. A MOUSE-HOLE.

"WELL," said Allington grimly, "you ruined a fine theory for me last night with your wire. I thought for a solid hour that I could put my fingers on the man who

killed Levalion." The two were strolling up and down the open lawn at Levalion Castle. Perhaps Mr. Allington made a guess as to what had deferred Adrian Gordon's arrival till three in the afternoon, but he said nothing. The face of the new Lord Levalion, who in a few more days would be plain Adrian Gordon once more, did not encourage comment.

"You did mean you thought it could be the cook?" he cried, standing still in the autumn sunshine.

"I did. But"—he flicked the ash from his cigar significantly—"it all went like that."

"What put it into your head at all?" drearily. "A boot-boy. The only servant who was not called at the inquest. And he told Sir Thomas' tale of the beating, and the subsequent tender care of Monsieur Carrousel in finding his protegee a new place."

"That set me thinking," he continued. "I went down to the housekeeper's room last night when the house was quiet, and I found it led into the still-room."

"I don't see much in that," interrupting him. "We all know that. It's to keep the still-room under her eye. That's all. There's no second door from the still-room."

"Isn't there?" said Allington quietly. "Did it never strike any one that a portion of those shelves in that room covers a door, that opens, shelves and all, into the 'boothole' under the kitchen stairs. I confess last night that with that discovery, and the earling off of the boot-boy, I felt jubilant. But it was all rubbish. The housekeeper had a letter from the boy I thought the cook had made away with, to say he liked his new place which Monsieur Carrousel had found for him. Something Square it was dated, and postmarked Paddington."

"It's all one what it was postmarked," Gordon returned dully. "It wasn't Carrousel I saw last night; and I agree with you that the boot-boy business was all bona fide enough. A clever Frenchman might pound a stupid boy to a jelly from exasperation, and then turn round and be kind to him."

"Who did you see last night?" curiously. "I suppose you've been playing detective on Mrs. Murray, eh?"

Adrian nodded. "I don't know why," he said, "for she was in Boulogne all summer. Couldn't have been down here at all. But I took lodgings opposite and lay doggo to watch her. Much I got! No one went into her house except her lawyers in that case of hers," as indifferently as if it concerned him not at all and did not spell ruin, "till last night, when I saw a man go up her steps. Something about him startled me. His back looked familiar; I don't know why, but I could have sworn I'd seen him down here. Yet I knew he was none of the house party. He went in, and I ran out and wired to you. But before your answer came I knew I'd made an ass of myself. I'd just got back to my door when I saw the fellow come out, and it was no one I'd ever seen in my life. I saw his face quite plainly as he lit a cigar. If I'd seen it like that in the first place I'd never have wired at all. He was just a pal of Hester's."

Allington nodded. He was as disappointed as a dog that has discovered an empty rat-hole.

"What do you think of doing now?" he said. "The detectives are quite hopeless of finding Sir Thomas' mysterious man and woman, I may tell you. That woman who levanted from the bungalow was their first thought, but she has apparently fallen off the earth. As for the man"—snapping his fingers—"after pouncing on twenty innocent young farmers, they have given him up. Unless—" He stopped awkwardly. Somehow he could not say to Adrian Gordon that he had yet to prove he was not himself that man. Not that Allington thought so, but there was no doubt the police did.

"Unless he turns up, directly under their noses," said Adrian coolly. But Allington could make no guess at what he meant.

"What do you think of doing?" he repeated. "Go back to town, and—" he hesitated. "Look here, Allington, you don't think this business of Hester Murray's looks queer bang on top of Levalion's death, do you?"

"No," unwillingly. "She'd be afraid to try it—in that case. In any case, you say you know she was in Boulogne."

"I suppose I do. She gave me an address of a pension there, and I wrote. It was all straight enough. Hello! here's Tommy!" with annoyance. He had not wanted to see Tommy. The boy's eyes were too clear, even a lie untold might be written in Gordon's face, he thought vexedly.

"Hello! where've you been?" he said uncomfortably, and then stopped short.

"My God, Tommy! what is it?" he cried, the dreadful look on the boy's face meaning only one thing to him. Ravel was guilty, and her brother had found it out!

"Don't speak to me!" said the boy hoarsely; "let me think. I've been—and I thought it might mean something, but—it can't!" Wherever he had been he had been running, and his face was white and red in streaks. Allington pulled him down on a garden bench. "Get your breath," he said, but he was afraid, too.

At the two pale faces the boy suddenly laughed out hysterically.

"I've made a fool of myself," he said. "I thought I'd found something. Look here. I went over to the farm where—you know the Umbrella died?" incoherently.

"She didn't know anything!" cried Allington. "I turned the farmer's wife inside out. I suppose you mean by the Umbrella the woman who wrote those letters to Lady Levalion that can't be found?"

"I don't know what she knew," said Tommy sharply. "And we never will. I went out toward the station to see if Gordon had come down by the two-twenty, and he hadn't. Coming home I met Mrs. Ward, the farmer's wife, and she asked me what she was to do with the Umbrella's old bonnet or something, but she really stopped me to know if any of us would pay for the Umbrella's board. It seemed she stayed a week there, and Ravel hadn't sent her enough money to pay for that and her funeral. I don't know! Anyhow, I strolled up with old Mother Ward to see just what the Umbrella had left in the way of clothes, and to view the undertaker's bill for myself. For old Ward's a beast. There were some old rags of clothes with nothing in the pockets, and I said you'd pay the undertaker," turning to Allington. "I was staring round the place and I saw a piece of paper, just an edge, sticking out between the floor and the wall. I hooked it out, and there was a mouse-hole behind it; the mice had dragged the thing in there."

"Old Mother Ward gave a yell. Said the Umbrella had held that thing in her hand till she died, and she'd wondered what had become of it. I thought—oh! I don't know what I thought, miserably; but it isn't any good. Here's the thing, and it doesn't mean anything."

"It's a torn telegram," said Allington, peering over Gordon's shoulder as he snatched the paper. "What's that on the back of it?"

"Nothing," said Tommy, "only 1 pound, or something."

Adrian Gordon, like a man in a dream, stared at the dirty, mouse-eaten thing he held. It might be meaningless enough to Tommy and Allington, but to him—

"By—!" he said, below his breath, "Hester!"

"What do you mean?" cried Allington, startled.

"Look!" grimly, his eyes as hard as Levalion's had ever been.

And Allington made out the tattered telegram. "Wire despatch. Boulogne. Immediate." The address was eaten away, there was no signature.

"I don't see what you mean!" he exclaimed. Gordon pulled from his pocket that letter from Pension Bodge concerning Mrs. Murray.

"Now do you understand?" he cried. "She was in Boulogne all summer—according to that. Yet the man who wrote it wired to her to describe herself. The meaning's clear enough. 'Wire description to Bodge immediately,' that's how the telegram ran. It was Hester Murray, Tommy said that night—and she dropped it."

"But how could the woman who died come by it?" said Allington doubtfully.

Tommy jumped up.

"You never knew her?" he cried. "She was always creeping and crawling round. You bet she saw that man and woman the night I did, and that was what she wanted to tell Ravel. Oh, if she hadn't died!" he caught his breath.

She had sharp ears, the Umbrella. She may have heard every word they said. And now we'll never know."

"Now, on the contrary, we've the only clue we've ever had," Gordon returned. "You're a fool, Tommy!" staring at the reverse of the telegram, "with your '1 pound'! It's 'I found' written on the back of it, and something else I can't make out. But even without it, we've enough for—Hester Murray," savagely.

Sir Thomas dived into his pockets. "Whoever the woman was," he cried, hunting vigorously, "I've got something belonging to her. You didn't know that when Jacobs went for the man that night he tore the woman's cloak, did you? And—oh! here it is!" gladly. "I've had it ever since."

He laid in Allington's hand a scrap of black satin, with a torn bit of chinchilla hanging to it. Adrian stared at him.

"Why, in heaven's name!" he said blankly, "didn't you show that at the inquest?"

"Because I'm not a fool," returned Sir Thomas.

"The room was full of men. How did I know any of 'em hadn't been drinking champagne in the moonlight with a lady, and would go off and tell her she'd been seen looking in windows. Besides, then, mind you, I thought it was you I saw on the rock, and I didn't care who it was with you, because I'd proved it wasn't my sister."

Adrian winced.

"I can't say much for your eyesight!" he cried, with sarcasm. "Last night, Allington says you were quite ready to think the man was Carrousel."

The words cut.

"I never said it was Carrousel I saw on the

rock that night," said Tommy, suddenly very white and quiet. "I never thought it. He's got a beard. But I'll tell you this much: If you'll find the woman who owns that cloak, and give me time—I'll find the man!"

"Time's just what we haven't got. And I don't believe you'd know the man if you fell over him," unbelievably.

"I mightn't," said Tommy, composedly. "But Jacobs would."

And neither man believed him.

CHAPTER XXXVII. A GRAY-LINED CLOAK.

"I'm going to win!" said Hester Murray to herself, breathlessly. "Oh, I'm going to win!"

For her case had been taken up by the cleverest barrister in London, and, as he showed it to her, faultlessly dovetailed together, there was not a flaw in it. Maurice Davidge, even, who, for his own reasons, had posed this ten years back as John Davidge, was back in London, and in self-defense had chosen to stand his chance for false impersonation and misappropriation of money rather than take John Davidge's sins on his shoulders.

For John Davidge's father had had excellent cause to pension off his son. A long-gone-by agrarian riot and murder in Ireland had been John Davidge's work, and by a queer chain of circumstances had come home to him now.

Maurice, to save his neck, which he had ignorantly ventured in London was glad enough to have Hester Murray corroborate his tale. And, indeed, there was no doubt about his identity. Witness after witness cropped up to establish that, and the death and burial of the true John Davidge, who had lived long enough to make Hester's marriage to Murray null and void, and died just in time to legalize her union with Levalion.

But it was queer that, as she looked at her lawyer's triumphant, confident letter, a shiver shook her; the shiver old women call footsteps on your grave. She got up and drank some brandy, nearly neat. At the bungalow she had got into the way of keeping her heart up with spirits, but she would break that off now. Yet she took another glass before her shivering-fit would pass.

"It was that dream!" she said to herself. "It unstrung me. I wish I knew what it meant. But dreams"—the brandy was warming her now—"are rubbish! Only thoughts, after all."

Yet that dream had made her wake up, crying out till Adrian—that Adrian who had Levalion's blood in him—came to her from the next room.

"What's the matter?" he cried, a bonny figure in the half-light, with his ruffled head and his tumbled nightgown.

"I dreamed I was on a swing!" She caught him to her.

"That wasn't anything," climbing into her bed. "No, of course not." But she did not tell the child her whole dream. There was she, Hester Murray, sitting on a swing that hung high over the heads of a great crowd of people. In front of her, so that, as she swung, she must touch it, was a flower-covered platform. On it she saw herself—yes, her very self—in widow's weeds, holding her boy by the hand, among a group of people who were crying: "Long live Lord Levalion!" cheering for the new heir.

The swing began to move forward and something made her look over her shoulder. Behind her, precisely as far away as the flower-decked platform, so that as she swung back she must touch him, stood the dead Levalion in his grave-clothes. He smiled, that smile that had cut her many a time, and pointed. At his right hand was the gallows, and a hangman with a black mask.

The swing flew through the air, touched the platform. The dreamer tried to jump to it, and found she was tied by a cord. Back, back went the swing toward the dead man, whose outstretched hand would catch and hold it fast. Back—with a shriek of torture Hester Murray woke and trembled at her child's touch.

"I'm a fool!" she thought, now. "It was nightmare. I had nothing to do with it. I never was in Levalion's house."

But apprehension had her by the throat. If she had dared she would have almost thrown up her claim and her child's. But to dare that was out of her power this three weeks past.

"I must go out. The air may steady me. I'm nervous. If it was not too late she would go to the hospital, for Bob Murray, by some miracle, was lingering still. Quite gratuitously his quondam wife wished he would die. Not that it would really matter to her case; she would be rid of him effectually when she was proved to be the Countess of Levalion, but if he died quietly, he would not be able to air some small details that shed no glory on her life in Eaton Place. He might deny Levalion's going there till he was black in the face, no one would believe him. And still she wished feverishly that he was dead."

But she was too late at the hospital, or too something. The hall porter informed her that the house surgeon was busy at an operation, and—having vainly expected a tip at her previous visits—could get her no information on the case

she inquired about, except that the man was alive.

Mrs. Murray walked slowly toward Regent Street, that the lights and the crowd might cheer her. At Berry's she went in and had dinner, with reckless extravagance. There was nothing to go home for, tonight, and it would pass the time.

It had been five o'clock when she started; it was nearer ten than nine when she got back to Starr Street, her causeless apprehension utterly gone, and her small, dainty face quite gay.

A gentleman is waiting to see you, madam!" The landlady was in the entry as Mrs. Murray's latch-key let her in. There was no secret about her being the Mrs. Murray whose case had electrified London, and the future Countess of Levalion had everything she chose to ask for in the squalid lodgings.

"What gentleman?" The door half-closed, the latch-key half-way to her pocket, Hester stood. "I couldn't say. I think he was here yesterday."

"Oh, yes!" with a little relieved laugh. "My lawyer." And she went into the sitting-room with her oddly boyish step suitably adjusted to smoothness. The door slipped from her hand and banged.

A tall man, clean-shaven, except for a heavy dark mustache, was pacing irritably up and down the room. His plain blue serge was exquisitely cut, but oddly narrow in the chest, as if it had been made for some other man.

"How dare you come here?" she said, her clear voice low with fury. "It's enough to ruin me."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"You talk nonsense. Have I no sense? If I run any risk it is because you were out. Did I not say, angrily, 'stay in, stay in, stay in?'"

His uplifted hand seemed to threaten her, for she covered under it. "For you, there is no risk at all."

"You said last night you could not come again. That there was risk. As she looked at him, her dream came back to her, though he had not been in it, and her voice came harsh and sudden.

"What brings you, and where have you been?" His hand fell on her slight shoulder.

"Last night was last night!" he said. "It's none of your business where I've been, but I don't mind telling you. Down at Levalion."

"Well!" she said, as if it were no news to her. "If I hadn't gone it would not have been well for you," he said. "Though I don't know. Did you do"—curiously—"what I told you to?"

"I couldn't," carelessly. "I've had no chance."

"What!" savagely.

"I couldn't do it in daylight!" she cried. "I don't see how I can do it at all. There's always some one looking at me. If that's what you mean, you were a fool to come here! The thing is safer here than anywhere; it doesn't matter in any case."

"Get it," ordered the man, and his face had grown ten years older. "Since you can't make yourself safe, I must. Go!"

"I won't do anything in the dark," she said. "How do I know what you want it for—other people may trust you, I don't."

His hands opened and shut, as if for one second it was hard work to keep them off her, though he loved her in his way.

"You can trust me—better than yourself," he said, close to her ear. "Listen! I went down to Levalion. I told you I should not, but I did. And there in broad daylight, with a field-glass, I saw Captain Gordon appear—that black little beast, Sir Thomas; the lawyer. I have no field-glass for my ears, I cannot make them like my eyes. But—"

"They'd nothing of yours?" she gasped.

"No," softly, but his nails were hurting her shoulder. "But they had of yours. Had you no sense—did you not know that accursed dog tore your cloak that night in the wood?"

"I never looked at it!" she said wildly.

"Look now, then; for they had a piece of it in their hands. May the devil burn them for not showing it at the inquest! I'd have—and now you've got it still! Even though I told you to take no chances, to get rid of it if you had to burn this house down."

"They can't think of me," hardly. "I was in Boulogne."

"How do I know whom they think of?" with sudden fury. "They have gone back for some reason to the woman they could not trace. I hear from people that all this time Captain Gordon has been in London. What brought him back today to look at that black-and-gray rag? If I had not gone down, the police might have fitted it to your cloak."

"How dared you come, with Gordon there?" she broke in furiously. "You should have watched him. He—"

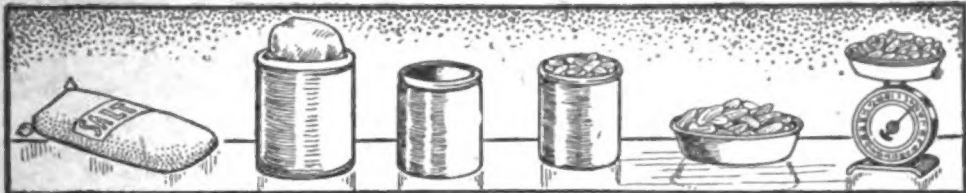
"He is there, and not here—that is why I came." And as if her slowness, her distrust, maddened him, he shook her viciously. "Get the cloak!" he cried, "and I'll save you yet. The police may be on you tomorrow. You will only have me and my field-glass, to thank if they do not find it."

"If they do, I didn't do—it," she said, and then ran, for his eyes were full of murder.

"Take it!" she gasped, coming back again, throwing down a black satin cloak, lined with chinchilla. "I wish I'd never seen you!"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)

SALTING, PICKLING, FERMENTING



GREEN VEGETABLES FOR WINTER

By Violet Marsh

Is Your Family Living up to the Pledge You Have Signed?

SUGAR Economy is a necessity. Before the war, France, Belgium and Italy produced their own sugar, and England obtained the most of hers from Germany. Today our Allies need sugar. The battle lines and enemy territory now include much of their sugar land, so that more and more they are turning to us and our sources of supply. We must continue cutting down our own consumption. At first this was not easy, for we, in the past, have used more sugar than any other people. But now, with this definite knowledge of the reason for sugar conservation, there has been a noble response in helping solve the world problem of how to more evenly divide the world's sugar.

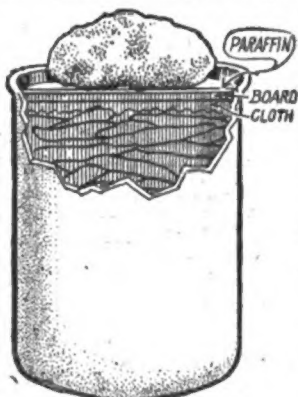
In many homes sweet desserts are a thing of the past. Less or no sugar is used in tea and coffee. Cakes are not frosted, fruits and cereals are eaten without sugar, and the daughters of the house are becoming experts in making sugarless confections. The use of cane, corn and maple syrups, honey, molasses, and fruit syrups are being better understood and more appreciated.

Every housekeeper is anxious to build up safe reserves of fruit and vegetables for winter and a good provider takes justifiable pride in well-filled shelves. To such women the present allowance of sugar and the high price and scarcity of jars will not allow of a safe margin unless backed up by generous supplies of bottled fruit juices and salted or fermented vegetables.

England has adopted a method of preserving fruit without sugar, known as "pulping," that is employed both commercially and in the homes. This process is described on this page. The English housewife who has to be very careful of sugar makes up pulp into jam one jar at a time as required for immediate use.

Fermentation and Salting

The use of salt in preserving vegetables for winter use has much to commend it to the householder. The fermentation method is in general use in Europe, and is becoming better known in this country as a preserving process which does not require the containers used for canning. No cooking is required by this process. Salt brine is the one requirement. The product may be kept in any container that is not made of metal and is water-tight. The vital factor in preserving the material is the lactic acid which develops in fermentation. An important feature is that vegetables thus prepared may be served as they are or they may be freshened by soaking in clear water and cooked as fresh vegetables.



ARRANGEMENT OF COVER OVER FERMENTED VEGETABLES.

Salting without Fermentation

Preserving cabbage, string beans and greens for winter use by salting is a method which has long been used. To do this, the vegetables should be washed, drained and weighed. The amount of salt needed will be one fourth of the weight of the vegetables. Kegs or crocks make satisfactory containers. Put a layer of vegetables about an inch thick on the bottom of the container. Cover this with salt. Continue making alternate layers of vegetables and salt until the container is almost filled. The salt should be evenly distributed so that it will not be necessary to use more salt than the quantity required in proportion to the vegetables used. Cover the surface with a cloth and a board or glazed plate. Place a weight on these and set aside in a cool place. If sufficient liquor to cover the vegetables has not been extracted by the next day, pour in enough strong brine (one pound of salt to two quarts of water) to cover surface around the cover. The top layer of vegetables should be kept under the brine to prevent molding. There will be some bubbling at first. As soon as this stops, set the container where it will not be disturbed until ready for use. Seal by pouring very hot paraffin on the surface.

By Fermentation

WITH BRINE AND VINEGAR.—This method is used for cucumbers, string beans, green tomatoes, beets, corn and peas, as these vegetables do not contain enough water for a good brine using only salt. Wash the vegetables and put in a crock or other container, filling to within three or four inches of the top. Pour over them a brine made by adding to every four quarts of water used one half pint of vinegar and three quarters of a cup of salt. They must be well covered with the brine and the amount of brine needed will be about one half the volume of the material to be fermented, which is to be kept pressed down by a wooden cover or glazed plate, weighted, as described in the next recipe; also follow directions as to removal of scum. When fermentation is complete, the container should be sealed by pouring over a layer of hot paraffin nearly half an inch thick to prevent a scum forming.

TO FERMENT CUCUMBERS.—Unless the cucumbers are from your own garden, wash them carefully. Pack them in a keg, barrel or crock, leaving space at the top for the cover. Cover them with a brine made by adding to every four quarts of water used one half pint of vinegar and three quarters of a cup of salt. The amount of brine needed will be one half the volume of the material to be fermented. Place a wooden cover or glazed plate on top of the contents and press it down by weighting it with a stone or other weight, to keep the cucumbers under the brine. Fermentation will require from eight to ten days in warm weather, and from two to four weeks in cool weather. It is complete when bubbles cease to rise when the container is lightly tapped or jarred. When this stage is reached, remove any scum which may have collected, pour hot paraffin over the cover and around the weight and store in a cool place.

GREEN TOMATOES.—The process is the same as that for cucumbers.

BEETS AND STRING BEANS.—Remove the strings from beans. Beets should be washed thoroughly and packed whole. Spices may be added, as with cucumbers, but may be omitted if the vegetables are to be freshened by soaking when they are to be used. The method is the same as with cucumbers.

COOKING AND SERVING.—When required for use, remove the vegetables from the brine and soak them in clear cold water for several hours, with

one or two changes of water. They may then be cooked as fresh vegetables, with at least one change of water while cooking.

If cooked without soaking, fermented dandelions, spinach, kale and other greens will have flavor similar to that of greens in their fresh state.

Fermented corn should be soaked several hours, with three or four changes of water. During the cooking also there should be one change of water. The corn may then be used in chowder, pudding, omelet, fritters or waffles.

Salted string beans should be soaked to remove the salt and then prepared and served as fresh beans are prepared and served. Fermented string beans may be cooked without soaking and served as the fresh beans are served. Young and tender string beans may be eaten raw.

SAUERKRAUT.—The outside leaves of the cabbage should be removed, the core cut crosswise several times and shredded very finely with the rest of the cabbage. Either summer growth or fall cabbage may be used. Immediately pack into a barrel, keg or tub, which is perfectly clean, or into an earthenware crock holding four or five gallons. The smaller containers are recommended for household use. While packing, distribute salt as uniformly as possible, using one pound of salt to forty pounds of cabbage. Sprinkle a little salt in the container and put in a layer of three or four inches of shredded cabbage and then pack down with a wooden utensil like a potato masher. Repeat with salt, cabbage and packing until the container is full or the shredded cabbage is all used. Press the cabbage down as tightly as possible and apply a cloth and then a glazed plate or a board cover which will go inside the holder. If using a wooden cover, select wood free from pitch, such as basswood. On top of this cover place stones or other weights (using flint or granite and avoiding the use of limestone or sandstone). These weights serve to force the brine above the cover.

Allow fermentation to proceed for ten days or two weeks. If the room is warm. In a cellar or other cool place, three to five weeks may be required. Skim off the film which forms when fermentation starts and repeat this daily if necessary to keep this film from becoming scum. When gas bubbles cease to arise, if container is tapped or jarred, the fermentation is complete. If there is a scum, it should be removed. As a final step pour melted paraffin over the brine until it forms a layer from one quarter to one half inch thick to prevent the formation of scum, which occurs if the weather is warm or the storage place is not well cooled. This is not necessary unless the kraut is to be kept a long time. The kraut may be used as soon as the bubbles cease to rise. If scum forms and remains, the kraut will spoil. Remove scum, wash cloth cover and weights, pour off old brine and add new. To avoid this extra trouble, it is wise to can the kraut as soon as bubbles cease to rise and fermentation is complete.

CANNED SAUERKRAUT.—Fill jars, adjust rubbers and partly seal. Sterilize one hundred and twenty minutes in hot water bath, or sixty minutes in steam pressure outfit at five to ten pounds pressure.

Pickling Vegetables

Pickling is an important branch of home preparedness for the winter months. Pickles have little food value, but they give a flavor to a meal which is liked by many. They should not be given to children.

In pickling vegetables they are usually soaked overnight in a brine for the purpose of removing the water from the vegetable and so prevent weakening of the vinegar. Alum is harmful to the human stomach and should not be used to make pickles crisp. Pickles will be firm if not cooked too long or at too high a temperature. Pickles put into crocks should be well covered with vinegar to prevent moulding.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Soak in brine made of one cup of salt to two quarts of water, for a day and night. Remove from brine, rinse in cold water and drain. Cover with vinegar, add one tablespoon of brown sugar, some stick cinnamon, and cloves to every quart of vinegar used; bring to a boil and pack in jars. For sweet pickles use one cup of sugar to one quart of vinegar.

PICKLED CABBAGE AND CELERY.—Two quarts of chopped cabbage, two quarts of chopped celery, one cup of sugar, one quarter of a cup of salt, one quarter of a cup of celery seed, one quarter of a cup of mustard seed, and three quarts of good vinegar. Cook all together until the cabbage is tender. Keep in stone crock.

CHOW-CHOW.—Chop fine with a knife or run through a coarse food-chopper, one fourth peck of green tomatoes, one fourth peck of small onions, three cauliflower, three cucumbers, six large red peppers and one fourth peck of yellow string beans. Place in a brine made by dissolving one pound of salt in five pints of water and let set over night. In the morning bring the brine, with the vegetables still in it, to a boil and keep boiling five minutes.

In a separate vessel bring one gallon of cider vinegar to a boil. With a little water make a paste of one fourth pound of ground mustard, one fourth ounce of turmeric, one cup of brown sugar and two level tablespoons of flour. Put this paste, with a half ounce of celery seed, in the vinegar and boil until it begins to thicken. Now take the vegetables up, drain off the brine, put the vegetables in another saucepan, and pour the boiling vinegar mixture over them. Mix well, put in jars, and seal while hot. This chow-chow is best when about the consistency of thick cream. If very much water is left in the vegetables in the form of brine, it will be too thin. In this case, use more flour and thicken it. Instead of the cauliflower, an equal part of celery or cabbage may be substituted.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Cook one peck of red, ripe tomatoes in a preserving kettle until thoroughly done. Mash through a fine strainer to remove skins and seeds. Add to this eight level tablespoons of salt and one level tablespoon of cayenne pepper. Into a bag put two level tablespoons of black pepper, six level tablespoons of mustard, one level tablespoon of cinnamon, one level tablespoon of ground allspice and one level tablespoon of cloves. Tie and put bag of spice into tomatoes and rapidly boil until it thickens, then add one quart of vinegar and continue boiling until a teaspoon placed in a saucer will not give off any water. Remove the bag containing spices, put the catsup in jars or bottles, and seal or cork while hot. If paraffin is convenient, melt a small quantity in a saucepan, insert the bottle of catsup and dip the cork and upper part of the bottle in it.

CUCUMBER CATSUP.—Grate and drain well seven large cucumbers; add six grated onions, one pint of strong vinegar, three tablespoons of pepper and two tablespoons of salt. Mix and seal.

Bottled Fruit Juices without Sugar

This process is very simple and lightens the labor of saving the perishables. The juice of berries, cherries, apples, pears, plums and peaches may be bottled in season. They make delightful summer drinks and sherbets or they may be combined with fresh fruits in making gelatine desserts, or the foundation for pudding sauces. These juices may be made into jelly in winter as needed, or combined with dried fruits in making preserves.

SAVE ALL BOTTLES. as any size will do for fruit juices, while the medium-sized ones will answer for catsup, and the wide-mouthed ones can be used for marmalades and pickles.

Wash bottles, place side-down in vessel and cover with cold water. Bring to a boil and boil fifteen minutes. Drain bottles on cloth and they are ready to fill. Sterilize corks by boiling with the bottles.

TO PREPARE FRUIT.—Cut and crush large fruits, stem grapes, and use berries as received. Heat slowly to the simmering point. The flavor will be finer if the fruit is not allowed to boil. Strain fruit through cloth bag and allow the juice to stand in a cool place to settle. Fill bottles to within one and one half inch of the top. Put in corks tightly and set bottles on rack in a boiler, or tie down the corks and lay bottles on side with enough water to cover them. A screen at the bottom of the boiler will prevent breaking. Heat the water to the simmering point (180 degrees) and keep at this point 30 minutes. Remove the bottles, stand on end and dry the cork with towel. When nearly cold, with a sharp knife cut off cork even with top of bottle and dip top of bottle into dish of hot paraffin or sealing wax.

A sealing wax may be made by melting together equal parts of rosin and beeswax.

Pulping Fruit

Pack sterilized jars full of fruit, add no water, place rubbers and caps in position, and fill pan with water up to the shoulders of the jars. Place pan on fire and bring water to the simmering point and keep it at this point half an hour. Remove jars, and then, one from the other, replace rubbers and caps, and put the bottles back in the pan and bring them up to the simmering point again for another five minutes. Take them out one at a time and screw down the tops. Invert to cool. Wrap in paper to prevent bleaching and store in a dry cool place.

Note.—The foregoing illustrations and many of the recipes are taken from the interesting and instructive Home Canning and Drying Manual recently copyrighted and issued by the National War Garden Commission, to whose courtesy we are indebted for the privilege of reproducing them here. The manual contains many other illustrations and recipes and much other valuable information. A copy of this manual and of the Commission's Manual on War Vegetable Gardening, with directions for Home Storage of Vegetables will be sent free to any one on application, provided postage is enclosed, two cents for either manual. We advise our readers to write at once to the National War Garden Commission, Maryland Building, Washington, D. C., for a copy of both manuals. Don't send to COMFORT; we have none for distribution.—EDITOR.

Birds in the Trenches

WHEN the enemy's shot and shell breaks the telephone line that runs shoulder-high in the trenches, or wrecks a telephone exchange, the advanced troops must find some other means of communication with the headquarters. It is a matter of the utmost importance, and the last resort in emergencies of this kind is the homing pigeon.

Every company has its own quota of pigeons, carried in reed cages on a soldier's back. At the headquarters in a specially constructed cote are the birds' mates; when they are released, they fly straight for home. Their speed, almost a mile a minute, is wonderful.

According to the records of the French army, ninety-seven per cent of the messages carried by pigeons are delivered. When you consider that the birds must pass through the most intense artillery fire and that many of the German soldiers have shotguns for winging the feathered workers of the Allies, their efficiency is marvelous.

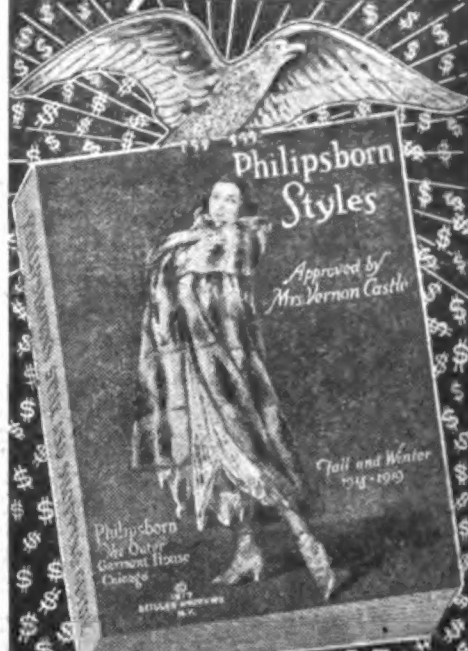
The message must not burden the bird, so it is written on rice paper, rolled up and deposited in a tiny aluminum container attached to one of its legs. Each pigeon usually carries two messages, its own and a copy of the one sent on the preceding bird. Nothing short of death, capture or a broken wing will stop him.

Thousands of these couriers watch and wait in trench and dugout, ready at all times to speed precious notes to headquarters. Many soldiers owe their lives to the timely aid of these feathered flyers. When all other kinds of communication are useless, the pigeon wings his way home and summons help.

The Belgians are the leading pigeon fanciers of the world, and in their army "pigeon intelligence" has been brought to the highest degree of development. At their front they have no birds which could not, if the occasion arose, fly a distance of five hundred miles in a single day.

War is an ugly thing but a German peace is uglier.—Russian farmers are producing German food.

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Cubby Bear Ends a Dispute

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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"MY house is all spoiled!" wailed Wollie Woodchuck; "my house is spoiled, and with my broken leg, how can I ever make another?" Sad and hopeless, Wollie Woodchuck wiped away the tears as they rolled one after another down his fat cheeks.

Cubby Bear and Chirpy Chipmunk watched him pityingly.

"I am sorry," said Cubby Bear.

"It is not your fault," said Wollie Woodchuck. "You did all you could to help me when the big tree was blown down. The earth around my doorway moved so I thought an earthquake had come. As I was scrambling out through the moving earth and upturned roots, the tree fell across me, breaking my leg and half burying me. But all this you know—you, who bound up my leg and brought me to your home to rest."

"Cheerily—cheerily—cheer-up!" Robbie Reddies suddenly burst out singing from a near-by tree.

"It is all very well for him to sing cheer-up," said Wollie, gloomily. "He will fly away to a warm country when the winter comes. But as for me, I shall have to lie down on the cold ground and starve, and be buried by the snow-flakes!"

Robbie Reddies flew away gaily, as if he had not a care in the world, and Cubby Bear said to Wollie: "No, no; you have many friends to help you, your leg will get well, and you can stay with Mamma Bruin and me as long as you like."

It was not long before Robbie Reddies came flying back, and with him Redtop Woodpecker. Then Shinyblack Crow came sailing along on his broad, black wings.

"Caw, Wollie Woodchuck, caw!" he called. "Your other friends are on the way here."

Then Racky Coon came trotting up, dragging his little sled, followed by Busy Beaver and Molly Muskrat. A rattle of wheels was heard, and Bunny Rabbit came in sight, wheeling his Baby Bunnies in their little cart.

Dr. Squilly Porcupine and Mr. Wise Owl came together, and last came Tillie Turtle, slowly and silently.

"Wollie Woodchuck," said Mr. Wise Owl, solemnly, "we have been called together by Robbie Reddies to see what can be done for you. Left to yourself," he added severely, "you would only wope and weep!"

Wollie's face flushed angrily. "I never woped in my life," he said, "and what you mean by weeping, I do not know!"

"What I meant to say," explained Mr. Wise Owl, sternly was *mope and weep*! It was merely a little blunder!"

"Oh, excuse me!" said Wollie Woodchuck.

"Now," went on Mr. Wise Owl, "has anyone a plan for helping this poor animal whose home was spoiled and whose leg was broken by the falling tree in the big storm?"

"I have undertaken to cure his broken leg," said Dr. Squilly, who was already busy with bandages.

"The best thing for the rest of us to do," said Shinyblack Crow, "is to make him a new house."

"Yes, yes!" said Molly Muskrat. "We will all help. Find a nice, deep hole under the bank of the Big Brook—"

"Too wet!" interrupted Shinyblack Crow. "Get together a nice lot of sticks for a nest, then look for a high tree with stout limbs—"

"No, no, no!" cried Racky Coon. "A deep, warm hollow in an old tree-trunk is the best place for a home, because—"

"You are the first one to speak sensibly," said Mr. Wise Owl. "That is my own plan, and I know of a tree not far from my own—"

Tillie Turtle was shaking with giggles. She nudged Slimy Snail, who stood near her.

"Hear them talk!" she chuckled. "The best

house of all, as you and I know very well, is one which you can carry about with you whenever you go. Always at home, and if any danger comes near, just crawl inside your shell, and there you are! Now, if Wollie Woodchuck could only have a house like ours—but I suppose he cannot help the way he is made, poor thing!"

Wollie Woodchuck stared at one and then another, then turned to Cubby with a troubled face. "They mean well, I do not doubt," he said, "but I do not like their plans. I want no dead, hollow tree to live in—a nest of sticks in a tree-structure where Lillie Lambkin and Kiddie Goat play."

They stopped speaking to listen to the others. "It is a great pity," Robbie Reddies was saying, "that Wollie Woodchuck is so big! Otherwise, he might have a robin's nest that I know of, where nobody lives just now. It only needs a new lining—"

"You see!" said Wollie despairingly. "They will never agree about a house for me."

"I will tell you," said Cubby Bear, "what we can do. While they are talking, you and Chirpy



"MY HOUSE IS ALL SPOILED!" WAILED WOLLIE WOODCHUCK, "AND WITH MY BROKEN LEG, HOW CAN I EVER MAKE ANOTHER?"

top would be a cold and dreary place—and I should drown in getting to such a home as Molly Muskrat or Busy Beaver would make for me."

"I know," returned Cubby Bear. "You want a nice tunnel dug in the earth, where you will be warm and snug when the winter winds are blowing through the forest."

"I know the very place where I would like it to be made," said Wollie eagerly. "I have seen it many a time when I have been on my way to the farmer's garden. It is just beyond the little tamarack trees at the edge of the big pasture and I will go to that place you speak of, and start making my new house. I am strong, and can dig fast."

"Oh, will you?" asked Wollie, joyfully.

"I can help, too, though I am so small," offered Chirpy.

So they started off, unnoticed by the group of eager talkers.

Cubby Bear drew Wollie Woodchuck along on Racky Coon's sled, and Chirpy Chipmunk capered merrily about.

It was a long walk to the edge of the pasture,

and Cubby Bear was tired when they reached it, having dragged his friend so far on the sled.

Wollie rose to his feet and pointed excitedly. "Right over there!" he cried, "by that stone wall! Look under that clump of bushes."

"I shall have to dig it larger than you would," said Cubby, "so that I can get inside to dig further. I hope you will not mind. I can dig far enough so that you can live here for a while, and when your leg is well, you can go as much farther into the hillside as you like."

"That will be all right," approved Wollie. "The bushes will hide the opening. And if it is large," he added, happily, "you can come and visit me sometimes. You could not get inside my old home. I have always thought this would be a nice place to live, but I had been in the old house all my life, and was, perhaps, too lazy to change."

Cubby Bear and little Chirpy went to work with a will, and even Wollie Woodchuck helped a little in throwing out the soil the others loosened.

"I know just how long my house will be," said Wollie. "Look, my back door will be over there by that big rock. I must have two doors—then if Rover Dog ever finds one, and tries to get in after me, I can slip out at the other."

When the new house was large enough so that Chirpy Chipmunk, Cubby Bear and Wollie Woodchuck were all inside it, Chirpy ran out to look about.

"The bushes hide your doorway beautifully, Wollie Woodchuck!" he called. "No one would ever know it was there."

"This will do for today," said Cubby Bear. "Tomorrow we will do a little more, and then we will get the others to help with your house-keeping things. This corner will be a good place for your bed. Come now, get on the sled and we will go back again."

As they neared the spot in the forest where they had left their friends some hours before, they heard a confused murmur of voices. Dr. Squilly's was the first one to be heard plainly.

"Now, I know of a safe, cozy nook among some rocks," he was saying, "where with very little repair work, Wollie Woodchuck would be very comfortable. I don't object to your hollow trees—"

"I should say not, indeed!" hooted Mr. Wise Owl, who had shouted himself hoarse. "It is the best—"

"The most san-i-ta-ry place in the world," interrupted Shinyblack Crow, shrilly, hopping up and down, "is a nest of sticks in a high tree—"

"A house carried on your own back—"

droned Tillie Turtle and Slimy Snail.

"Just under the edge of the bank, where the cool water flows past—"

Molly Muskrat was saying to Busy Beaver.

"If that empty nest was *only* large enough!" mourned Robbie Reddies.

Here Wollie Woodchuck, limping on three paws, burst in among them. His face was shining with pleasure, and one would hardly have known him for the sorrowful little animal of a few hours before.

"I am no longer without a home!" he cried. "Cubby Bear has made me a fine new house to live in! You must all come to visit me there."

"Yes," joined in Chirpy Chipmunk, "we have made him a house at the edge of the big pasture, where he will have Little Lambkin and Kiddie Goat for neighbors."

The little forest people stared, astonished.

"Well, well!" said Shinyblack Crow at last, smoothing his ruffled feathers, "good little Cubby Bear did the right thing to do, while we wasted the day in angry disputing. Give him three cheers!"

"But Chirpy Chipmunk helped," said Cubby Bear.

"Then we will give them *both* three cheers!" said Mr. Wise Owl, and flapping his great wings, he led the cheers, which were given heartily, not a voice being silent.

The Girl He Loved

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

"I dare say you do—Lady Levalion!" he said, sardonically. "Hester Murray told another story. Good night, and thank me you dare to sleep."

But when he was gone she had no thought of sleep. For two days she had loved the man who had just gone out; and now she hated him, because she knew she would never get rid of him till she died. She ran to the window to see where he had gone; stared out; dropped the half-raised blind and staggered, more than started back to the middle of the room, as if the quiet street had been the pit of hell.

"The dream!" she thought wildly. "But I've time!" Something took her at the throat. The man held everything in his hands, her money, her position, her— But it was not being Countess of Levalion that was in her thoughts as she ran from the room, but life—bare life—that garbled lie could take away from her.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ARRESTED.

"Hold on," said a quick voice, in the dark, and Adrian Gordon stopped short; "I'm coming, too." For after a comfortable dinner in Monsieur Carrousel's best manner he had strolled out, os-

tensibly to take a walk, really to go as hard as he could to the station and catch the first train for Starr Street.

"There's no sense in your coming," he said sharply, and Sir Thomas returned no answer. "And you can't bring Jacobs. He'll be a nuisance."

"I'm coming, all the same," obstinately; "and I can't leave Jacobs behind. Carrousel might pour boiling water on him or something. Don't hurry so! You want to catch the express, not the slow train that goes first. Oh, Gordon!" wretchedly, "don't you see I must be doing something? You can't leave me behind to hatch out rot about a cook and a boot-boy."

"Come on, then," weakening; and in silence

the two trudged through the country lanes on their way to London, detectives, Hester Murray.

"I don't know why you're creeping away like this," said Tommy suddenly, as they neared the country station; "but there's another reason I came. I've a mileage ticket. We can get in without any one seeing us." And they did, with Jacobs smuggled under the seat.

"There's the slow train now!" he said, after they had been some ten minutes out of the station. "It stops here to pick up some carriages and gets in five minutes after we do." They flashed past the rows of lighted windows as he spoke.

"Glad we did not strike it," said Adrian, for

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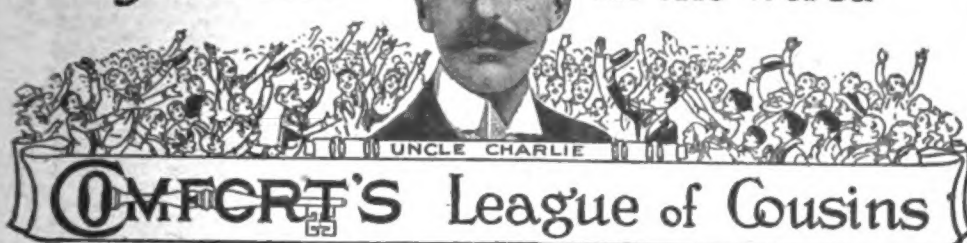
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September, 1918.

Crumbs of Comfort

Must is a king's word.
Men are as the time is.
Malice does not forget.
Much never costs little.
Necessity can break iron.
Much meat, much maladies.
Money speaks every tongue.
A beaten path is a safe one.
New honors change manners.
Without a motive, life is dreary.
Mountaineers are always freemen.
He that can be patient may win all.
A man apt to promise apt to forget.
Great men should not have great faults.
Cheerfulness is the heart's fair weather.
Idle causes can yield active consequences.
Love can keep out more cold than a cloak.
Where there is shame, there is always fear.
The wound of warriors are salved with glory.
In living for another we live best for ourselves.
One cannot travel within and stand still without.
Flattery's trap is selfishness, and its bait is praise.
The strength of the effort is the measure of the result.
Much will always be wanting to him who much desires.
Friendship may end in love, but never love in friendship.
Sincerity is impossible unless it pervade the whole being.
Beasts can weep when they suffer, but they cannot laugh.
In giving, spare the poor the shame of holding out a hand.
If you cannot have the best, make the best of what you have.
Unless a man works, he cannot find out what he is able to do.
Greet not with anger he who knocks at the door of peace.
Who dares conclude that love applied to life is a chimera?
Man is an imperishable leaf on the evergreen Tree of Existence.
Suspicion is an early lesson taught in the school of experience.
A man can never have the hearts of others but by giving his own.
The harnessing of electricity was once but an idea in the mind of a man.
Every mind has its influence on another, and no man is free but when alone.
We could live with exceeding quiet if the words "mine" and "thine" were taken away.

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HOP up onto my lap, for I want to give you a good hug. A few months ago I felt more like spanking than hugging you, for you seemed utterly indifferent to the tremendous issues involved in this dreadful war. Now, however, that our boys are on the firing line and are going over the top, you are at last becoming war conscious, and when I print a letter from a slacker or a traitor, it is a joy and delight to note how you, who were once singing "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier," and "I am too proud to fight," go after these spies, seditionists, copperheads and enemies of our native land with a club. I have gathered a few facts that may still further feed the fires of your patriotism and open your eyes to the way you have been letting your country slip into the hands of the Kaiser and his horde of murderous Huns.

Lafayette Young, one-time senator of Iowa, says: "In more than one thousand schools in Iowa and other Western states the day's session is closed with the singing of Deutschland Über Alles (Germany Over All), and Die Wacht Am Rhein (The Watch on the Rhine)."

The Huns have published a book showing views of fifty great German cities—cities which in their minds at least are already incorporated in the German Empire. Among these are Milwaukee, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and a number of other well-known places dear to the American heart. If that does not make your patriotic blood boil, then that blood must already have turned to noodle soup and your head be sprouting frankfurters and weinerwurst. In Fort Wayne, Indiana, last year, \$14,672 was spent for teaching German language and literature, while only \$108 was spent for teaching English and citizenship to immigrants. In Columbus, Ohio, \$16,000 was spent on German language and literature and not a red cent for teaching English and citizenship to immigrants. In Philadelphia, \$70,000 went for German instruction as against \$11,000 on English and the duties of the embryo citizen. The German language is now being thrown out of our schools because nearly every German textbook glorifies Germany and Kaiserism and is a part of Germany's propaganda, which seeks to poison the world, to exalt everything that is German and to damn everything that isn't.

Germany at Brest Litovsk made a fake treaty with what remained of once mighty Russia. Trotsky, whose real name is Braunstein, a Russian Jew, an anarchist camouflaging as a socialist, a German agent, the best friend the Kaiser ever had (with the possible exception of his infamous pal, Lenin, another anarchist in the employ of Germany), made Russia impotent and converted it into a veritable hell. These two worthless tyrants are now handing Russia to Germany piece by piece as fast as the Kaiser's troops can gobble it. These two men will go down in history as having—next to the Kaiser—brought more woe, misery, shame and degradation on the human race than any two men that ever lived. There are thousands of Trotskyes in the United States, hundreds of them within a stone's throw of my home, who would do the same thing to America that has been done in Russia if they had the chance. Germany, of course, regarded the Brest Litovsk treaty as a joke, just as she regards any other treaty she makes. Her written word and solemn treaties are but mere scraps of paper. Germany's armies, which are now pushing deep into the heart of what was once the Russian Empire, raiding, robbing and pillaging as they go, are headed in the direction of India. If Germany reaches India, the British Empire (or, rather, commonwealth of English speaking nations) goes, and if they go we go too, don't forget that. Though many of you do not realize it, this is a war on Germany's part for the annihilation of the English speaking races, for it is they more than other races that Germany fears, because they, more than other nations, represent the idea of freedom, liberty and democracy, all of which are as poison to the autocrats of Berlin. So, when you start throwing stones at Great Britain, as many low brow and mush heads love to do, you are stabbing your own country in the back, and putting a noose around your own necks. But the point I wanted to make out is this, as it is so typical of Prussian methods: All the healthy German prisoners of war in Russia, about a million and a half men, are to be returned to Germany. They have been allowed to wander at will all over Russia, lie about us and our allies and spread Prussian poison in all directions. Now they are needed at home to work and fight. Germany and Austria between them hold over three million Russian prisoners; about half of these are in the last stages of consumption and other contagious diseases. Germany is going to return all the sick and diseased Russian prisoners to their native land, where most of them will die of starvation, as the Russian revolutionists will neither fight nor work, while Germany will keep the million and a half healthy Russian prisoners to work in her munition factories. That is the Prussian way of doing things, that is the Prussian sense of honor and justice. It ought to be a lesson to you all.

Now here is a little instance that will give you an idea as to what a contemptible humbug the German socialist is. Nine months ago when General Haig was chasing the Huns and things looked black from a military point of view for Germany, the minority or independent socialists, who try to fool us into believing they are real international socialists as compared with the majority socialists who are heart and soul with the Kaiser in his desire to conquer the world, polled twice as many votes in an election at Leipzig as did the Kaiser-worshipping socialist supporters of the government. Soon after, however, Russia went under and things brightened for German arms. Another election was held about this time in a certain district of Berlin almost entirely populated by working men who had hitherto strongly supported the independent socialists and pretended to be strongly averse to the Kaiser's imperial ambitions, but the Russian collapse had changed their views. They forgot all about their socialism and flocked over to the side of the socialist imperialists, who are out to knife all humanity. That little incident ought to prove to you, and especially to you American socialists, that German socialism is a humbug and a fraud, that the only way to bring Germany to her senses is to give her a thorough and drastic thrashing.

Here is something else for you pacifists, copperheads, sapheads, conscientious objectors and ignorant religious maniacs who read the Bible upside down. The Kaiser recently, after viewing devastated Belgium and the ruined sections of northern France, got quite sentimental and thanked his old war-and-murder god that, owing to thorough preparedness and the docility and stupidity of his people, the German Fatherland had been spared the frightful devastation and horrors that had been wrought on poor, bleeding Belgium and northern France. The Kaiser knew that if he put his military machine in order no one could hurt him, his six sons, or any section of his empire. While he was making Germany safe for autocracy, and perfecting every human cog in his military machine, we were shrieking, "We are too proud to fight," "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier," and other craven drivels. We were doing our best to make our country defenceless, jeopardizing freedom, liberty and democracy and everything our fathers have fought for, and doing all in our power to make our beloved land an easy victim for the blood-thirsty Hun. You see the Kaiser knows his business. He knows how to protect the hellish things for which he stands. Unless we are to go down into the dust, we must be equally ready at all times to defend the noble ideals on which this nation is reared. If right will not protect itself from wrong, liberty from despotism, freedom from slavery, democracy from autocracy, then we had better close up shop, go out of business and become worms of the dust, fit only for fertilizer and to lick the heels of the Prussian conqueror. Choose ye this day whether you will serve and live under the domination of your Prussian master, the Beast of Berlin, and be a slave and a chunk of cannon fodder or enjoy freedom and liberty under the stars and stripes with your good old Uncle Sam. This is my fifty-fifth birthday message to you, and with it goes my heart's best love and the hope that we shall all live many years to see kings and tyrants banished from the earth and all nations of the world united in the bonds of love and brotherhood. Get rid of Kaiserism and all that it stands for, and the age-long dream of world democracy will be realized. Don't forget those birthday letters.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk covers, either one for a club of three subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best Christmas gifts in the world.

My picture book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter, is Maria her ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the picture book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie Books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

CONTERS, GA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am a girl fifteen years old, five feet seven inches tall, brown eyes and brown hair. I certainly do enjoy reading the cousins' letters and your replies. We are trying to do our bit to win the war. We raised our own meat this year, but only eat meat twice a week, butter every day and biscuits once a day, and you bet the biscuits taste good, as I am not fond of corn pone. I have a sister working for the Red Cross. She has knitted several sweaters for the soldier boys. I have one brother in the army, he is at Camp Wheeler, Macon, Ga. I must not forget to tell you about my chickens. I have thirty large ones, and eight small ones two weeks old, and three hens sitting on seventeen eggs. We have plenty of eggs to eat and sell also. We eat them instead of meat. Good by, SARAH JACKSON.

Sarah, your family is certainly doing its bit to help win the war. If the South will only raise its own meat and foodstuffs, thousands of freight cars will be released for hauling war material, coal, etc. The boll weevil is very busy chewing up the cotton crop, but I don't think he will have the nerve to attempt to swallow a steer, though I've no doubt he would try. Glad you enjoy your biscuits. Glad to know, too, sister is knitting sweaters for the soldier boys. Billy the Goat knitted a sweater for a soldier. The soldier wrote us that it was a very nice sweater, only unfortunately it had so many bumps in it he did not have time to fight he was so busy scratching himself. Sorry we can't see those three hens "sitting" on seventeen eggs. When those chicks are hatched out there will be some discussion all right among the mothers as to how they are to be divided up. If only one baby chick comes into the world as a result of all this effort, I am wondering whether the hens will shake dice as to who shall get the baby or whether they will fight for it. As a war measure, Sarah, and to increase production, I think in the future I would have each hen have its individual eggs and nest. I knew a hen once who sat on a piece of ice and hatched out three gallons of hot water. If I could only drown the Kaiser in that water, there would be peace in the world today.

SUGARLAND, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am a boy sixteen years old, five feet three inches tall, fair complexion. I enjoy farm life very much. Sugarland is twenty-three miles from Houston and is surrounded by the best farming land in Texas, and has as nice a school as can be found. I was promoted to the tenth grade. Maybe you people in Maine can't tell the war is on but if you ever came down here you would soon find there is a war. We don't use flour any more. We eat corn bread three times a day. The saloons are being closed and are going to stay closed. I am a full blooded American. Wish I was old enough to get Kaiser Bill. I sure enjoy your war talks and have the same war views that you have. We are faced by the greatest menace that

ever confronted this nation. Like many other people I would be glad to have peace but I do not want peace until the German power is completely broken, so that they will never be able again to cause trouble to any nation. This is my idea and I know you will agree with me, for this is the only way we can gain everlasting peace. Your nephew, RAYMOND ALLEN

Raymon, if all the people in this country had your sense and vision and your point of view about this war (which is absolutely the only correct and sane way to look at the whole proposition), those who are trying to steer us through this terrible crisis would be greatly heartened and the Kaiser would be packing his grip, preparatory to hiking to the tall grass with his friends, Jeremiah O'Leary, Herr Berger and a few other visionaries and fanatics, half of whom, consciously or unconsciously, are doing their best to put the Kaiser in the White House, while the balance want to turn this country into a Bolshevik slaughter-house and bug-house, on the Russian model. The world would be very glad to live at peace with the German people, but unfortunately, Germany's rulers, and Germany's people for that matter, have embarked on a career of war and conquest that they openly boast will never stop until the world lies prostrate at their feet. There is no room in the world for the American idea and the Prussian idea. One or the other must go under. If we were to sit around a table and try and talk peace with Germany's rulers, whatever peace pact was signed would amount to nothing. Germany regards all treaties and compacts as mere scraps of paper to be torn up or discarded when it suits her purpose. Germany has cut such words as honor, truth, righteousness, decency, morality, justice, kindness, pity and love out of her dictionary. Germany today is a pirate nation and she is determined to make all other nations walk the plank and drown in a sea of blood. Those she permits to live she will make her slaves. What Germany has done to Russia, after signing a treaty of peace with her, which she never intended to keep and has not kept, has opened the eyes of even the most fanatical pro-German to the menace of Kaiserism and filled all decent humans with horror and loathing. As long as the Kaiser's armies are victorious, his people will stick to him. If Germany is defeated, German militarism will collapse and the German people will come to their senses, dethrone their imperial exploiters and launch a republic. Any peace that is brought about except by the crushing of Germany's military power will not last ten minutes. A negotiated peace would simply be a Prussian trap into which only a fool or a knave would walk. Germany has lapsed back into savagery and barbarism and you cannot make peace with people who worship the sword, whose god is force, whose national diet is blood and iron, and who believe they are a superior race whose mission is to subjugate and rule the world.

LITTLE VALLEY, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I have come to ask you about a very important question. If you were me would you choose to be an actor or a dancer. Write and tell me a long story about actor's life. How long do you have to study actor or actress's life? Please tell me all about life behind and on the stage. I am five feet two inches tall, weigh ninety-one pounds, light complexion and am fourteen years old. Write and tell me where there is a place for people to learn to be actors. Please tell me the address of the firm. DOROTHY SCHULTZ.

Dorothy, before I could decide whether your talents run to acting or to dancing, I would have to have you examined by an expert. It would be necessary to open your head to see if you had dramatic talent, and if there was nothing doing in your top story, the next thing to do would be to excavate your feet in order to discover whether or not you had any chance of making a hit in the terpsichorean line. The movie picture business, I deeply regret to say, has ruined the legitimate drama. Everybody should, if possible, try to be an actor or actress just now, for actors never eat, and if we all stop eating there will be just that much more food to send to our Allies and soldier boys in Europe. Life on the stage used to be worth while because people had a delightful habit of throwing eggs at actors they did not like and so many of the poor souls did get a little nourishment once in a while. Now, however, that everybody is Hooverizing, no matter how rotten an actor's performance may be, he can't draw even a single egg. In front of the scenes you talk airily about millions, champagne, castles, yachts and automobiles. Behind the scenes you ponder sadly over the fact that you owe your landlady fifty dollars for rent and wonder if you can get your trunk down the fire escape without her holding you up when you are half way down. A lot of frauds set boob traps for sumps who want to become "and actor or and actress" and promise for a certain sum to transform all who put up the price into histrionic stars of the most luminous variety. The slick

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guys who work these boob traps generally land in jail. If you want, to study the life of "and actor or actress," go into the office of a theatrical agent and see the gaunt, sad-faced crowds who haunt these places day in and day

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)



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Giving Your Boy a Start in Life

By Charles Francis Reed

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"ONE of these days I'm going to take the whole morning and fix up these rooms." It was cleaning day and all the bedrooms on the first floor had been thoroughly swept and dusted. Late in the afternoon after the other work had been done, mother and the servant had neither the time nor the energy to properly arrange the two attic bedrooms that were commonly called "the boys' rooms."

Mary, tired as she was, could not help but frown as she looked in at the open door of the first bedroom.

"Are we going to have a cold supper?" she asked quickly.

"Why, yes, we always do on Fridays."

"And do you suppose that Mr. Green will mind if he doesn't get it till quarter past six tonight?"

"Why do you ask such funny questions? Here, let me have that broom,—at least we have to do a little sweeping and dusting."

"Well, I asked it because I thought if you didn't mind, I'd do a little work up in these two rooms," Mary said, as she handed her mistress the broom. "We ought to make these rooms kind of nice for the boys, or pretty soon they will find out that they are not nice, and they won't come home any more than they have to."

It was a long speech for Mary, and Mrs. Green looked at her sharply. Then, too, she had suggested something that was terrifying.

"Mary, what do you mean—they won't come home?"

"Just what I say, ma'am. I've had six brothers of my own—the spare room empty, but three of them sleeping in one bed some of the time—and they went away as soon as they could."

Mrs. Green said nothing. As she moved the furniture and gathered up the dust in small heaps, she was thinking seriously. She had always tried to be a good mother to her boys, but she had never thought that boys required the same care as did her daughters. A new light had come to her, and together the two women spent an hour working vigorously. Twice Mrs. Green went down-stairs and returned with her arms full of pictures, and once she sent Mary to bring up an extra rug, and a couch cover.

When they had finished, the rooms were bright and cheerful. Mrs. Green had taken one of her favorite pictures from the wall—"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur—but she did not begrudge the empty space, for she knew that her youngest son was fond of the picture, and up there in the small rooms a great truth had come to her—that her boys needed to learn the love of home if they were to keep them always with her. When she was down-stairs helping with the belated supper, she glanced quickly at Mary, but there seemed nothing about the squat, strong figure that would suggest that she was a heaven-sent messenger—as Mrs. Green imagined her.

There are many of us who are Mrs. Green and who need some small jolt to awaken us to one of the greatest truths,—that we must play fair with our boys if they are going to be all that we have always dreamed that they would be.

One of the most important things in starting your boy right is to see that he has the proper home environment. It is not sufficient that you give him enough to eat and clothes to cover his body, or even that you send him to church and to school. Hundreds of boys who have had this training have come to bad endings. Almost any day it is possible to pick up a newspaper and read that some young man whose training had been exemplary has come to grief and been sentenced to some term of imprisonment. You shudder when you think of the possibility of it being your boy—and yet it is doubtful if you are giving your son a fair chance. If you don't encourage your boy to stay at home, he will find pleasant company on the corner—in saloons—or in places of even a lower nature.

A boy's room is just as important as the dainty pink place that your daughter calls hers. A growing boy needs plenty of light and air, and he should have it. He should have a comfortable bed, and the pictures on the wall should inspire him.

A boy's room should be a place where he can bring his friends. There should be several easy-chairs so that on rainy afternoons Billy and Tommy can curl up and read. Another piece of furniture that is always a source of pleasure is a desk. There is something man-like about a desk—something that gives a boy the sense of being as successful as his father. In it he will hoard his treasures, and at it he will struggle with the problems of learning. A boy who has had to do his lessons all over the house, being constantly interrupted to ask if his book is resting on sister's embroidery, or if he has seen anything of grandmother's thimble, will never be able to do them thoroughly. These interruptions tend to lessen the powers of concentration, a most necessary asset in the business world.

Give your boy the church-going habit. Don't preach to him all the time, but send him to church let him come to realize that peace that can fill him when he communes with his God.

An all-important lesson for the boy is to teach him the value of cleanliness. If you train your boy in bathing daily and wearing clean

clothing, it will become a habit that he will never lose.

A most essential part of your boy's training is to see that he understands the value of the truth. Too many mothers will tell their children to tell the book-agent or the visitor she does not wish to see that she is "not at home." It is only a small slip, and often an unconscious one, yet it plants a dangerous seed. It is far better to tell the truth, to have the boy say that mother is home but cannot see Mrs. Smith just at this minute. Mrs. Smith will understand, and the boy will have had no bad example. It will only be necessary to tell your boy that if he tells an untruth he will be looked down on by his friends, and you will have the desired result. Don't say that if he is found out telling a lie he will be looked down on, but that if he tells an untruth his conscience will make him suffer. Pick out some one boy whom you know your son respects, and ask him if he would like to lose the friendship because the other boy knows Billy cannot be trusted. This will have the desired effect better than any threat of punishment.

One of the things that your boy should learn as early as possible is the true value of money.

"Mother, can I have ten cents to buy some marbles?"

It is a common plea, one that any boy may be capable of, and almost instinctively the money is handed to the young one.

This is not a good method, for it cannot teach the value of money. It is much better to make the child perform the most trivial duty and receive the money as payment for service rendered. If this is done they will not only know that it means to have spending money, but learn to experience the joy that comes from earning—the joy of possessing.

Give every child as much education as you can possibly afford. There is a tendency among boys of fourteen or fifteen to leave school and try to work. They are fascinated by the fact that they have a few dollars pocket money. The parents who can possibly afford to keep their son at school for a few years longer but who instead allow him to go to work, are doing something that is bordering on the criminal. Two or three years later, when it comes to getting beyond the office-boy stage, your son will discover that he is ignorant in comparison with those about him. Then will come the question, "Why did you let me leave school?"

Your defence will be that he wanted to go, but that will not answer his question, for he will reply that he was a child and should not have been allowed to have his own way. Keep your son in school till the very last minute. And after he has left school be sure that there are interesting and uplifting magazines and books in the house, so that when he wishes to read he will have literature of the right sort. Popular novels are not harmful to the growing man—there are many novels that depict life as it really is, and which give a stimulus to the courage of each of us. Books of this sort, as well as three or four periodicals of the better class should find their way to your library table every month. Spending money for an education is like putting money in the bank—it will draw an interest.

Perhaps the most important, for it is by his business success or failure that a man has come to be judged, is the boy's business training. From the days when he first begins to play it is important that you should watch your boy and find in what direction his taste runs. If he is at all mechanical, encourage him along that line, while if he has a decided tendency towards books or figures, try to start him in a business which will enable him to display his talents.

It may be hard in a small town for your boy to do just the work that will be pleasing for him, still it is almost always possible for him to follow his own bent sufficiently so that his interest will be kept alive. And if he does not succeed in the first line of business that he takes up, do not believe that you have been nurturing a failure. The rolling stone may gather no moss, but the boy who changes his line of work several times during the first few years of his business life will not necessarily prove to be a failure, but on the contrary may be a very successful business man. If he does not like his work, encourage him to find something that will be more congenial.

Try to make a confidant of your boy. There is nothing much harder than having to fight a battle alone. You may not be in a position to help him, but your words of encouragement, the fact that you tell him that you believe in him, and that you feel sure that he will win, will often prove sufficient to make him go out and win against the greatest odds. When he is small, encourage your son to tell you of his daily life. Put aside a few minutes a day when you go to him and ask him what he has done, and how he has enjoyed the day's play, and if he was successful in his lessons. Unconsciously, a habit that will give great pleasure to both of you will be formed, and all through manhood you will be his trusted confidant.

As you start your boy, so will he turn out. It may mean a little extra work, but the result will always be worth it, for there is nothing better than a son which one can point to with pride.

Sibyl's Influence

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

A silent horror fell upon the crowd when this became known.

Everybody believed that the hapless girl had come down to the spot, and losing her balance had fallen into the depths and been drowned.

Boats were immediately launched and sent out in all directions, while men, women and children gathered in little groups upon the beach, and talked in whispers of the tragic event, as they waited for the return of the boats and what they should bring with them.

All the weary day through the boats cruised along the shore, and even put out into the waters, but no ghastly sight—no white, upturned face greeted the watchful eyes of those who manned them.

Another and yet another day was passed in the same way, and with the same result, excepting that on the third morning one boat came in, bringing a torn and water-soaked hat, trimmed with pale-blue ribbons, while some one else, at some distance above the crags, had picked up a dainty little slipper.

Both hat and slipper had "belonged to Miss Sibyl," Elizabeth, the servant, asserted, with wild sob and tears, and not a doubt now remained in any mind as to the sad fate of the beautiful girl while whispers of sharks and their rapacious jaws began to be circulated to account for the body not having been found.

Sir Athelstone Prescott's address was obtained from Elizabeth, and a horseman dispatched to the nearest telegraph station, with a message notifying him of the sad calamity.

The telegram reached the doctor safely, and threw him into the greatest consternation and distress.

He received the message on Friday.

On the Monday following, Lady Prescott had

planned to go down to Barmouth to spend a month with Sibyl and her mother, and Raymond, if he could leave, had determined to follow her later.

Sir Athelstone did not communicate his fearful news to either his wife or son; but telling them that he had received a most imperative summons away, and requesting Lady Prescott to postpone her departure until his return, he set out in hot haste for Barmouth.

It was over two hundred miles from Dumfries to Barmouth, and it took the sad-hearted doctor many hours to reach that little town, so cozily situated between the mountains and the sea.

His one great object in sending Sibyl so far away, had been to prevent Raymond from going off to see her, which he knew he would do if she were within easy reach; but when he arrived at the cottage, and learned all the sad news awaiting him there, his conscience smote him for allowing the young and delicate girl to go so far away from help and friends.

His amazement knew no bounds when he discovered that Mrs. Stillman had been dead over a week, and learned from Elizabeth that Sibyl had at least written him five times during the two weeks preceding her mother's death.

There was some mystery here that he could not fathom!

The kind-hearted man nearly broke down beneath this heavy blow, and shrank in keenest pain from the task of carrying the fearful story home to Raymond and his mother.

He spent three days in vain inquiries, and in again searching all along the coast, hoping against hope, even at that late date, that he might find the body of the girl whom he had so tenderly loved, and give it Christian burial.

But it was of no avail, and gloomy and sorrow-stricken, he returned to Dumfries to tell his sad tale, taking with him all that had belonged to both Sibyl and Mrs. Stillman.

Raymond, for a long time, was like one bereft



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of his senses after learning the tragic story.

For several weeks, he had been greatly disappointed and troubled regarding Sibyl's letters. There had been a restraint and coldness in their tone which told him that something was wrong.

Her letters came regularly once a week, until within the last three weeks he had only received one, but they were not like Sibyl's, and he had resolved that just as soon as he could bring the duties which his father had imposed upon him into some kind of shape, he would follow his mother to Barmouth, and see for himself what the trouble was with his darling.

"Oh! if I could only have gone to her before. If I might have seen her but just once more!" he cried, in a voice of despair, after his mother had told him of Sibyl's sad fate, and Lady Prescott could only weep with him—there could be no comfort that she could give him.

Sad though her own heart was, and filled with grief, she could but bow in submission, beneath the blow, and say, "It is well," knowing, as she did, that Sir Athelstone would never countenance her marriage with her son.

Miss Therwin, whom they believed so lovely, sympathized most deeply with them in their great affliction, and came often as a privileged friend to cheer and comfort her ladyship.

But way down in her cruel, evil heart, how she exulted and gloried over the relentless fate which seemed to have deprived this household of their loved one, and had also blotted out of existence the only rival she had ever had or feared in her life. She had never hoped for any victory so complete as this. All that could ever do her harm had been removed from her path, since Judith, too, was dead.

She had been terribly alarmed upon receiving her letter, declaring her intention of confessing the whole to Sibyl. For several days she had feared that Sibyl would return, denounce her, and resume at once all her former relations with the Prescott family.

She did not believe that Judith was dying, or nearly as ill as her letter seemed to indicate, and it was therefore a great relief to her when the news came that she was dead and buried, and could never molest her any more.

Now the way was clear; she had nothing to fear in all the world, and the knowledge of her triumph made her so light-hearted and exultant that she blossomed into greater beauty than ever before, while she most skillfully used all her arts to ingratiate herself into the favor of the bereaved ones; and obdurate indeed, she thought, would be the heart of Raymond Prescott, if she could not ultimately succeed in winning its love.

Often she would spend a whole morning with Lady Prescott, reading to her or chatting with her in a quiet, entertaining way, until her presence began to be a source of great pleasure and comfort in the house.

Sir Athelstone liked her; he enjoyed her music and cultivated conversation; she was bright, talented, and animated, and it was pleasant to see her about, and hear her light, sweet laugh floating through the lofty rooms.

During the summer, the Countess of Shirley had written to Miss Therwin summoning her home.

They were going, she wrote, to Ventnor—a watering-place in the Isle of Wight—to spend the hottest months, and desired her to accompany them. She closed by saying she thought she had prolonged her visit to Mrs. Maplewood as long as propriety would allow, and hoped she would return immediately.

But the crafty young woman had no notion of complying with this request.

She deemed her own plans altogether too important, and prevailed upon her friend to wait, asking the countess to spare her at least until fall, as they were planning a short tour on the Continent, and desired her company.

They had arranged to start on their trip by the first of September, and Ada, by much maneuvering, and many suggestions to Sir Athelstone regarding his wife's sadness and failing health, had at last succeeded in prevailing upon Lady Prescott and Raymond to accompany them.

The countess, of course, could not refuse the

earnest appeal of Mrs. Maplewood, especially as Ada also appeared so reluctant to return; and, with a sigh of disappointment over the girl's utter selfishness, she gave her consent, and forwarded a handsome remittance, and the early fall found the aristocratic party among the Alps of Switzerland.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ADA'S ARTFUL SPEECH.

"She was very beautiful, and as pure and good as an angel. I love to think of her, but I know how very hard it must be for you to bear it."

The above tribute, with the added words of sympathy, were spoken by Miss Ada Therwin, as, on a bright, beautiful day in October, she and Raymond Prescott stood together on the shore of Lake Geneva, and looked over the pure, bright blue waters, so noted for their beauty and clearness the world over.

By some means, best known to Miss Therwin, perhaps, she and Raymond had become separated from the rest of the party, and, wandering down by the water, their conversation turned, as it always did, upon the one absorbing topic—Sibyl. Raymond had remarked to his companion that the sea, or any large body of water, always made him think of her, and that henceforth he would have double cause to be reminded of her, since the sea had swallowed her from his sight forever.

"She was more beautiful to me than all the world beside," he had said, passionately; and Miss Therwin, with sweetness on her tongue, but with bitter hate for the fair girl in her heart, had replied as recorded above.

"She was to have been my wife if she had lived," he asserted, with a white, pained face, and ignoring the fact that Sibyl had told him over and over again that "it could never be."

Ada started slightly.

"She would have been a true and lovely wife, and—"

She hesitated purposely, and dropped her eyes to hide the fire that had leaped into them at his confession.

"Well?" he said.

"And it was very noble in you to be so faithful to her after all that happened."

She said it softly, as if she almost revered him for it.

"After all that happened! What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean after her mother was found, and you knew all her sad history," Ada replied gently.

"How did you know about it?" he demanded, his lips quivering slightly. "I thought it was a secret, confided to our family alone."

"I was very intimate with Sibyl, you know, during those sad days; and once, when I went to see her, I overheard a conversation between her and her mother which betrayed their secret. I have never spoken of it to any one before, I assure you. I have always wanted to tell you how I admired you for your fidelity."

"Thank you," Raymond said, his face lighting all over for an instant. "I do not deserve the admiration of any one for the course which I should have adopted immediately, if I could have prevailed upon Sibyl to become my wife—the gain would have been all on my side, even though the whole world had scorned me for the act, for I should have been the happiest of men. But, Miss Therwin, it is refreshing to find that there is one woman in the world who can be truly kind to another in adversity. I admire you for that."

But if he could have known the thoughts of her heart at that moment, he would have recoiled in horror from her.

"I have always blamed myself," Raymond went on, becoming more confidential, "for not going to her immediately after her letters became so strange and unlike herself. Two or three times I might have gone, by making a little extra effort, but something interposed, and I put it off."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

Out of Her Travail

By Myra Williams Jarrell

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"It ain't as if you was needed, Stevie," Mrs. Simmons' voice was high-pitched and quavering, "for there's surely enough young fellows without you."

"Now, Mother, what if all the other fellows' mothers talked that way? Who would there be to fight?"

"There'd be the older men, Stevie—They're the ones as ought to go. Their lives are pretty near through, and they'd ought to go, and leave the flower of the land, them that's got to make the future for the country." Her tone was that of one repeating an aphorism she had made her own.

"It's the fellows that are going to fight who are going to make the future of this country, Mother, and I'm going to be one of them."

"But, Stevie, you ain't of draft age yet. If the war keeps on, as folks say it must, they'll get you next year. Better wait, honey. That will give you another year of schooling. I want that you should get an education, Stevie. Your father and I planned and saved for that from the time we knew you was coming. We'd not had a chance ourselves, and we wanted that you should. It wasn't easy to save. Your father's shoulders got a little more bowed every year."

The boy was twisting his hat in his hands, and his face expressed regret and pain, mixed with determination. He was a comely lad, straight and strong and tall. His eyes, a dark hazel, dark-lashed, his features almost classic in their perfection.

"I know, Mother," he cried, "I've known, vaguely, always, that you and Father had made tremendous sacrifices for me, and I've wanted to show you that—I—knew."

"You have, Stevie, you've been a good boy—such a comfort—especially since your father died. And that's one reason I—I—just—can't—let—you—go!"

Her shoulders drooped, and the tears slowly trickled down her wrinkled cheeks.

"Oh, there—Mother." He put his arm awkwardly around her bowed form.

"You won't go, will you, Stevie? You'll stay with me, won't you? I'll be all alone if you go." She reached up with trembling fingers, and smoothed his dark hair.

"Katherine will be near you."

"Oh, but Katherine is nothing to me, not much, any way—just a neighbor, and she can't take your place, Stevie."

"You make it hard for me, Mother." The protest burst from his lips, and shaking off the hands that would have held him, he jumped to his feet, and began to pace the floor.

His mother fell to weeping, not noisily—not with absolute abandon—but hopelessly, drearily.

The boy paused by the window. Outside, the boughs of the apple tree were bursting with blossom, prodigal with its fragrance. The robins, which had nested there since his early boyhood, were busily preparing the nest for the oncoming family, the mother bird fussing with the male over the placing of the straw, while underneath was the deep chirp of maternal contentment.

Beyond the stretch of trees a little way off, was the stream where he had learned to swim, and which even now glinted like a silver thread between the foliage.

All was peace and quietude. Suddenly the war seemed far off, not a part of his experience or of his time. Within the little sitting-room, his mother's weeping had subsided into choking sighs. Across the yard, and into the next one, where as a child he had made mud pies and played keep house, he caught the flit of a pink skirt near the big rosebush. He drew a deep sigh.

Here, in this quiet little place, where he knew even the town dogs, life was sweet and peaceful and uneventful. Over there—his ear caught the sound of martial music. From the window he could look across to the town square; could see the line of khaki-clad figures marching through the streets. His young face changed, grew stern with purpose.

He turned toward the drooping figure in the quiet room. "Mother," he began steadily, "out there, the other boys are marching, their faces set towards France. Do you suppose their mothers have made it hard for them?"

"But, Stevie, you are all I have—"

"He went on, unheeding the interruption, "I don't forget my duty to you, Mother, but I owe a duty to my country greater than that which I owe you."

"But your education, Stevie. Your Father and I—"

"No red-blooded fellow is going to stay at home for an education. I'm not anyway. Why, the experience over there will be worth more than all the college education in the world. Besides, the fellow that don't go, is going to spend all the rest of his life explaining WHY he stayed at home!"

"We didn't have to get into this," complained his mother. "I voted for Wilson because he'd keep us out of war. It wasn't our fight."

"Oh, Mother, let's don't hash that all over again! I can't seem to make you understand that it's the fight of everybody and every nation, that believes in the right of the individual, and the common laws of decency and humanity!"

"But it's not your fight, anyway, Stevie, not till next year. Oh, say you'll wait! Don't go now! How'll I ever stand it?"

"You'll stand it just like thousands of other mothers are standing it," he told her shortly.

The next day he told her gently that he had enlisted, and would have to stay at the Fair Grounds, which had been converted into a temporary camp, until the company was ordered elsewhere.

Her heart nearly stopped beating, but the tears seemed dried. A dull apathy seized her, an apathy which gave place occasionally to bursts of resentment toward the President, toward the Government, and toward the Allies—all of the sources that had contributed to her misery.

The little town awoke to the fact that it was an integral part of the great whole. Sectionalism died overnight, and from its death-throes was born Nationalism, which later grew and expanded, and developed into Internationalism.

Men who had had petty differences in the past, met and clasped hands, and discussed the war and its probable effect upon the world, commercially and spiritually.

A Chapter of the Red Cross was organized, and there, at first, until the plans had become concrete and efficiency the watchword, so that it became a business, just like any other well-organized business, the women mingled tears with work, as the talk went on, about "My Boy," for scarcely a family in the town but had been touched in some close way.

Mrs. Simmons held herself aloof from it all, aloof from her neighbors and friends. Stevie was at home a short time each day, looking handsome and soldierly in his uniform. But there seemed to be no common grounds upon which they could meet. She never asked him a question about his military duties, and he vouchsafed no information. She would ask if he had enough blankets to keep him warm, and if he got enough to eat. There were always cookies and doughnuts and pies for him when he came, which he devoured with a boy's voracious appetite.

He usually took time to sit at the piano and pound out a few of his favorite tunes, before going back to camp, and sometimes, in his lusty young voice, to sing "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

The camp was only a few blocks distant, and in the early dawn, when she heard reveille, she

FURNITURE that

Can Be Made from

BARRELS

By Priscilla Brown

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A SURPRISING number of pieces of very useful furniture can be made from the barrel that has been put out in the barn or woodshed because you could not think of anything else to do with it and hated to throw it away. Besides the straight, and if the truth must be told, rather uncomfortable chair and the round stand that writers on household subjects have described for years, an ingenious person can manufacture the nicest sort of little sewing chair with rockers, a unique divan and a really elaborate looking dressing-table that would delight the heart of any young girl, as well as several other useful things.

The rockers of the chair are constructed from the halves of the cover of the barrel, the bottom being needed of course to hold the staves in place. When such a chair is covered with chintz it is very attractive indeed. (See illustration.)

The divan is made by cutting two barrels off as for the old-fashioned barrel chair and connecting them with a board which supports a cushion. Across the back, a board is run from the two upright portions making a low back. When this is cushioned and suitably covered, the humble origin of this piece of furniture is very hard to detect. (See illustration in heading.)

A corner cupboard or cabinet can be evolved from the frame of another barrel. The staves are removed from nearly one half leaving the top, bottom and hoops intact. Shelves are put



BARREL DRESSING TABLE.

in at each hoop, the inside painted and the exterior suitably draped, and the resulting cabinet is ready to stand in a convenient corner. In a

few days she would lie on her bed, and, deep in her heart, curse the man whom she considered had taken her boy away from her.

And again at night, when taps was sounded, she would sit by her window and strain her eyes in the darkness toward the place where her treasure was—picturing him to herself, sleeping on a cot, rolled in a blanket, in a tent, while, in the room next to hers, was his soft, comfortable bed.

Sometimes she would go into his room, and slip down on her knees by the bed, and touch the pillow where his dear head had been wont to lie. "Oh, my God," she would murmur, with dry lips, "how can I stand it, how can I stand it!"

Doubtless, the same scene was being enacted in countless dozens of homes, but that fact made it no easier for her.

Then came the day, the day she had dreaded with a dread unspeakable, when the boys were to leave for the distant training camp, to undergo a few months of hard, intensive drilling, before embarking on the Great Adventure.

She had heard it rumored that they were soon to leave. Wherever she went nothing else was talked of but the war and "Our Boys." She stayed at home as closely as possible, but being one of the old-fashioned women who believed in going to market, she sometimes ran onto people she knew.

One day she overheard a conversation between two women about a young fellow in the town who had not enlisted. "He invited my Emily to the picture show the other night," confided one of them, "but she told him coolly that she didn't like the color and cut of his clothes."

"Did you know that the two Jimkins boys had enlisted?" asked the other.

"No, you don't say so. That's pretty hard on their mother. Neither one's old enough to be drafted. How does she take it?"

"Oh, she's proud of them. Says she can stand it better than she could if they didn't WANT to serve their country."

"That's the right spirit," and the other one sighed. "I don't know whether I could be that brave or not. If I had a son."

Mrs. Simmons listened dully. TWO sons! How would it feel to divide the anxiety? But, then,

kitchen the drapery might be omitted and the closet be used for pots and pans. With a drop curtain it would make a convenient catch-all for the living-room, while mounted on a cheese-box pedestal it would do duty as a china cabinet.



BARREL ROCKER.

A dressing table is easily evolved from the same closet by adding a square oblong or triangular top to fit the space in which it is to stand, and a mirror.

An ingenious worker would readily add to the above list. A cradle saving of Colonial days could easily be fashioned from one barrel with the cover of another for rockers. Or, if modern ideas on the hygiene of rocking babies were held, the barrel-cradle could stand on firm and square supports. Wash-stands and candle stands can be made as firm as any four-legged table and are very fitting in a cottage chamber. A barrel, while doing duty as a clothes hamper, had a yard-square top added, and in spite of its petticoats was further utilized as a hall table in a mountain bungalow.

All are familiar with the hammock made of barrel staves, but a settee, and one that is both pleasing and comfortable, is a novelty. A strong frame must be first made with a back at a comfortable angle and a low, wide seat and arms at either end. The staves are cut to fit the width of the seat and the height of the back and are nailed in place, their natural curve fitting the human form admirably. Painted neatly, such a settee is useful on piazza or lawn.

Doubtless a little thought and contrivance will evolve other really useful articles of furniture from the neglected barrel. But when attempting the manufacture of any article do not forget that there are barrels and barrels and that a good, firmly made one is desirable. An ancient relic, weather-beaten and decrepit, cannot be rejuvenated by means of a few nails and a few yards of flowery cretonne into a strong, firm piece of furniture. So select your barrel with care and judgment.

she told herself passionately, she guessed Mrs. Jimkins didn't love the two as much as she did Stevie!

But she knew she lied. She and Mrs. Jimkins had been much together when the children were small. They had talked for hours of their plans, their hopes their ambitions, for their boys, and she knew that the other woman's love had lost nothing by being divided into two parts.

That evening, as she sat at her sitting-room window, she saw Stevie coming up the street. The girl next door was with him. They lingered long by the other gate, and the mother turned her eyes away. Katherine was a good girl. If Stevie were older—and but now he was going away, maybe for all time. That was bad enough, without sharing him with anyone else. She wouldn't do it! She'd tell Katherine—

She started up from her chair, but sat down again as she saw that Katherine had gone in her house and that Stevie was coming, his head up, his shoulders squared, a strange new light in his eyes.

"Is it—tomorrow?" she almost whispered the words.

"Yes, Mother."

He sat down beside her, and was silent a few minutes. "You know," he finally began, "that I have gone into this thing because I could not do anything else and keep my self-respect. Would you have me ashamed of myself?"

She made no answer. "I—it would be easier for me if you'd just say once that you thought I was right—if you'd just smile at me once, the way some of the other fellows' mothers smile at them. I think—I think I'd fight better."

"I don't want you to fight!" The words were nearly shrieked. "I don't want you to go over there and get killed or maimed or crippled! I want you to stay at home with me! If President Wilson had done what he—"

"Stop!" She looked up bewildered at the harshness of his tone. It wasn't her boy, her Stevie, speaking like that. "I won't have you saying things of that sort. You're unpatriotic. Besides, you'll get yourself into trouble. They'll accuse you of being pro-German—may even arrest you. They're doing it every day."

"But I AIN'T pro-German. I hate the Ger-

"Then for Heaven's sake, don't criticize your President."

"He's not my President. I only voted for him because he promised—"

"There you go again! I don't want to get riled up tonight. Please, PLEASE, Mother, try to get right about this thing, for my sake!"

His tone had changed again. It held the pleading note of the little boy—HER little boy. She turned away that he might not see her tears, the first that had come to her eyes in weeks, as she murmured, "I'll try, Stevie."

"That's a good mother," He bent and brushed her cheek with his fresh young lips. "I'm going to run up to my room a minute, to gather up a picture or two, yours—and—Katherine's."

That night, as she sat in the dusk by her window and listened to taps for the last time, she had the feeling that in the house next door another listener heard. She sighed. "Maybe she thinks she feels bad, but she can't know. Nobody but a mother REALLY knows!"

The next morning she joined the crowd that made for the railroad station. The whole town seemed to have turned out to tell the boys good by, and wish them God-speed.

On her arm was a huge market basket, bulging with good things for her boy. Other mothers passed her, some with tearful eyes, all with quivering lips. On all sides of her she heard, "My boy this," and "My boy that."

A group of boys and girls from Stevie's college drove by in an automobile, laughing and chattering! Her heart steeled toward them, and she thought, "How can they be gay, when Stevie is going to war?"

And somewhat to her own surprise she found herself thinking, as she looked at the young fellows, "Why aren't YOU in the uniform of your country?"

At the station, a jostling, partly hysterical and partly solemn crowd awaited the coming of the boys.

Soon the sound of martial music was heard,—and of marching feet.

Oh, who that has heard the sound can ever forget! While life lasts it will echo and re-echo in the heart of every mother of soldiers!

A woman's voice beside her dropped into the regular rhythm of the sound. "Oh, I ENVY you, Mrs. Simmons! How proud you must be to have a splendid young son with the ideals that make him want to follow his flag, into danger, if need be!"

She looked at the speaker without replying. But into her heart was being born a new and wonderful thrill, unlike any emotion she had ever experienced. The band was playing the National hymn, and the flag, HIS flag, that he was following, and HER flag, proudly floated in the breeze, as the sound of the marching feet drew nearer.

The crowd burst into loud hurrahs, as the soldiers turned the corner of the station platform, and broke ranks, to find their loved ones before entering the waiting coaches that were to bear them away.

She looked around for Stevie. Katherine, and some of his other girl friends were grouped together, grasping the hand of one boy after another as he passed, but Katherine's eyes, she noted, were searching, as were her own, for the one particularly dear.

She felt a touch on her arm, and turned to find Stevie looking down into her face, apprehension, dread, and a sweet seriousness on his own.

"It's all right, Stevie," she managed, just as the young people swooped down on him.

She stood by, patiently holding the market basket until he took it away from her. He talked and laughed with the young folks, but always his glance came back to her, to assure himself that it really WAS all right with her.

A man stopped, and wrung Stevie's hand. "God bless you, lad," he murmured huskily, and then, to her, he commented, "Oh, you brave mothers! You are the army back of the army. Our boys could not keep up with their morale, without you."

He passed on. She looked again at Stevie, and met the serious, questioning look in his sweet eyes, the eyes of the little boy she had tended and cared for and never failed, until now, in his most trying hour. "Give me strength, dear Father," his heart cried. But her boy did not know, for she smiled, and he was content.

The order was given to fall in and go aboard. Stevie hastily told his girl friends good by. He looked into Katherine's eyes, long enough to read the answer to the question in his, the answer, "Yes, I will wait," and then he turned to his mother.

She kissed him. She put her trembling hands up to his smooth young cheeks. She smiled and whispered, "It's all right, Stevie. You've ought to go. Your country needs you. Don't worry about me. I'll get along. Good by—"

Stevie leaned from the car window and waved, as the train pulled out. His mother stood where he had left her, and waved to him, and smiled.

She turned to go home, HOME! She knew that the house was empty now. She knew that she would have to bear it to see the music on the piano, where he had left it, only the evening before. She knew that she would have to enter the room next to hers, to see the pillow where his head had lain. "O Father, give me strength, give me courage," she whispered.

The woman who had spoken to her as she had listened to the sound of marching feet was beside her, frankly wiping the tears from her eyes. "Oh, you wonderful woman," she cried, "how proud you must be, to be the mother of a soldier!"

Then the thrill which had so recently been born to her, out of the travail of her soul, spoke in the simple words,—"Yes, I AM proud to have a boy to serve his country!"

Sammy Receives Best Pay

THE best-paid soldiers in the world today are our khaki-clad fellows in the trenches of the French front.

When an American soldier is in his own country, he gets a monthly figure of thirty dollars. When he is "over there" in foreign service, he is rewarded by extra pay, and therefore gets approximately thirty-five dollars every thirty days.

Tommy Atkins is his nearest rival, for Great Britain pays its privates more generously than any other European government. However, Tommy's \$8.50 a month is less than a fourth of Sammy's thirty-five.

The French infantryman or poilu with his motto, "They Shall Not Pass," does his fighting on a monetary basis of five cents a day. Italy, ranking in generosity next to Great Britain, gives its fighting men a monthly minimum allowance of \$5.83, which is a sixth of Sammy's salary.

The Central Powers are poor paymasters. The German boogie wars on a wage of \$1.05 per month, which much more than doubles the Austrian's 73 cents and passes far beyond the Turkish minimum of 92 cents. The pay of a single Sammy is sixteen cents more than the combined allowances of ten Germans, ten Austrians and a dozen Turks.

The Entente are royal paymasters with a range of thirty-five dollars for the American soldier to a dollar and a half for the French poilu. Sammy's princely pay is thirty-four cents more than the total of two Englishmen, two Italians and four French poilus.

The best-paid soldier in the world wears khaki and a grin, follows Old Glory wherever she goes, and fights like a demon. His appearance on the field has heartened the brave soldiers of our Allies, and with his help they will teach the Kaiser to spell d-e-f-e-a-t.

Circumstances are beyond the control of man, but his conduct is in his own power.—Dierck

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Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for Fall Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



For a real smart dressy blouse try soft batiste in white or flesh color, with a handsome collar of flat lace for trimming.

Pattern Descriptions

ALL PATTERNS 15c. EACH
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1415.—Boys' Blouse Suit with Straight Trousers and with or without shaped band. White linen, with blue linen for trimming is here shown. The blouse has a simple coat closing, and a rolled collar, with low neck opening. The trousers are made with side closing.

Cut in four sizes: three, four, five and six years. It requires two yards for the blouse and one and one eighth yard of 27-inch material for the trousers for a three-year size.

2192.—Dress for Elderly Ladies. This style is lovely for satin, silk, crepe, gabardine, serge and broadcloth. The fronts are finished with vest portions.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires six and one eighth yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2205.—A Practical Work Garment. This will be ideal for khaki, percale, chambray, gingham, linen or lawn.

Cut in four sizes: small, 32-34 inches bust measure; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46. Size medium requires six and one eighth yards of 36-inch material.

2212.—An Ever-Popular Model. Khaki cloth, serge, cheviot, mixed suiting, linene, drill, gingham, voile, repp and poplin are nice for this model.

Cut in four sizes: eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires three and one half yards of 44-inch material.

2281.—A Neat House Dress. The model here portrayed has reversible fronts, and may be made with the sleeve in wrist or elbow length. Linen, khaki, drill, percale, lawn, dimity, cashmere and flannelette may be employed, but the wash fabrics are most satisfactory for service and laundering.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires six and one half yards of 44-inch material.

2317.—Waist; 2313 Skirt.—A Good Costume for General Wear. The Waist Pattern (2317) is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure.

The Skirt Pattern (2313) in seven sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. A medium size will require for skirt and waist five and five eighths yards of 44-inch material. Two separate patterns, 15 cents for each pattern.

2339.—A Stylish Gown. Satin, serge or velvet will be good for this model. The vest, cuffs and collar could be of contrasting material, or embroidered in pretty colors.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires seven and one fourth yards of 36-inch material.

2359.—A Simple, Practical Model. The front closing makes adjustment easy. The sleeve may be in either of the two lengths portrayed. The dress is a one-piece model, with the fullness confined under the belt.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires six yards of 36-inch material.

2414.—A Popular Model. The smart belt, with pockets combined, will be found of much use. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. This style makes a splendid "service" uniform. It is suitable for khaki, galatea, gingham, linen, drill or percale.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires six and three fourths yards of 36-inch material.

2472.—A Very Practical Set of Undergarments. Here we have a comfortable underwaist, a very practical bloomers' pattern and a two-piece petticoat. The pattern comprises all three styles, and is cut in six sizes: two, four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. Size eight requires for the waist, seven eighths yard; for the bloomers, one and three fourths yard; for the petticoat, one and five eighths yard of 36-inch material.

2515.—Here is a Simple, Comfortable Coat Style. It is easy to develop and good for satin, silk, pique, as well as cloth, serge, mixtures, plush, velvet and other cloakings. The fronts are lapped at the closing.

Cut in five sizes: six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 will require three and three fourths yards of 36-inch material.

2520.—A Very Attractive Model. This is nice for linen, gingham and other cotton fabrics; also for serge, jersey cloth, gabardine, voile, crepe, satin, silk and velvet. The belt is separate and may be omitted.

Cut in seven sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires three and seven eighths yards of 44-inch material.

2521.—A New Shirt Waist. For a simple tailored style, this model is ideal. It slips over the head. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires three yards of 27-inch material.

2523.—A Pretty Combination. Soft batiste, dimity, lawn, crepe, silk and washable satin may be used to make a pretty and dainty garment. Cambric, nainsook and longcloth are stronger and give better service. Flouncing may be used for the flounce on the petticoat.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require four and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material.

2526.—A Neat Apron Dress to be Slipped Over the Head, or Closed at the Back. This style is nice for gingham, jean, chambray, lawn, sateen, or alpaca. It is cut in kimono style, and low at the throat, where it may be finished with or without a collar, in sailor style.

Cut in four sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. It requires four and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

2530.—A Pretty Boudoir Set. Comprising a smart cap and dainty nightgown, both of which are suitable for lawn, batiste, dimity, nainsook, crepe, washable satin and silk. The cap could be of net, lace or embroidery.

Cut in four sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46



inches bust measure. Size medium requires four and one eighth yards of 36-inch material for the gown. The cap requires seven eighths yard.

2531.—Here is a Simple but Pleasing Model. Suitable for gingham, seersucker, chambray, percale, gabardine, serge, velvet and silk.

Cut in four sizes: six, eight, 10 and 12 years. Size 12 requires three and one fourth yards of 44-inch material.

2532.—A Practical "Cover All" Style. For this comfortable model, one may use seersucker, percale, gingham, chambray, khaki or lawn. The design is made to slip over the head, and closes with buttons and buttonholes.

Cut in four sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires five and one half yards of 36-inch material.

2539 Waist; 2527 Skirt.—A Pretty Style for Combinations of Material. This model could be



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The Waist Pattern (2539) is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The Skirt Pattern (2527) in seven sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. For a medium size the entire dress will require eight and one half yards of 36-inch material. Two separate patterns, 15 cents for each pattern.

2540.—A Dainty Dress. Just the style for soft crepe, satin, charmeuse, voile, marquisette, batiste, gabardine and taffeta. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

Cut in three sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires five and five eighths yards of 36-inch material.

2543.—Simplicity and Grace are Combined in This Model. The waist closes at the left side of the vest, under the broad collar.

Cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires five and five eighths yards of 44-inch material.

2545.—A Pretty and Practical Set of Dress and Slip for an Infant. The dress may be of voile, batiste, dimity, lawn, nainsook or silk, with trimming of lace or embroidery. The slip may be of cambric, nainsook, longcloth, lawn or batiste.

The Pattern is in one size. The dress requires three and three fourths yards of 36-inch material. The slip two and one fourth yards.

2546.—A Set of Useful Bags. These models may be of cretonne, silk, velvet, ribbon, crepe, denim or satin. No. 2 would make a good laundry bag.

Patterns are cut in one size. No. 1 will require one and one eighth yard. No. 2 will require one and three fourths yard. No. 3 will require three fourths yard of 36-inch material.

2558.—Here is Some "Practical Equipment" for Home Defence Against Dust and Soil. The apron and cap may be made of the same material, percale, seersucker, gingham, sateen, khaki or alpaca.

Cut in four sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42, and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires three and one fourth yards of 36-inch material for the apron and seven eighths yard for the cap.

2559.—A New and Stylish Dress for the Growing Girl. This model is good for gabardine, silk, velvet, checked suiting, gingham, repp and poplin.

Cut in four sizes: eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires five yards of 36-inch material.

2561.—A Pretty Coat for a Little Miss. This is a fine model for velvet, silk, Bedford cord, cashmere, corduroy, serge, broadcloth, bengaline or faille.

Cut in five sizes: one, two, three, four and five years. Size four will require three yards of 40-inch material.

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Description of Patterns Illustrated on Title Page

THIS surely is an age of feminine activities.

Women who before the war were painfully idle, are now busy in many lines of conservation, and it is indeed a time of home industries, home dressmaking, home keeping and home working.

The woman engaged in Red Cross work may be comfortably equipped with a one-piece dress and cap of linen, drill, or gingham or seersucker, made in regulation nurse style with substantial pockets, or, if she prefers, a loose-fitting model. There is every variety with or without yokes and collars, and short or long sleeves.

Many women are becoming strong and rosy from working in the garden and vegetable patches, and they will find their labor lightened if suitably clad for the work. Bloomers, knickerbockers, overalls or trousers are practical garden garments, worn with a smock or belted blouse. A good idea is to have pockets in the blouse.

Even the small boy and girl can do their "bit" in conservation, for many willing hands make labor light. Rompers and overalls make good play and work dresses for little folks.

Of course all work and no play would soon dull our faculties, and Fashion does not neglect the social side of life, though all entertaining is modified.

The bride of today is proud to wear a simple dress of perhaps inexpensive material, and the growing girl who perhaps wears her first party frock will like it quite well in simple voile, dimity or Swiss, with frill of dainty lace or ruffles of material.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

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Sibyl's Influence

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

"Ah! if he could but have known that his father had feared this, and had shrewdly interposed the little something which had detained him at home, he would have rebelled even more than he did."

"But you heard from her often, I suppose," suggested Ada innocently.

"Yes, quite regularly, until the week or two before Mrs. Stillman's death, although mother's letters from her dropped off unaccountably, and father never received a word, although the servant at the cottage said she had written to him a number of times. There is something very strange about it all," Raymond said, gloomily, "but nothing so strange to me as the coolness and reserve which characterized all her letters to me after the first three or four weeks—they were so different from Sibyl's usual frank, open manner of writing."

"I had the impression, Mr. Prescott, that Sibyl was always very reserved," Ada said.

"Not to me," he answered, quickly, "at least, not after we came to an understanding. She was very shy before that, but afterward, all that my heart could desire, though I admit she had a reticent, stately bearing toward those with whom she was slightly acquainted."

"And you never observed anything of this reserve toward you until she left you to go to Barmouth; you are sure there was nothing of it while she lived in Algeria street?" Miss Therwin asked, thoughtfully.

"No, there was nothing of the kind beyond her steady refusal to become my wife, but I think I could have overcome that in time."

"Strange! You do not suppose—"

Miss Therwin began bravely enough, but stopped suddenly, seemingly covered with confusion.

"Well, what am I to suppose?" he asked, turning to look at her.

"Excuse me—nothing. This is a very delicate subject for any one to discuss with you, and I should never have presumed to say what I have already said had you not so freely given me your confidence. But what you have just told me about Sibyl's letters and her unaccountable reserve, suggested a train of thought, which, perhaps, it would be very unwise to speak of, for you have my deepest sympathies, and I would not add one pang to what you have already suffered."

"If you please, I wish you would tell me just your thought—if there is anything that will explain the mystery, I want to know it," he said, decidedly.

"Really, I would prefer not to say any more about it—I ought not to tell you. I have no desire to wound you with only surmises, which, perhaps, are entirely at fault," Ada returned, in evident distress.

"But I insist, if you will allow me to use the word," Raymond answered, persistently.

"Well, an explanation of what seems so strange to you has suggested itself to me, although there may not be the least foundation for it. You are aware, of course, that I know something of the circumstances of Sibyl's adoption into your family, and I know that she always looked up to you with the greatest admiration and reverence."

"I have an idea," she went on, "that when you returned from abroad she still thought there could be no one like you in the world—you had been the means of rescuing her from her miserable life at Flamborough Head, giving her every advantage—"

"Miss Therwin, how did you learn all this about Sibyl? We never have mentioned where we found her, nor ought else regarding her adoption," Raymond interrupted, in surprise.

"Mrs. Stillman told me about it after she found I had overheard that conversation which I have mentioned before. But I have respected the secret, and it has never passed my lips till now," Ada explained, her color rising, for she saw that he was greatly disturbed.

"Well, go on," he said, a little impatiently.

"She had never been much into society, consequently had met but very few gentlemen, and when she first consented to be your wife, she believed she really loved you with all her heart, and should be perfectly happy with you as long as she lived. I was afraid I should pain you," Ada said, stopping suddenly, and speaking remorsefully, as she saw him start and grow very white.

"No—no; go on. I would know all your suspicions now," he returned, with some sternness of manner.

"Well, then, when she went away from you to Barmouth, I have thought it was just possible she may have met some one else who pleased her, and then discovered that the sentiment she had hitherto entertained for you had been purely gratitude, instead of love, and that is why her letters grew so cold and reserved. You were considerably older than she, you know, and she might have met some one nearer her own age who attracted her."

"Miss Therwin, do you know that if what you say is true, you have taken one of my strong pillars—yes, my strongest—from under me!" Raymond exclaimed, in a hoarse, pained voice, and turning upon her a face so white and set that for a moment she was almost frightened.

"Forgive me! I told you it would be better for me not to say it. It is only a suspicion, however. Do not allow it to make your faith waver for an instant, for I would not cause you a moment of pain," Ada said, entreatingly.

"Why should I fear," he said, with a slight smile of scorn. "I know that what you suspect cannot be true. Sibyl was always as pure and open as the day. The very sensitiveness and conscientiousness of which you have just spoken, would have led her to confess it to me in the very beginning if her heart had turned from me to another. No, no; I must still have the comfort of believing that she loved me alone, and was true to me until the very end. Oh, Sibyl! Sibyl!"

He stretched out his arms as if he longed to fold her, then, with a quick-drawn breath, that was almost a sob, he folded them tight across his heaving chest, as if to crush the rebellion within.

"What are you two children talking about so gravely?" asked a voice behind them, and the next instant Lady Prescott stood beside them.

Both turned to greet her, and Ada, slipping her hand affectionately within her arm, answered, sadly:

"We were talking of Sibyl, dear Lady Prescott. I cannot be reconciled—I can hardly believe that she is gone even now," and two bright tears trickled over her cheeks while she spoke.

Lady Prescott's face grew sorrowful, but she

made no reply, as others of their party, joined them at that moment, while Raymond, turning abruptly away, went a little farther down the shore to regain command of himself.

For Miss Therwin's shot had been a telling one, notwithstanding Raymond's proud assertion that he knew Sibyl had been true to him as long as she had lived.

He became moody and silent, he withdrew himself as much as possible from all companionship, he could not rest night or day, and at last he, too, grew to fear that perhaps after all Sibyl might have mistaken gratitude for love.

As soon as they returned from their tour upon the Continent, he made a secret trip to Barmouth, to visit the places where she had been last, and to make some indirect inquiries as to the way in which she had spent her time and with whom.

He interviewed some fishermen regarding the sad fate of the "young lady who had been drowned there during the summer." All were high in their praises of the "beautiful lady, who went for a walk every day, and the fine gentleman along with her."

He went to the little cottage and visited every room, sat in the chair where she had last sat, touched the piano from which her fingers had brought forth sounds of melody and praise. He plucked some withered leaves and buds from the climbing rosebush that had shaded the window in her own pleasant room, and picked up a card which lay upon the floor that doubtless had last been in her own white hands.

But he started back with blanching cheek and throbbing heart, when, on turning it over, he read in bold, clear characters the words:

"Miss Sibyl Stillman, with the compliments of a friend."

There had been a "friend," then, and judging from the handwriting that friend had been a man.

Who was he, and where was he now? How had he been affected by the young girl's death, and if he had been a lover, why had he not presented himself when Sir Athelstone came down to the place?

Raymond sought the woman who had charge of the house and questioned her.

"Yes," she said, "Miss Sibyl had often had a companion during her walks—a tall, slim, light-haired gentleman, with blue eyes, and a great yellow mustache; he used often to come to the house and read to her and listen to her music, and he always brought her beautiful flowers, fruits, books and music, and if she was any judge of such things, he had thought a heap of the beautiful lady. No, she had never heard his name, though he had often come to the kitchen door to bring fish and game, but once or twice in passing through the hall she had heard Miss Sibyl call him 'my lord.'"

Had Miss Stillman appeared happy and contented? Raymond asked, with darkening brow and firm, set lips.

"No, she could not say that she had been over and above happy after the first two or three weeks; she had seemed as if something weighed on her mind, and was pale and sad most of the time, but she had been faithful as an angel to her mother, deeming no attention too hard or wearisome to bestow upon her, and she was that kind and gracious to the servants, that there was not one but worshipped the very ground she walked on."

It took Raymond several days to find out all this, but he had come with the determination to learn everything he could, and he did not shrink from the ordeal, though his soul was tortured to the last degree of endurance by what he heard.

The last day of his stay he went once more to that fatal ledge which had been her favorite resort, and here alone, and screened from all observation, he gave way to the mighty grief that mastered him.

Some one younger and more attractive than himself had won the love that would have made earth like heaven to him, and her sensitive heart had reproached her for the unintentional wrong she had done him in engaging herself to him, and then discovering, after all, that she had not really loved him.

He did not blame her—he knew she was truth itself but he grieved that she had not trusted him enough to tell him all about it, when he would gladly have suffered almost any torture rather than that she should be unhappy.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Description of Patterns Illustrated on Title Page

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

School girls may be comfortably clad in wash dresses, and amply protected in cold weather by warm undergarments and a warm outer wrap. For this latter there is nothing so suitable as a cape coat, of cheviot or wool mixtures, or of some pile fabrics, corduroy or serge, too could be used, but should be lined for warmth.

1270.—Childs' Overalls. These little overalls or rompers are equally suitable for boys or girls, and allow of perfect freedom of motion while at play. The garment fastens on the shoulders and is supplied with pockets enough to suit even the small boy.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires two and one eighth yards of 36-inch material for a six-year size. This model is appropriate for denim, gingham and khaki.

2203.—This style makes a splendid work dress. It has simple lines and is easy to develop. The pockets may be omitted. Linen, khaki, gingham, chambray, drill, seersucker and percale may be used for its development.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires six and one fourth yards of 44-inch material, with three fourths yard of 27-inch material for the cap. The skirt measures about two and three eighths yards at the foot.

2355.—This style will make a splendid house dress, a good "uniform" for canning or a comfortable school and outing dress. The cap and dress may be of the same material. Galatea, gingham, chambray, percale, drill or alpaca are all serviceable materials. Blue gingham or galatea could be trimmed with white and piped with red to represent the national colors.

Cut in six sizes; 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 14 will require six and one eighth yards of 36-inch material. The cap requires three fourths yard of material.

2451.—This style is excellent for outdoor work in the garden, is popular also as an indoor work dress, since it affords comfort and ease in movement. The blouse may be made with or without the collar, and the sleeve in wrist or elbow length. Gingham, drill, jean, linen, poplin, repp, or alpaca, are good for this style.

Cut in four sizes; small, 32-34 bust measure; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large, 44-46. Size medium will require six and one fourth yards of 36-inch material.

2292.—This model is good for cheviot, broadcloth, velour, vicuna, zibeline, double-faced cloaks, corduroy, velvet and pile fabrics, like plush or chinchilla. The coat may be finished without the cape, and the cape may be worn separately, the coat collar serving as a collar for the cape. The model is in box effect, with a belt at the waistline, which confines the fullness.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires five and one half yards of 44-inch material.

2510.—These cape models are new and very comfortable. The style here portrayed is sleeveless and finished with deep armcyes. The cape ripples in graceful folds below the shoulders. Broadcloth, velvet, satin, silk, cheviot, jersey cloth, pile fabrics and tweed mixtures are good materials for its development.

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Cut in four sizes; small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require five and one half yards of 54-inch material.

2517.—Here is a model easy to develop and easy to adjust. Skirt and waist portions are in one piece. The sleeve may be made in wrist or elbow length. Gingham, khaki, galatea, percale, seersucker and chambray are good for this design.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires five and one half yards of 36-inch material. The dress measures about two and one half yards at the foot.

2533.—Dotted Swiss, dimity or organdy could be used for this dainty garment. It also is nice for batiste, lawn, voile, silk and crepe. Lace embroidery or feather stitching will form a suitable trimming.

Cut in five sizes; four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 will require three and three eighths yards of 44-inch material.

2541 Blouse; 2462 Skirt.—Pattern 2541, a pretty blouse in smock style, and Pattern 2462 a two-piece suit are here combined. This style is nice for bordered goods, for voile, foulard, taffeta, serge, gabardine, Jersey cloth and satin.

The blouse is cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt is cut in seven sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. For a medium size it will require about seven yards of 36-inch material for the entire dress. The skirt measures about one and seven eighths yard at the foot.

2551.—Cheviot, tweed, broadcloth, wool mixtures, serge and beaver are good materials for garments of this style. The model is double breasted and cut in loose box style.

Cut in five sizes; six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires four and one fourth yards of 40-inch material.

ITALY HAS THREE MEATLESS DAYS.—So grave has the food situation become in Italy that three meatless days a week have been in effect since May 15th. Although the Italian people live largely on bread and macaroni, their consumption of grain has also been cut down. It is now about 25 per cent. less than last year.

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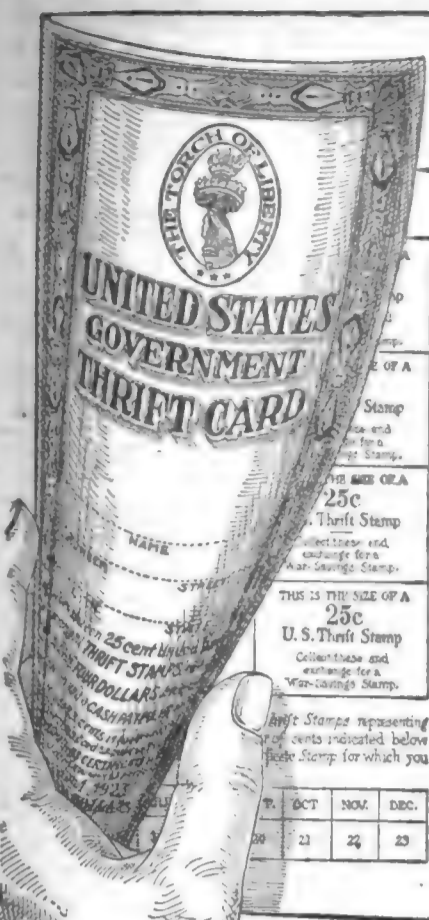
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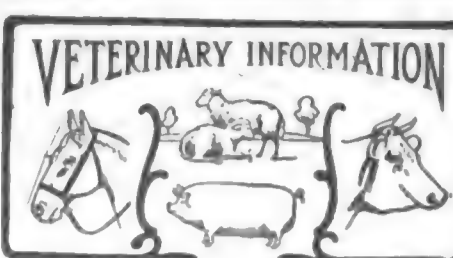
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Every 25-Cent Thrift Stamp which you buy, or secure free on this offer, strikes a blow at our enemies and hastens the victorious ending of the war. And at the same time you are investing money in the best and safest security in the world. We consider it our duty to describe this War-Savings Thrift Plan to our subscribers and offer the Thrift Stamps to our club-raisers instead of premiums or cash commission. We have made our offer as liberal as we possibly can in order to make it easy for all to earn the stamps. By accepting our offer you can obtain all the 25-Cent Thrift Stamps you want without paying any money yourself. We shall buy the stamps and give them to you in return for subscriptions to COMFORT.

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Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

CATARH—Please advise me about my cow. She has a young calf two weeks old. She breathes hard and there is a discharge from her nose at times. She gives about three gallons of milk a day.

A.—Tuberculosis may be present and as it makes the milk dangerous for animals and is incurable and contagious, you should have the tuberculin test applied by a veterinarian. It will decide the matter reliably and inside of 48 hours and will not harm the cow if she happens to be free of the disease.

ENSOURED HOCK.—I have a large steer ox that has a knot on his hind leg on the hock joint. It is soft and in working him it seems to swell up and get sore enough to make him limp.

A.—The condition is the same as that which is called bog spavin and thoroughpin in a horse, and rest is necessary while lameness is present. Apply a proprietary absorbent according to directions given by the maker. You can buy it at a drug store. If that does not suffice, blister the part with a cantharides blister, which you can obtain from a veterinarian or druggist.

TUBERCULOSIS.—Will you give me advice about my cow? She is thin, although on good pasture. She coughs, and it seems to be down deep. If you suspect tuberculosis, who can make the tuberculin test? There is no veterinarian within twelve miles of here. F. McK.

A.—You might as well kill the cow, as tuberculosis probably is present, and if not there is some other chronic, incurable cause of cough and thin condition, so that the cow is unfit for milk production or beef. If you have a herd of cattle, arrange with the state veterinarian for a tuberculin test of all the animals.

FISTULA.—I saw a cure for fistula in COMFORT. I have a five-year-old horse that has fistula in the right shoulder. It came from a collar bruise. I blistered it and it broke, discharging pus. I am asking you to send me a cure.

A.—We do not supply veterinary medicines. A fistula remedy can be bought at the drug store, or better still, have the local graduate veterinarian see the case, as an operation may be necessary before applying the remedy.

BLOOD IN MILK.—I have a half Jersey cow, four years old. Her second calf is three months old, and she gives three gallons of milk a day. For the last week she has given bloody milk out of her left front teat. She appears to be all right. What is the cause, and is it safe to use the milk? Her udder is not sore or swollen, but there is something like a large vein in the teat about an inch from the udder.

A.—A growth in the duct of the teat bleeds from irritation at milking time and unless the growth can be removed by a surgeon it would be best to dry off the milk secretion in that quarter. The milk from the sound quarters is safe for use.

SICK SOW.—I have a sow with a litter of pigs that are two weeks old. She wouldn't eat, at first, and gave nothing to the pigs. She got better and began to eat and milk came for the pigs. After two or three days she became deaf and staggered. Her tongue projects from her mouth and she coughs a little.

A.—Better wean the pigs and allow the sow the run of a patch of clover or other green pasture. See that the nostrils are clear, if necessary injecting sweet oil or liquid vasoline. We fear, however, that the sow may have tuberculosis, which is common in swine, and incurable.

COUGH.—I have a four-year-old cow that has a cough. She looks well and is giving two gallons of milk each day. Do you think that she may have tuberculosis? How can I find out? There is no veterinarian in my neighborhood. Is it dangerous to use the milk? (2) I have a hog that coughs all the time and looks bad.

A.—Cough merely is a symptom of irritation and that may be due to any one of a large number of different causes. When a cow has a chronic cough she should be tested with tuberculin. As tuberculosis may be the cause, and the disease is incurable and contagious and makes the milk unsafe for animals or man. As there is no veterinarian in the district, ask the veterinarian of the state agricultural experiment station to tell you of some one who can apply the test. (2) Meanwhile, slaughter the coughing hog and if you find yellow nodules or pus pockets in the lungs or other internal organs, tuberculosis no doubt is present and may have been contracted from the cow if the hog was fed on her milk.

FISTULA OF JAW.—I have a mare four years old last spring. She has bad teeth and the jaw bone seems to have been fractured in some way. She has a lump on both sides of her upper jaw, the right side being festered and running. Can these lumps be removed and the jaw healed?

A.—Home treatment will do no good in such a case, but a trained surgeon possibly may be able to remedy the condition by extracting diseased molar teeth and trephining into the sinuses for removal of pus. One always should examine such cases carefully, especially if there is a chronic discharge from the nostrils, as glanders may be present, in which case the horse would have to be destroyed.

MYTHICAL DISEASE.—What causes the disease among cows commonly called "hollow tail"? (2) Does cotton-seed meal cause cows to nearly go blind when fed just before they freshen, and can the sight be restored?

A.—There is no such disease. Belief in it, in hollow horn and in the signs of the zodiac, is merely a matter of superstition and ignorance. (2) Cotton-seed meal and hulls fed as a well-high exclusive ration for 100 days or more generally cause lameness or paralysis and bloodshot condition of the eyes. Recovery may take place gradually when the animal is properly fed.

BLOOD IN MILK.—I have a heifer that freshened, with her first calf, about four months ago. Two or three weeks ago she began to give bloody milk out of the two front teats, when the milking was nearly done. About three weeks ago she slipped and fell on a bridge. It didn't seem to hurt her any.

A.—The injury no doubt caused rupture of small blood vessels in the udder, and recovery should soon take place. Bathe the udders with cold water two or three times a day and milk gently. If bleeding persists, mix one level teaspoonful of powdered copperas and three of salt in the feed each night.

NERVOUS.—I have a collie dog. Before a rain and the day it rains she pants and runs up and down the room, following wherever I go. When there is thunder and lightning she wants to jump on some one's lap. When she hears a firecracker she runs away, also when she hears a mouse-trap close.

A.—Make the dog live a natural outdoor life in the open where he belongs. Do not mollycoddle him in the house, but he probably is ruined by pampering now and there is no remedy in such cases.

WORMS.—What will kill kidney worms in hogs? I have a pig about eight months old that began to be weak in the hind parts and does not grow and is now passing what is called kidney worms. Mrs. R. B. W.

A.—Kidney worms do not cause weakness of the joints or paralysis of the hind quarters, as commonly supposed. Those conditions usually are due to rickets or to constipation from overfeeding, stuffing on corn, and lack of exercise. Hogs should, however, be kept free from worms, so we should advise you to mix one dram of powdered sulphate of iron (copperas) in the slop each morning for five consecutive days, for each 100 pounds of body weight of hog. Allow the hog free range on green pasture and also feed slop, omitting cottonseed meal, which is poisonous to hogs when freely fed for a long time.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

out from dawn to dark, from month to month, until in despair they give up the job and go to washing dishes. If you wash dishes you have three meals a day and you won't be obliged to dye your hair at thirty or be thrown on the scrap heap at thirty-five as being too old for your job. The stage, with a few exceptions, wants only youth. After the bloom of youth has commenced to rub off, the actress can go to the devil if those to whom she has to look for employment have not already thrust her there. The dramatic art is a beautiful one, but the vilest wretches who walk the earth use it to defile it and degrade the young, the beautiful and the gifted who seek the stage as a means of obtaining an honest livelihood and as a medium for the expression of the talent that is within them. Dorothy, stay on the farm.

MILLERTON, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: How I do enjoy your war talks and humor. I am a teacher in the public schools of Oklahoma, and we are doing our bit for Uncle Sam and the great cause of humanity. We have organized a school district council of defense and everyone has signed the loyalty pledge. I'm going to read your COMFORT war articles at our meetings. We have raised funds for the Red Cross, and have a collection box in the schoolroom for the poor starving children of Belgium. Our children contribute liberally and are deeply stirred by the pictures of these starving little ones which appeal deeply to their sympathies. We have a loyalty constitution signed by every child in school prominently displayed. Most everyone here is observing meatless and wheatless days even though they are not short of food. I'm going to work on the farm when school is out. Should like to knit a sweater out of barbed wire for the Kaiser, charge it with gas and electricity and put it on him some cold morning. With best wishes and deep sympathy, from DELMER J. HINCH.

Delmer, your letter warmed the cockles of my heart. Thank God, there is one spot in the country where patriotism reigns and treason hides its craven head. It is such a relief to find there is one little section of the land where the people are not wholly desirous of handing over their homes to be burned and their women to be raped by Prussian beasts. I don't quite understand what you mean by a district council of defense, but if that is an improvement on a council of defense, by all means go ahead and make the machine or the organization whiz until you turn out patriots by the thousand. You have a lot of socialists in Oklahoma. Tell them Uncle Charlie says they are to put their patriotism and Americanism above their socialism, until the war is won. It is no good planning for a cooperative commonwealth or an industrial paradise until the worst foe of liberty socialism and democracy the world has ever known—the Kaiser—is chained up or hanged. His own people will never depose him. Get rid of Prussianism and you can have any kind of world you want, but you can't build industrial democracies under the muzzles of German guns. Russia tried it and now lies impotent and bleeding beneath the Kaiser's heel. Impress this fact on your scholars or they in the near future will be just as hungry, helpless, wretched and diseased as are the poor, helpless, hopeless, starved and outraged children of bleeding Belgium. Good for you, Delmer, work on that farm and work with a will, or next winter our boys in France will be starving. The food problem is a terrible one, but, alas, not until the last loaf is gone will the nation wake up to the fact that the farmer is more important in winning the war than even the soldier. I too would like to put a barbed wire sweater on the Kaiser. I hate to give pain even to an insect, hate to take the life of the lowliest creeping thing, but when I think of a man, or rather a wretch, who has willfully and wantonly without cause or reason, sent millions of helpless humans to death and made millions more suffer horrible tortures, gassing them, blinding them, maiming them, outraging them, merely to satisfy his imperial ambitions and blasphemously doing it all in the name of God, then I say a barbed wire sweater is too good for such an inhuman fiend. Every time the devil thinks of the Kaiser, he blushes for shame.

FOSTER, MO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Do you let old maids of twenty enter your circle? I've been reading letters from the cousins and your witty answers for years. I am living on a farm of 125 acres. My sister and I keep house for our father and brother. Papa bought us girls a piano. I cannot play by note, but I can play anything I can sing. Papa also bought a car this spring. I am going to learn to run it. The first trip I take may be up a telephone pole or in a ditch. I am nearly five feet six inches tall and weigh one hundred and twenty pounds; dark complexion, dark hair and blue eyes and like candy. I've been a telephone operator in two different towns and also lots of drawing and painting.

Yes, Hazel, we admit ancient old maids of twenty into our charming circle. We have a trained nurse to wait on them, and for those who are too feeble to walk, owing to weight of years, we provide crutches or wheel chairs. Kindly advise me which you prefer, chairs or crutches. It was very generous and thoughtful of papa to buy you a piano and a car. Though you good many notes before he got the piano. I knew a lady once, who like yourself, could play as many pieces as she could sing, but, poor girl, she could never get through more than half a song before the neighbors phoned for the police. You see, it was a wet town and after she struck half a dozen bars they used to arrest her for being disorderly. Evidently you play by ear instead of by note, and the ear is a delicate organism and should not be abused. Play by note and you may become quite a notable player. I should very much like to watch you take your first spin in your new car. If you will tell me which telephone pole you are going to run into I will sit on the top and catch you as you come up. I won't volunteer to wait for you at the bottom of a ditch as the ditch might be awfully deep and I might catch a cold while waiting for you to come down. So you do a lot of drawing and painting, do you? Most of the young ladies do that today—the majority of them seem to think they can't draw unless they paint. That is where they make a big mistake, as it is easier for a real girl to draw a fellow, without paint, than when she is all daubed up. When you get married, Hazel, I suppose, as you are a Carr, your husband will try to run you. Take my advice, however, and don't let him do it.

TRINITY, KY.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I have been reading your letters in COMFORT and think you are right in a way, and I believe the Allies and America are nearer being right than the Germans, but I believe we are all wrong. Sin started every war that history speaks of, and I believe if we had leadership like Washington and Lincoln, and our leaders would pray as they did and depend on God and not big guns, we would win don't you? I have a cousin in France, but never expect to see him again but am praying for him all the time. I don't think it is right for the government to allow playing cards, novels and story books to be sent to the soldiers, do you? Well Uncle, I never knew much and can't express what I do know. I love America and want her to win. Surely God rules and right wins. FROM A READER.

I only publish this melancholy epistle so you can get a slant on the queer ideas certain brands of religious fanatics (and we have one hundred and fifty-five varieties of so-called religions in the United States) get into their mournful cocoons. What this (that) and the other one believes, and what the rest of them don't believe, would send a man with a healthy, normal, well-



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informed mind to the nutty house in less than a week! The woods are full of such "religious" fanatics as the writer, and the more ignorant they are, the more morbid, fanatical and unhealthy their thoughts, or rather delusions, become. It is exceedingly patriotic and kind of the writer, who, like all of her breed, is too cowardly to sign her name, to admit that America has more of justice and right on her side than Germany, but if you asked her what her beliefs were based on, she could not tell you. If Lincoln and Washington were alive and engineering this war with prayer instead of big guns, she thinks everything would be all right. Somewhere or somewhere she evidently heard that Lincoln and Washington prayed to God for help against their enemies, but she ignores the vital fact that

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

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We believe that our crochet workers will appreciate this offer, as it means a considerable saving to be able to secure such an outfit as this without expense. We shall send you the complete outfit, also additional quantities of the crochet and tatting cotton on the terms of the following special offer.

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Manners and Looks

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Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

BROWN EYES, Big Sandy, Mont.—We do not think you should hang a service flag in your window because of a soldier boy that you have known for a year. Just write him a nice cheerful letter once in a while, and honor him by working at home to aid him and his comrades who are fighting for all of us.

E. M., Powder Springs, Ga.—It was certainly the part of your soldier acquaintance to ask if he might write to you. However you need not have snubbed him and spoken so "plainly" that you made him angry. He probably meant well and sinned only through ignorance of better ways. (2) If you find that married women like you better than do girls of your own age, it must be because you have older and more mature ways than the young people of your neighborhood. Do not worry unless you really lack friends.

C. N., Rome, Ga.—If your escort gets you a glass of water, you should thank him and drink it. It is not necessary to ask him if he cares to drink first.

BROWN EYES and BLUE EYES, Martinsville, Ind.—Here are two rebellious Hoosier girls who are anxious to get to be eighteen so that they may go with the boys as much as they like. We are going to say to these girls that if they are wise they will do just as their fathers want them to—before they are eighteen and afterwards, too.

BLUE EYES, Plum Branch, S. C.—We believe that this girl who writes about cares more for you than she will admit. Jealousy is generally a most certain sign of love.

M. V., Rock, Mich.—A young man who put his arms around you would not be taking as great a liberty as if he kissed you. A girl that values her self-respect and the respect of the best sort of men will permit no such familiarities except after she has become engaged to the one man that has a right to her affection.

F. J. A., Anthon, Ia.—Soft-boiled eggs may be broken or eaten into a glass or china egg-cup, and can be served on the table by placing them—folded in a napkin—in any sort of a small dish. The English eat eggs by removing with a knife the shell from the small end of the egg, and then consume the contents by means of a small egg-spoon. But this last method is an art that requires practice. (2) It is generally best to make your own selection of food when lunching or dining with a man, but if you wish, you may say: "Order whatever you think is good."

ROBERTLYN RUTH, Cogswell, N. Dak.—We think it would be an easy matter for you to hint to this long-visiting young man that your parents would prefer to have him not stay so long. If he is the right sort he will take it in good part. Nine hours is certainly too long a time for a North Dakota boy to spend in idle dalliance in these busy times. (2) Wearing mourning for a year would be a sufficient token of love and respect in the case you mention.

BLUES EYES, Pentate, Va.—A girl should not ask a young man to call upon the occasion of being introduced to him. Later on, or when leaving him she might say: "I would be glad to have you come and see me some time."

L. M. C., Lebanon, N. H.—Once more we say that there should be no kissing before becoming engaged. A girl should not cheapen herself in this way and allow boys to have liberties they are only too willing to take. (2) Most certainly a girl of sixteen should not write to an unknown soldier of forty-five or any other age, nor should she receive attention from any man against her mother's wishes.

L. S., College Park, Ga.—Here is another foolish girl—this one is fifteen—writing about kissing and getting married. The thing for you to marry, my dear girl, is a spelling book.

B. H., Brays, Mo.—We think you are wasting time with this young man that has paid attention to you for two years without a hint of marriage. Try a bit of coolness toward him, and encourage the calls of some other Brays boy.

E. M., Bartlesfield, Okla.—Your letter is a very sensible one, and you were right in not attempting to wear mourning for a long period when you could not bear the expense of a new wardrobe because of being self-supporting. Opinion is becoming more liberal each year upon the question of mourning. Surely anyone you had loved would not want you to suffer want—or even inconvenience—in order to show conventional sorrow before the public.

GIRL OF SUNNY IDAHO, Cascade, Idaho.—You are well rid of the attentions of any young man who becomes angry and leaves you when you refused permission to kiss you. You are sensible in refusing to cheapen yourself in this way, and some day the right man will come along who will appreciate your stand.

TWO CHUMS, Island City, Ore.—Why do you "go" with these young men when your parents object? They should do more than "object," and should make you keep away from men older than yourselves—and men who kiss you at every opportunity. Remember you are but schoolgirls yet, and it is only foolish to talk about "proposals."

I. M., Drumright, Okla.—You should not correspond with a soldier boy whom you have never met. (2) No; you cannot be engaged to one man and receive attentions from another. This does not mean that you must not be on friendly terms with any other man while your fiancé is away, but it does mean that you must be careful and do nothing that would cause offense to the man you expect to marry, or give rise to gossip among those only too ready to talk about your mistakes.

BROWN-EYED JENNIE, Ida Grove, Iowa.—When you have gone to a party with a young man, it is your part to suggest the time for returning home. (2) A young man who is calling at your house should know when to leave without suggestion from you.

The Girl He Loved

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

Tommy clutched his jaws frantically. "Quiet!" he said, through his teeth. On his hands and knees he crawled till he could crawl no farther. A reeking, moldy wall enclosed the landing, and the very silence of death was round him.

He knew perfectly that it was in houses like this that men were murdered, but he never moved to grope his way to the stairs again. The dog panted in his arms, stiffening fiercely. Suddenly there came a footstep, in his very ear where he crouched against the wall. A man was moving softly on the other side of the partition, and before he could think a door opened back on him, almost crushing him, and if it had been forward it would have taken more than Jacobs to save Tommy Annesley. A man came out, without any bundle, stood while he closed and locked the door. A candle was burning inside, and the light of it shone on him as he deliberately pushed the door to. The next instant, in the pitch-dark, Jacobs sprang, silent as death, and well-nigh as strong.

Down the rickety stairs the two flew, like

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some horrible dream. Twice Jacobs lost his hold and got it again. In any other house the people would have swarmed out of every room, but in Bethnal Court lived human wolves, in by day and out by night. With a wild spring the man reached the open door into the court, slipped with a crash on the slimy stones outside; Tommy, tearing down, flew head over heels over him; Jacobs—but the boy knew no more.

And Adrian Gordon stood at that minute in Starr Street, knowing not which way to turn. Tommy and Jacobs were gone. Heaven knew where—and Hester Murray's rooms held no one. She was gone, and he knew she would never come back again. Gone in the clothes she wore, taking her child with her, thinking only of bare life. Warned, somehow, for if she had ever owned that cloak she had taken it with her.

"Better give it up, sir," said the detective—whom he had lost everything by waiting to get; "they've given you the slip."

Gordon stared at him as if he did not see him. "We've got to find the boy," he said. "There was a man in there; he must have followed him."

But though all night long the two walked the streets, haunted police-stations, asked questions, they found not a single trace of Tommy and Mr. Jacobs.

At Sunrise Gordon stood alone on a street corner, for the much-tried detective had struck. He had lost Tommy, had lost Hester and probably that cloak whose useless shreds he held in his hands; had probably let slip in his stupidity the only chance he had ever had of saving Ravenel. He shivered in the morning air. For there was a girl in Valehampton Jail who had borne enough. How was she to bear this?

A policeman in plain clothes tapped his shoulder; another, as by a miracle, sprang up in front of him.

He was arrested as accessory before the fact to the murder of Lord Levalloin.

CHAPTER XXXIX

MR. JACOBS.

A sound of running feet, a shrill whistle, was what Sir Thomas Annesley dreamed of where he lay on the greasy cobblestones after his somersault; and then a strong hand on his collar that was real, and jerked him into consciousness. A policeman was bending over him and had Jacobs by his chain.

"Hi, sir!" he cried, "do you know your dog's nearly killed a man?"

Tommy stared at him, and saw no one but the policeman, the quivering Jacobs. After everything, had the man got away?

"You've let him go!" he exclaimed, and between his fall and anger turned sick. "Why didn't you come before? I never saw one policeman all the way here."

It is said that every man has his price; it is certain he has his weakness. The policeman's happened to be bull-terriers. A flying glimpse of this one and his master tearing along streets where a well-dressed boy seldom came and a well-bred dog only too often, had sent him after them, though he had not seen they were following any one. In Bethnal Court he came on them. The dog standing over a man who lay on his face, the boy a crumpled heap on the stones.

Policeman Garrety, being a dog-fancier first and an officer afterward, took the chain that trailed behind Jacobs.

The dog never even growled, but came quietly to him as he was ordered.

"That's queer," the man said to himself. "There ain't no 'vicious-dog' business here. That young sprig must have set him on!" He roused Sir Thomas with a less gentle hand than he had laid on Mr. Jacobs. And the boy's first words were angrily, unconsciously authoritative.

"Why on earth couldn't you keep him? Here's everything wasted," he cried. "Go and look for him, quick."

The man laughed. "I haven't far to go," he said. "You're a bit knocked out still. There's the man," with a

backward jerk of his head. "But what brought you and your dog down here? It wasn't accident, for I saw you coming here. Don't you know you have no right to come to such places? If you hadn't had that dog, and I hadn't noticed you, you'd not likely have come out alive. Did French Pete set on you, or what?"

"Did what?" said Tommy. He had turned long ago and seen a dark figure lying on the stones just as it had fallen. He staggered over to it, dizzy and sick.

"He isn't dead, is he?" he said sharply, not taking in a word of what the policeman was saying. "I don't want him to die; I want him alive."

The policeman looked at the man on the stones. Six feet in his stockings, girthed like a pony, and this slim-legged kid was coolly remarking that he "wanted him alive."

"He's that, right enough," he observed. "It's French Pete, and he's only knocked out. You'd better tell me what it all means, sir! I've whistled for another man, and the ambulance to take him away," significantly. For if he owned a valuable bull-terrier he would not run the risk of having him destroyed as dangerous on account of carillon like the man on the ground.

"It's who?" said Tommy.

"French Pete!" sharply. If the boy was fool enough to stay, it was his own fault if he lost the dog. Mr. Garrety, for all his uniform, pleased to lay hands on him himself.

"Let me see his face," cried Tommy thickly, and as the man turned the unconscious head in the light of a pocket lantern, Sir Thomas gurgled unintelligibly in his throat.

It was the man he had seen in the wood, the man he had followed from Mrs. Murray's—and ever since the policeman had called him by a strange name he had been mad with fear that Jacobs had pinned some other man. But this was he. Looked at closely, he was dark-haired, square-chinned, and blue with constant shoving; oddly like a gentleman in the pallor of his faint.

The policeman, on his knees, went through French Pete's pockets with accustomed fingers. "Look!" he said, and held up something. "That's the sort of man he is! Now, what in the world had you to do with him?"

The boy stared, snatched at the dusky object that lay in an immaculate handkerchief, held it to the face on Policeman Garrety's arm. "It's him!" he screamed.

For the mystery lay before him of who had worn Adrian Gordon's clothes.

He turned wildly on the astounded policeman. "Go up-stairs," he cried; "up to the very top. He left a parcel up there; that's why I followed him. It's a—!" but he stopped. It was only guesswork about that parcel. But something else came to him—the intuition of why this man had come here at all.

"I think you'll find more up there than a parcel," he said quite quietly, and he poured out the whole story that had been irrelevant scraps an hour ago, and now dovetailed into a neat whole. All except what was in the parcel, for in his hurry he forgot it. But he said enough to send Garrety up-stairs on the run.

"You stay here," the man said as he went. "Here's my whistle. You blow it if he stirs. But he won't; he landed on his head," and he was gone as Tommy caught the whistle.

The house was empty now, but in another hour the inmates would be strolling back, and one policeman in Bethnal Court would be extremely likely to get his head broken.

Tommy sat in a cold sweat on the greasy stones. His head was swimming, and it seemed to him as if the prostrate man before him was moving. He got up, staggered, tried to blow the whistle, and fell in a dead faint. His triumph was slipping through his fingers.

A woman sauntered into the yard and nearly walked over him. Jacobs growled, and then yelped. With wild barks and whines he danced round her, slobbered over her dirty hands, and she screamed. The next instant she had the dog round the neck, dragged him to the gaslight at the entrance of the court, and after one look fell to hugging him.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

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The Girl He Loved

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

"Jack! It's Jack!" she cried. "My Jack, that I've never seen since that devil half-killed him and left him on the road. Oh, my dog, my dog!" and the tears that had long since dried up in her miserable eyes streamed down now.

Long ago, when Moll Price had been "Pretty Molly" in her village, she had been given a bull-terrier puppy. When she ran away with a man who said he was a gentleman, and turned out to be a devil, she had taken the dog. And the man she loved had beaten her and her dog; had dragged them over half of England, living by their wits, poor, driven to tramp the roads, till one day he had struck her once too often, and the half-crown terrier bit him. Many and many a time in her dreams had Moll Price seen the brutal kick that broke the dog's ribs, the blow on the head that stunned him; many a time felt the strong hand that hurried her away, powerless, leaving her only friend dead on a country road.

She had been half-drunk when she entered the yard; she was sober as she remembered she had stumbled over a man; a fierce hope rose in her as she ran back to the place.

After three years of freedom her master had found her out, had con— her with a heavy hand and a story she was telling was a lie. Could that be he that lay upon the stones, and had Jack had his revenge at last? For she knew the blood the dog had shed, blood that never forgot or forgave.

She fumbled in her pocket, found a match, lit it.

"It's him!" she cried, with fierce rejoicing, "and I hope he's dead."

She looked at the senseless boy beside him in his gentleman's clothes, at the dog that ran from her to him and licked his face.

"There's been queer work here!" she thought soberly, for French Pete's torn clothes told their tale. "But they shan't find out and kill Jack. They're cruel hard on dogs in London and he wasn't muzzled. They'd take him for that alone."

She was a strong woman; she lifted the boy easily enough, called the dog in a whisper, and went into the house. But not far. A footstep, too well-shod to belong to any of the inmates, caught her ears. She laid the boy flat under the stairs, crawled in beside him with the dog in her arms. After what seemed an hour, the heavy footsteps clumped down over her head and went out. Even then she dared not move. It would take all she knew to get this boy up to her room without having to be quick.

Outside in the court, Policeman Garretty stood dumbfounded. Boy and dog had vanished, but that he had half-expected, and whatever he had found upstairs it was not what he had been told was there. But French Pete, who had lain like a log, was gone, too.

He stumped away, beside the useless ambulance, and was only sure he had not dreamed the whole thing because of a parcel he held under his arm.

CHAPTER XL.

AT THE HINGES OF DEATH.

"Adrian and I! I and Adrian!" Lady Levallois had reason to look like a dead woman as she stood in court, and looked once— but once—round the sea of hostile and curious faces. Not till her own lawyers had begged for an adjournment on account of the absence of one of their principal witnesses—and been refused—did she know that Tommy was missing, and the grip of despair caught her as she heard it. Not on her own account, for Tommy had little enough to say that would help her, but for sheer terror that the boy was hurt or killed somewhere in London.

When they had told her that she was not to stand alone in the dock, but Adrian as well, she had never said a word, had never glanced at him all the time in court, but now, when the prosecution had finished, she looked at his face and saw there what she knew. Unless there was a miracle from the skies, they two would be found guilty.

"Adrian and I," she kept repeating to herself, and her cold hands grew wet.

For the prosecution had swept away any and every chance for them.

The housekeeper, against her will, had been forced to confess what was quite true, that Lady Levallois had often come to the still-room and learned to make distilled waters. The coroner swore that such a water made from laurel-leaves the house at the time of the murder had proved they had nothing to do with it.

And slowly, with silky questions, the prosecution showed their reasons for arresting Captain Gordon as her accomplice. His supposed alibi in London on the night of the murder did not hold water. He had dined with a man at a restaurant, it was true, but between that and the card-party at his own rooms there had been three hours unaccounted for. And those three hours could easily have taken him to Levallois Castle and back. And the very absence of Sir Thomas Annesley was made into the certainty that the boy was staying away on purpose, lest he should have to repeat his evidence of seeing Captain Gordon in a wood in those very tweed clothes of which a piece had been found in Levallois's room. No one could prove Captain Gordon had not been in the wood, and the theory of a stranger in his clothes was shown to be absurd. His tailor, beyond the fact that Captain Gordon owed him fifty pounds, could say nothing as to what he had made for him. The only entry in his books were uniforms and "tweeds, fifteen guineas." Nothing else. Adrian remembered that he had never had a bill for the clothes, and on saying that fifteen guineas could not possibly represent one suit alone, was shown that it easily could.

As for any tale of a strange woman being seen hanging about Levallois Castle, it was openly laughed at. Lord Chayter, who swore to the fact at the window, had to confess that Levallois had assured him that he was mistaken. And in the absence of Sir Thomas Annesley there was no one to prove that woman in the wood had not been Lady Levallois herself. She had certainly left the drawing-room.

The terms on which the prisoners were left no room for doubt; indeed, they had openly discussed the death of Lord Levallois—one of them had made no bones about speaking of poison. And the winding up of the matter was this: In the wood at night the two had arranged matters. Captain Gordon had come down from London unknown to any one but Lady Levallois, had poisoned with laurel water given him by her a bottle of Eau de Vie Magique which he had brought with him—for such another bottle had been found in his London rooms—and had been frightened by Sir Thomas' dog into going away without these two incriminating bottles found in Lady Levallois's bedroom. The prosecution did not mean to say that the guilty pair had foreseen that that night would give them their opportunity—merely that one being put into their hands they had made use of it. Probably Captain Gordon had come merely to see his cousin's wife clandestinely, but that the two had been overcome by temptation could not be doubted.

No one but Lady Levallois could have placed those bottles in her bedroom, as no servant had been away from the others during the evening, and no one of the guests but Lady Gwendolen Brook—who had cleared herself by being able to relate the exact words of a quarrel between Lord and Lady Levallois in the lower hall, a quarrel of which Lady was also cognisant.

Surely no intelligent juror could doubt which way the evidence tended. As for bringing in an innocent woman like Mrs. Murray, the prosecution had nothing but contempt for so far-fetched a story. If Sir Thomas Annesley had a piece of

the cloak which Captain Gordon, on no evidence whatever, supposed to be Mrs. Murray's, why was he not in court to produce it? It seemed that he had excellent reason to stay away.

And to all this Ravenel's lawyer had nothing to reply, except that letter from the Pension Bureau and that mouse-eaten telegram. He spun them out as long as he could, but to no earthly purpose. Ravenel, in the dock, never looked up, but only prayed he would be done—make an end, and let her get back to prison out of the range of those countless eyes that lost not one line in her anguished face.

But Adrian Gordon—and the court wondered at his shameless bearing—stood staring at his own lawyer, who would not look at him.

There was a stir in the court, but Gordon's face was turned from the dock. Only Monsieur Carrousel, standing, an idle and pitiful spectator, who might be cross-questioned by the defense on a subject of which he knew nothing, suddenly changed color and moved loungingly to the door. But the packed room would not make way for him.

"My lord," said Ravenel's lawyer suddenly, as if something for which he had been waiting had happened, "we can now produce our missing witnesses!" And Adrian thought the man had gone suddenly crazy, for he called Pierre Carrousel.

And Carrousel, after one glance behind him, came with a light laugh. Yet the first question astonished him, for it was about Towers, the boot-boy.

"I took him to his place," he said jauntily; "there I left him. The housekeeper heard from him the next morning. I know no more."

"In that case," returned Ravenel's counsel, "you can step down. I will call Mary Price."

Carrousel turned livid, tried to leave the room, and found his way unaccountably blocked by a strange policeman.

And all the while Adrian Gordon stared, as if the world had suddenly gone mad.

"Do you know any one in this court-room?" The question made the new witness, a woman in soiled finery, look at him contemptuously.

"I know him!" she cried, and she pointed, not at Adrian Gordon as the crowd expected, but at Lord Levallois's innocent cook. "That's what I come for. My name is Mary Price, and I lived with him for three years, till he deserted me. My father kept a public house in Southsea, and I was barmaid. I ran away with this man, who said his name was Archer. He ill-treated me, took me to a London slum, and lived on what I earned."

Carrousel interrupted coolly. He had had time to glance round the court, and saw no newcomer but Mary Price. The missing links in the defense were missing still.

"I never saw this woman in my life!" he cried. "She is a liar! My name never was Archer—never! She cannot know me."

The woman gave him a deadly glance.

"I never said your name was Archer," she said, coolly; "only that you told me it was. And if I don't know you, why—there's some one else who will! Am I to go on, sir?" to the lawyer, who nodded.

"What his real name is, I don't know," she said, "but the people where we lived in London called him French Pete. He'd got tired of me, and I hated him, for he'd killed my dog that I'd brought from home, made me leave him for dead on a country road—we were tramping to London then. After he left me I saw nothing of him for a year; then I met him in the street dressed

like a gentleman. He gave me money, and found out where I lived. I was pretty low, and I was afraid of him besides."

"Just a week ago he came to my room and brought a boy. Said he'd been cruelly treated in his place, and would I look after him. He'd pay me. And I did. But the boy seemed so queer that I was afraid to leave him alone—stupid-like and terrified. When I went out I'd put him in a loft there was over my room. The ceiling was all cracked and stained, and no one would see the trap. I put him there because from what he talked of in his sleep I knew Archer meant him no good. The boy knew something. And, for fear Archer would get in while I was out and do away with him and say it was me, I used to keep him hid away most of the time. He was up there when Garretty broke in my room that night and got the paper parcel."

Not a soul knew what she meant. The prosecution had never heard of Policeman Garretty, any more than had Adrian Gordon, and the former was ill-advised enough to say so.

"That's him there!" said Miss Price, "and perhaps it'd be better for him to speak before I go on." Which was allowed, after some dispute, and at the policeman's evidence Carrousel stood like a creature demented.

"Certainly I know that man," he said simply. "I've known him for years—as French Pete, the best cook in London when he chose to work. But I know him better without his beard," and before Carrousel could move he had leaped backward to a brother policeman, who coolly tweaked the chestnut beard from the cook's face.

A confused murmur ran around the court, and Adrian Gordon stood more confounded than Carrousel. Tommy had been right—it was that man, and no other, he had seen going into Hester Murray's house.

"It was like that I see him lying stunned like in Bethnal Court near a week ago," pursued the policeman, calmly, and it was Allington's turn to start, for he had never dreamed that Carrousel had ever left Levallois Castle since the night he knew of "and there was a dog standing over him and a boy beside him. And when I emptied his pockets and held his false beard to his face the boy calls out Carrousel, and says if I went up-stairs I'd find another boy that he had detected, and a parcel he'd just left there. There was no boy, and I come down, and there wasn't a soul in the court—French Pete, nor the boy, nor the dog! But I'd got the parcel right enough, and here it is." He produced before the whole court a black satin cloak lined with chinchilla.

And cross-examination failed to get anything more out of him except that not until yesterday had he known that the cloak he had left at Scotland Yard was wanted in this trial.

"I ain't no detective," he said quietly, "I never leave my beat. And yesterday it took me to Bethnal Court, and there I found out. The girl will tell you that it was I kicked her door down for her no later than yesterday afternoon. I don't know nothing of what went between."

"I do," said Molly Price, and she swallowed in her throat as at a memory that hurt her. "That night Garretty tells of I come into Bethnal Court on my way home. I lived there. And as I was going into the house I fell over something. I saw 'twas Archer, or French Pete, or whatever he chose to call himself, and I thought he was dead. And then a dog—my dog that I thought he killed long ago—tears blinding her—jumped at me! He knew me after all those years, just as he'd known Archer. I know there'd been bad work by the look of Archer's

It's Yours FREE

THIS SUIT made to your own individual measure, from the finest cloth and high grade linings. It won't cost one cent. We simply ask you to show it to your friends and recommend our clothes.

No Extra Charges of any kind—all the latest fashions, styles, golf bottoms, tail hats, pearl buttons—EVERYTHING FREE.

EARN \$40 to \$60 a WEEK in your spare time. It's the easiest thing in the world. Write at once and get this new big offer. Even if you are an agent for another tailoring house, be sure and write for this new and most liberal offer ever made.

Don't Wait! Don't Delay! Drop us a line at once. We prepay everything.

WASHINGTON TAILORING CO., Dept. 408 Chicago



ALL THIS FREE

Beautiful costumes. Watch your chance. Write at once. We prepay everything. Even if you are an agent for another tailoring house, be sure and write for this new and most liberal offer ever made.

Engle Watch Co., Dept. 38, East Boston, Mass.

clothes, and I was afraid for my Jack if they found him. I looked at the boy that was lying on the ground in a faint, and I felt kindly toward him because Jack seemed to love him—and I said to myself he shouldn't get into no trouble either. So I took them up to my room—after waiting a while, because I heard some one up there, and if I'd known all I do now I'd have come out that second—and there they've been ever since. First Towers was like to die, but Sir Thomas worked over him night and day."

"Towers!" Adrian Gordon's face grew like that of a man who sees a hope dawning, very faint and far, but still hope. Ravenel never looked up. She knew nothing about the boot boy.

"And then?" came a question.

"Well, it wasn't till yesterday that we got Towers to talk, and then we'd never nearly got here at all," grimly. "Sir Thomas had no money, but I'd sixpence, and when he was going out to wire to you that he'd found out Towers, why we couldn't get out! Archer'd put some dodge on my door so he could open it from outside, and it had got out of order. We couldn't get the door open, and kicking was no good, for it opened inside. Nobody heard us yelling, for there was a row in the house downstairs. And that really let us out, for Garretty was there professionally—calmly—and he heard me shouting 'Help!' and come and knocked the door in. So here we comes this morning. It wouldn't have been any use to let strangers and police know we were there before, for Towers was frightened, and wouldn't talk. But he isn't now." And Towers,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

Over The Top And At The Germans—Nuxated Iron Helps Give Men The Strength, Power and Courage Ass't Judge Advocate General, Richard R. Kenney, Former U. S. Senator Says That With The Sustaining Tonic of Nuxated Iron He Has Had No Occasion To Weaken Under The Most Strenuous Army Duties.

Possessed of a vim and energy that might well be the envy of many a younger man, Ex. United States Senator Richard R. Kenney, at nearly three score years of age, today holds the rank of Major and Assistant Judge Advocate General in the United States Army, and is one of the most determined in the fight to whip the Germans. While the sudden change from the quiet life of a citizen prior to the outbreak of the war to the severity of army life might work a disastrous hardship on some men who had passed the half century mark, it was not so with Major Kenney. He realized that the supreme tests of war demanded great strength, power and endurance. As a means to this end in his own case he began taking Nuxated Iron with the result that instead of growing weaker under the strain of army service, as many older men often are afraid they will, Major Kenney says he enjoyed a decided increase in vigor and endurance and that with the sustaining tonic of Nuxated Iron he has had no occasion to weaken under the most strenuous army duties.

General Horatio Gates Gibson, U. S. A., (Retired) who entered the City of Mexico in the War of 1847 with General Winfield Scott, says he feels that every soldier who goes to the front should take Nuxated Iron. General David Stuart Gordon, U. S. A., (Retired), noted Indian Fighter and hero of the Battle of Gettysburg, says: "Despite my own advanced age, Nuxated Iron has made me fit and ready for another campaign and if my country needs me, I stand ready to go." General John L. Clem, U. S. A., (Retired), the Drummer Boy of Shiloh, who was Sergeant in the U. S. Army at 12 years of age, says that Nuxated Iron is the one and ever reliable tonic—that he obtained most surprising results from its use in two weeks' time.

Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital, (Outdoor Dept.) New York and the Westchester County Hospital, says: "What every soldier most needs is tremendous 'stay-there' strength, power and endurance with nerves of steel and blood of iron. To help produce this result there is nothing in my experience which I have found so valuable as organic iron—Nuxated Iron. I have taken Nuxated Iron myself and prescribed it for my patients, and I can truthfully say that it excels any preparation I have ever used for building up delicate, nervous, run-down folks and increasing the red-blood corpuscles, thereby enriching and fortifying the blood against the ravages of disease. Contrary to general opinion, lack of iron in the blood does not



necessarily mean you do not have enough blood, but it means your blood is not of the right kind."

If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. Numbers of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while have increased their strength and endurance in two weeks' time while taking iron in the proper form. And this after they had in some cases been going on for months without getting benefit from anything.

Manufacturer's Note: Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above, is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund the money. It is dispensed by all good druggists and general stores.—Advertisement.

SPECIAL TO PHYSICIANS:

Doctor, when you want to prescribe a true tonic, strength and blood builder, one that helps put vim and renewed energy into the veins of the weak, infirm, run-down and aged—try Nuxated Iron. If you have been using the old forms of metallic iron, without success; if you have had patients complaining of discolored teeth, upset stomachs, hardened, tied-up secretions, etc., from the use of metallic iron, again we suggest, try Nuxated Iron. It is highly endorsed by such physicians as Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital, (Outdoor Dept.) New York and the Westchester County Hospital; Dr. A. J. Newman, late Police Surgeon of the City of Chicago and former House Surgeon, Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago; Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author; Dr. T. Alphonsus Wallace, a physician of many years experience in this country and abroad, and others. In most cases physicians direct the use of two five-grain tablets three times per day after meals. Nuxated Iron will be furnished by any druggist on an absolute guarantee of success or money refunded.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

A. S., Kensington, Ga.—We do not understand your asking if "it is possible for a girl to work her way through high school." No charge is made for attendance at any high school with which this department is familiar. Nashville and Memphis and other cities in Tennessee have splendid schools which you might attend. It would be necessary for you to live in one of the cities having a public high school, and the only question would be getting employment afternoons or evenings to earn your board and clothes, which should not be difficult in these times.

A. R., Kenbridge, Va.—It is so simple a matter and costs so little to obtain a copyright, that we advise you to protect your play in this manner. Write to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., asking for an application for copyright, which will be sent you promptly. The cost of a copyright is but one dollar.

Mrs. E. W. J., Bigelow, Mo.—Books for the reading of the blind can only be procured in the larger cities. Write to the editor of Outlook for the Blind, 902 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O. Send a stamped and addressed envelope when you write.

VIRGINIA, Bedford City, Va.—The words "tout a vous" are French, and might be translated "entirely yours."

H. D. S., Monroe, N. C.—Write Madero Bros., 115 Broadway, New York City, regarding the green and dried herbs you wish to sell.

E. C., Mo.—It is not a good practice to submit the same manuscript to several magazines at the same time. It is not necessary to send a letter with your story—simply type on the heading of your manuscript: "Submitted by _____" and give your name and address. Be sure you enclose sufficient return postage. Articles submitted to COMFORT or to any other magazine are simply addressed to the editor. We suggest that you send for a sample copy of "The Editor." This is a magazine for literary workers, and it is published at Ridgewood, N. J.

LONG STAR SUBSCRIBER, Paris, Texas.—The organization you have in mind is the Society of Mayflower Descendants. Address the secretary, Chandler Smith, at 44 East 23rd St., New York City.

L. W., Belvidere, N. C.—There are all sorts of people in the world, but the kind called trolls do not exist except in Icelandic folklore. According to these old tales, the trolls were misshapen dwarfs who dwelt in hills and mountains underground, and were sometimes called "hill people." They were great thieves, and had an especial trick of stealing young children and substituting their own offspring—a trick which parents found most disconcerting. However, though the trolls were clever and strong, in all the stories of Iceland they were ways outwitted in the end by man, and every stolen child eventually restored. The trolls were peculiarly sensitive to noise, and a good big racket would easily scare them off. We are certain there are no trolls among the Alleghenies.

INTERESTED, Washington, Ga.—W. J. Curtis, Piqua, Ky., buys arrow heads and other Indian relics. We know of no market for "silver paper."

M. W., Hertel, Wis.—We are very sure that there are no "orthopedic sanitariums" that are maintained by state taxes. However, any good hospital could furnish you with treatment for your trouble. You might obtain information by writing to W. E. Fitch, Editor of "Pediatrics," Elmira, N. Y. If there are any free "orthopedic sanitariums," Mr. Fitch will know about them. Enclose a stamped envelope for reply when you write.

An Unanswerable Argument

The poor relation had not been invited to the formal function at the great house, but he went to the door in spite of that oversight.

"Where's your card?" inquired the first gentleman in waiting.

"Haven't got any," responded the poor relation meekly.

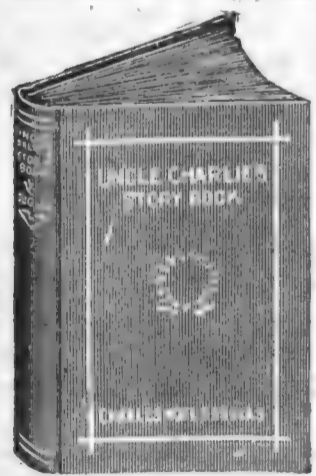
"Nobody can get in without a card."

"Well, I'm nobody," murmured the poor relation, but the first gentleman in waiting could not grasp the delicate humor of it, and the poor relation was turned away from the inhospitable door.—Exchange.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S LIFE IN PICTURES

Uncle Charlie's Picture Book
Good as a Visit to His Home

Visit Uncle Charlie in his famous chicken coop and see how he lives and works. Big, beautiful, full page, half-tone cuts equal to photographs, that show Uncle Charlie and his charming assistants Maria and the Goat in every phase of their busy lives. See Uncle Charlie sitting in his armchair for 60 minutes in the morning, and get a peep at his big son, another, school and church, and see him as an actor playing many parts. A beautiful, intensely interesting, artistic book 9 1/4 by 7 1/4 inches, free for two cents, at 35c. each—seventy cents in all.



Or Help Wanted" the funniest story ever written. 160 pages of mirth and merriment, pathos and tears, illustrated and beautifully bound in silk cloth, stiff covers, gold topped. Free for three cents at 35c. each—one dollar and five cents in all.

Also bound in heavy fancy blue paper covers for only two cents at 35c. each—seventy cents in all. Ideal birthday presents. COMFORT's greatest premium bargains. Work for them today. Secure one or both of these superb souvenirs of this remarkable man who devotes his time and talents to the service of humanity.

Note. Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's splendid poems and song book will be found at the end of the League of Cousins Department.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

all the while they used all the guns, big and little, that they could get hold of. The German ambassador to Great Britain admits that the Kaiser in starting this war sinned against the Holy Ghost. As for depending on God and dispensing with guns and soldiers, this is exactly what the Kaiser would love to have us do, and it is this kind of talk that makes these "religious" fanatics so dangerous, and forces our government to send some of them to the pen for twenty years. If the Kaiser, whose troops have slain thousands of priests, nuns, ministers and innocent children, sunk ten hospital ships and aided the Turks to wipe out a million and a half Armenian Christians, could convert us all into a lot of moribund, religious, peace-at-any-price maniacs and get us to scrap our guns, he would have the war won in ten minutes, and realize all the devilish ambitions of himself and his blood-thirsty Huns. It is time the writer realized that God Almighty helps only those who help themselves, and he has no use for "religious" loafers who want Him to shoulder their responsibilities and do their fighting for them. God's ways are beyond the understanding of mortals, but in the end they work for righteousness, but God expects you to do your part in fighting evil and making righteousness possible. Here are a few burning words from a sermon by one of New York's best known Baptist ministers: "That prophet of God who cries peace, peace, when there is no peace, is before God a liar. I say the prophet who evades these moral and spiritual problems (problems raised by the war) is a traitor to his country and is guilty of treason both to God and the people he serves. As for the minister of Christ who has no conviction in these matters he will answer to God for his cowardice when the day of revelation comes, at the Bar of Eternal Justice." If we could win this war with prayer alone, we would do it. We tried and tried in vain, now we must fight while we pray or the Hun will crush us beneath his iron heel. Of course it is wrong to send playing cards and story books to our soldiers. The writer says she loves America—she has a queer way of showing it. Her type of "love," which is a combination of morbidity and mush, would lead to the triumph of wrong, barbarism and evil and convert this country into a nation of slaves.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The forty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep your standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send forty cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, for your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for September

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

Written references from postmaster and physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Mrs. Catherine Fraisure, Lulu, Florida. Shut-in for ten years. Widow, sixty years of age. Dependent on charity for support. Send her some help. Nathaniel M. Love, Standfield, N. C. Thirty years of age. Helpless from rheumatism for ten years. Highly recommended. Send him a dime shower. Mrs. Stokeley Martin, Sanville, Va. Widow with three small children. Sick and poor. Remember her. Mrs. Lucy Webster, Quebeck, Tenn. Shut-in. Sick, aged and needy. Send her some of the sympathy that buys bread. Mrs. Ethel White, Oneida, Ark. Thirty-five years of age. Paralyzed one side. Needy and worthy. Well recommended. Do not forget her. Mrs. Rosella Daniel, Lassiter, N. C. Has only one arm. Widow with three small children. Needs second-hand clothing and any financial help you can send her. Mrs. Jennie Agee, R. R. 1, Box 35, Spencer, Va. Invalid. Needy and worthy. Send her some cheer. Mrs. Furlay Mollett, Davisport, Ky. Seventy years of age. Blind for ten years. Needy, sad and worthy case. Open your hearts and pocketbooks and give her a boost. Miss Edna L. Welch, 418 Washington St., Quincy, Ill. Helpless cripple. Alone in the world. Would appreciate cheery letters. Dortha Grigg, Glen Allen, Ala. Invalid. Lovely character. Would appreciate cheery letters and financial assistance. Miss Mary A. Fish, 60 Brooklyn St., Warsaw, N. Y. Invalid. Alone in the world. Would appreciate cheery letters.

The poor souls whose names are listed above are in too desperate need to care for anything but substantial financial aid. Sympathy and cash make a splendid combination, but sympathy without cash cuts no ice. Do to others as you would have them do to you.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

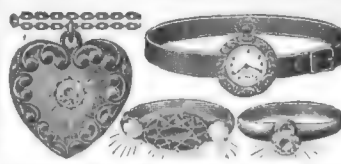
Read Uncle Charlie's Poems Around the Fireside

The long winter nights are upon us and the best fire-side companion is a copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems. You will laugh, scream and yell if you peruse its uproariously funny pages. This 160-page lilac silk cloth bound volume contains the best recitations in the world, also a deeply interesting sketch of Uncle Charlie's life, and splendid pictures of him dictating his monthly talks to Maria. The finest gift in the world. Get your copy now. It will drive away the blues. This superb book free for a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at thirty-five cents each.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book Is Just Grand.

So our readers say with almost monotonous regularity. It contains twenty-eight of the dandiest songs ever written, coon songs, sacred songs, sentimental and story ballads. Full music for voice and piano. Five dollars' worth of music for only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at thirty-five cents each. A gorgeous song folio with superb cover on which appear some splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie at various stages of his career. Both volumes free for a club of five. Work for them today.

ITALIAN PENALTY FOR HOARDING.—Any person in Italy who purchases foodstuffs or goods of common or large consumption and lays in supplies greater than the normal or ordinary needs of the family and dependents, is punishable by a fine of from \$4 to \$190, or by imprisonment for a month, and the goods are confiscated.



ALL THESE FREE
Secret Locket and Neck Chain, Pendant and Neck Chain, Imitation Wrist Watch with adjustable leather strap and buckle, and these **Four lovely Rings. ALL GIVEN FREE** to anyone for selling only 12 of our Jewelry Novelties at 10c each. Fresh from factory. Be in fashion. A. C. Dale Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I.

Sugar

"Sugar panic, sugar famine, sugar scandal"—common terms in the strenuous times of war, and among the most important questions of the day. Yet sugar has been in common use, as an article of food, for less than two hundred years.

Sugar was known in India in very remote times, and was first introduced into England about the year 1300. It was known in China before 1650, and its use had spread to South America and the West Indies by 1500. In all these years, however, it was used only in medicine and as an article of luxury in the homes of the very wealthy. As the use of tea and coffee increased, sugar came into wider use and by 1800 it had become a staple article of food.

Beet sugar was discovered in Germany in 1747, and in 1801 the first beet sugar factory was established. In 1900-10 nearly seven million tons of beet sugar were produced throughout the world, while the production of cane sugar was nearly eleven million tons.

In India, sugar is also made from certain species of palms. It is all known as palm sugar, and is chiefly consumed by the natives as maple sugar is in this country.

A Half-Century Job

It will take 53 years to make a complete survey of the waters of Alaska, California, Washington and Oregon, according to estimates made by Superintendent Jones of the United States coast and geodetic survey, based on progress made with the present facilities.

WONDERFUL PHONOGRAPH

FREE TO YOU

READ OUR GREAT OFFER



Here is our New Style E. D. L. Phonograph—the latest improvement—without the horn. It is a perfect beauty. Mahogany finish, tone arm black japanned, nickel winding crank, accurately constructed, smooth running spring motor, speed regulator, stop lever and 6 1/2 turn table. Sound box with mica diaphragm.

PLAYS ANY DISC RECORD Both lateral and vertical cut, 6, 7 or 8 inches. This machine will give you more entertainment than anything you ever owned. Strong, durable. No parts to get out of order.

Send No Money Just your name, and we will send you 24 of our Art Pictures to dispose of on special offer at 25c each. Send us the \$6 you collect and for your trouble we will send this new improved E. D. L. Phonograph and a selection of 6 records, free for your trouble. You can dispose of pictures and earn this great machine in a few hours.

E. D. LIFE, 337 W. Madison St., 915, Chicago

BOYS! BOYS! GIRLS, TOO!

\$1,000 IN PRIZES GIVEN AWAY FREE

SOLVE THIS PUZZLE!



\$250.00

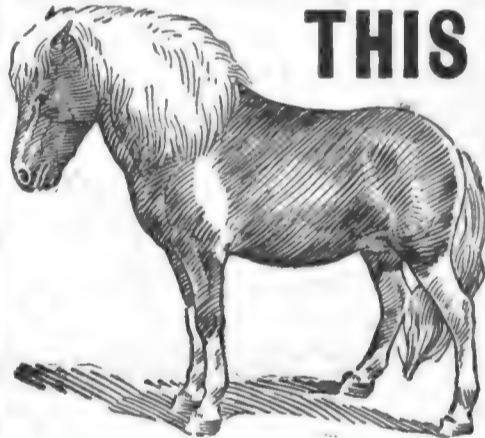
CULVER RACER AUTO "FIRST GRAND PRIZE"

Not a Toy But a Real Gasoline Automobile

BUILT LIKE THE BIG RACERS

Capacity—Carry two passengers. Frame—Pressed ch. steel. Steering Gear—Wood with metal spider. Wheels—Wire later. bearing 20x2 clinch rim. Three-Culver non-skid. Clutch—Foot pedal, 5-b. Axles—Crucible steel. Gas Tank—22 gal., 1.60 m. Wheel Base—50 in.

This fine little automobile is built especially for boys and girls. You can learn to run it in an hour's time. No complicated parts to get out of order and is perfectly safe for a child of 8 years. This little Culver Racer will do anything a full-sized car will do because it is built in proportion to a big car. Have been giving these little automobiles away for several years, and they are giving the very best of satisfaction. The Culver Racer not only affords a world of pleasure for boys and girls but is also a real necessity. You can run errands, take things to market, go after the mail and just do anything with a Culver Racer—all you have to do is to crank it, jump in and go—further information and complete specifications will be sent you. Some girl or boy is going to be the proud owner of this fine Culver Racer at the close of this club—why not YOU—solve the puzzle below and get in on the ground floor.



THIS IS "NED"

Second Grand Prize Value \$100.00

Here I am—I am wondering what nice little boy or girl will be my master at the close of this club. My name is "Ned". I am 4-years old and about 40 inches high; I am real black with four white feet and some white in my mane and tail. We do not show a very good picture of "Ned" but he is a mighty pretty little pony and loves nice Boys and Girls and wants a good home. We gave "Ned's" little brother away last month to a nice little girl just 8 years old, and I just wish you could see how easily she won him. Don't fail to join my club—solve the puzzle below and write TODAY.

How Many Words Can You Make?

This puzzle is a sure prim winner—absolutely everyone in this club wins. It is not hard either—just a little ingenuity and skill. The puzzle is to get as many words as possible out of the letters herewith given. Use only the list given, and only as many times as they appear in this ad. For instance, the letter Y appears three times, so in all your words you must not use Y more than three times. If you use Y twice in one word, and once in another, you cannot use Y in any other word as you have already used it as many times as it appears in this advertisement. It is not necessary that you use all the letters. The puzzle looks easy and simple, but if you can make as many as 12 or 15 words, send in your list at once, as the person winning first prize may not have more than that many.

A TOTAL OF 15 GRAND PRIZES

1. \$250 Culver Racer Automobile.
2. Shetland Pony "Ned" value \$100.
3. \$75 in Gold.
4. \$50 in Gold.
5. 17-Jewel Elgin Watch 20-year case.
6. 17-Jewel Elgin Watch 20 year case.
7. 15-Jewel Elgin Watch 20 year case.
8. 15-Jewel Elgin Watch 20 year case.
9. 7-Jewel Elgin Watch 20 year case.
10. 7-Jewel Elgin Watch 20 year case.
11. 3 1/4x4 Folding Eastman Kodak.
12. 3 1/4x4 Folding Eastman Kodak.
13. 3 1/4x4 Folding Eastman Kodak.
14. Ladies' or Gents' Fine Wrist Watch
15. \$5.00 in Gold.

ANOEYRS
TFLMIMRA
OOAINMTO
MOFIAEBL
YAPBINOH
GNOSAAOT
TAACRBOY
ARMNANTW

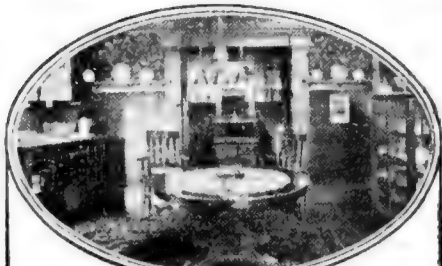
OUR OFFER

We are the largest magazine publishers in the West, and are conducting this big "Everybody Wins" word building contest in connection with a big introductory and advertising campaign, whereby we will give away 15 grand prizes as listed in this advertisement. and we want to send you sample copies and full particulars as to how to become a member of this contest club and be a sure winner. We give 100 votes in this contest for each word you make. To the person having the most votes at the close of the club, we will give the Culver Racer Automobile first prize, value \$250.00; to the second highest we will give the Shetland Pony "Ned" second prize value \$100.00; to the third highest \$75.00 in gold, and so on until we have awarded the 15 grand prizes as listed in this ad.

Notice: Every new member this month also receives a beautiful GENUINE GOLD FILLED SIGNET RING GUARANTEED FOR 5 YEARS FREE AND POSTPAID, JUST FOR PROMPTNESS. Anyone may enter this club, and there was never a better offer made especially to boys and girls. Please bear in mind there is absolutely no chance to lose; POSITIVELY EVERY CLUB MEMBER WINS. If there should be a tie between two or more club members for any of the prizes, each trying club member will receive prize tied for. Get an early start—send in your list TODAY.

BILLY FRENCH, Mgr., 707 Capper Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 35 cents each, we will give you this Teddy Bear free by Parcel Post prepaid, minimum No. 750-4.



Furnish 2 to 3 Rooms For 17 Cents a Day

Now you may furnish anew one room, or a whole home on the most convenient terms imaginable. Take two years to pay for furnishings bought on this new Factory-to-Family Plan. Payments as low as 17c a day. 800 Larkin Home Furnishings on Easy Monthly Payments. Compare quality and price of Larkin Furnishings with furnishings offered by others. Our quality is the highest. Our low Factory-to-Family prices will save you many dollars. Before buying your furnishings this season learn about this offer.



This Big 104-Page Book FREE

Larkin Book of Better Homes will help thousands this season to "Better Homes." Your copy sent FREE now on the asking.

Larkin Co. Desk FCT918 Buffalo, N.Y.

Boys and Girls



\$2.00 in Real Money for Sending Us Your Name and Address.

We will immediately send you 20 of the most wonderfully patriotic pictures ever published in beautiful colors, size 16 x 20 inches.

Everyone Different

People are all different. Everybody buys them. You will get them in a jiffy at 20 cents each. When you have sold 10, send us \$2.00 and the other 20.00 you get for the other 10 is all yours. ACT QUICK!

YANKEE STUDIO, 2054 W. Lake St., Dept. 25, Chicago

CASH FOR OLD FALSE TEETH

We now pay as high as \$25.50 a set (broken or not). Send at once—cash by return mail. We hold package 5 to 15 days for your approval of our offer. We pay highest prices for OLD GOLD, JEWELRY, GOLD CROWNS, BRIDGES, DENTAL GOLD, PLATINUM, SILVER, WATCHES AND DIAMONDS. Send for latest catalog of new jewelry. References, any Milwaukee Bank.

UNITED STATES SMELTING WORKS, Inc. Milwaukee, Wis. 324 Goldsmith Bldg.

FREE TRIAL

Let us send this fine Razor for 30 days free trial. When satisfied after using, send \$1.95 or return razor. Order Today. JONES MFG. CO., Dept. 948, CHICAGO, ILL.

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Make your Watches, Clocks, etc., visible by night. Emit rays of LIGHT in dark. The darker the better. Fully applied. Average cost 10c. Three sizes—2 1/2, 3 1/2 and 4 1/2. Postpaid. JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. 12, 54 West Lake Street, Chicago.

LOOK YOUR BEST.

Make sure of smooth white arms, face and neck in spite of sallowness, blotches, freckles, blackheads etc. If you want to be charming and attractive—Don't pay 50c but send 10c at once for sealed Package, which will transform your appearance instantly. Warranted. TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1927A, Boston, Mass.

Birthingstone Pendant and Chain

Your Own Birthstone Set In This Beautiful Rolled-Gold Pendant!

ONE of the most stylish of all neck ornaments. Women and to-date are now wearing and Chain in preference while those who can afford that all who re-Pendant and Chain li-be greatly delighted prettiest designs we assortment submitted largest jewelry manu-States. It has a 16-inch plate cable chain, the rolled-gold plate own birthstone and attached to the pendant underneath the stone is a beautiful int. Baroque pearl. Following is a list of the twelve different birthstones and the month which each represents. When ordering be sure to mention number of birthstones wanted.

- | | |
|------------|----------------------------------|
| 1173 Jan. | Garnet, Symbol of Power. |
| 1183 Feb. | Amethyst, Symbol of Pure Love. |
| 1193 March | Aquamarine, Symbol of Courage |
| 1203 April | Diamond, Symbol of Purity. |
| 1213 May | Emerald, Symbol of Immortality |
| 1223 June | Pearl, Symbol of Long Life. |
| 1233 July | Ruby, Symbol of Charity. |
| 1243 Aug. | Peridot, Symbol of Happiness. |
| 1253 Sept. | Sapphire, Symbol of Constancy. |
| 1263 Oct. | Opal, Symbol of Hope. |
| 1273 Nov. | Topaz, Symbol of Friendship. |
| 1283 Dec. | Turquoise, Symbol of Prosperity. |

All of the above named stones are solitaires and are the most perfect and beautiful imitation real gems that we have ever seen. Following is our free offer.

CLUB OFFER.

For only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you a Birthingstone Pendant and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. Be sure to mention number of stones wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's Home Lawyer

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

G. D. B., Maine.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and having a surviving widow and children, his widow would receive one third of his personal estate, absolutely, in addition to certain other small allowances; we think that if the money you mention was turned over by the wife to her husband it would now be difficult to establish a claim for repayment, but if the money or the property purchased with the money was kept in the wife's name, such property would not belong to the husband.

W. A. B., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and one child, the widow would receive some small allowances of the personal property, and in addition thereto one fourth of the balance of the personal property and one fourth of the real estate if she is not the parent of the child, and one half of both the balance of the personal property and of the real property if she is the parent of the child.

Mrs. L. J., Kansas.—Under the laws of Oklahoma, we are of the opinion that the signature of the wife is not necessary for the sale of property belonging to the husband.

Mrs. A. E. B., California.—We do not think the claim of the doctor, that the man you mention was cured, would relieve his employer from compensation payments, in a case where it is apparent that the man was not cured; your statements would disinherit the doctor who was in pronouncing him cured, and if such is the case we think the man should immediately prosecute his claim for further compensation payments.

L. W., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that where divorces are declared, the court exercises very general jurisdiction over the property and children, but cannot compel divestiture of title to real estate; we think there is no limitation in your state of a testator's will to disinherit children by will, but he cannot disinherit his widow her one half interest in the community property, which includes such as is purchased or acquired by onerous title during marriage, but does not include such as was owned by the testator at the time of marriage nor such as has been acquired by the accumulation from separate property nor such as has been acquired by inheritance or gift either before or after marriage. We think the husband has the management of the community property during marriage, and may dispose of the same without the wife's consent.

M. T., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that in case of the divorce or separation of the parents, the custody of the children is a question to be decided by the courts; that the intestate inheritance rights of the children are not affected by the divorce or separation of the parents; that on final judgment of divorce each party is restored to the undisposed-of property which he or she brought into the marriage, except that the court may allow the wife reasonable alimony, and except that if the divorce is procured at the wife's instance she is entitled to one third of the husband's personal property absolutely, and to one third of his lands for life.

J. H. M., Missouri.—We do not think the remarriage of the man you mention during the lifetime of his wife, from whom he was not divorced, would affect the validity of his first marriage, and we are of the opinion that the first wife is his only legal wife; he is liable to punishment for the second marriage.

Mrs. O. D., Missouri.—Under the laws of Kansas, we are of the opinion that if the land you mention belonged to the man you mention, his children acquired no interest in the property upon the death of their mother, and he could convey good title to same without their signature.

Mrs. M. H., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of your father, without a will, your mother would only be entitled to her intestate rights in his separate property and her community rights in their community property; we do not think she can legally dispose of her interest in his real estate unless same was disposed of during your minority by the proper court proceedings, or unless the sale of the real estate was necessary for the payment of the debts of the estate.

J. K., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the rate of compensation fixed for total disability is sixty-five per cent of the average weekly earnings, to continue during such disability.

A. G. L., Michigan.—We are of the opinion that the age at which a valid marriage can be contracted, without the parents' consent, is eighteen years for both males and females in Michigan, and twenty-one for males, and eighteen for females in Montana.

WORMS.—Dissolve a small piece of asafetida in alcohol and give a few drops in water twice a day or in the evening. It will expel the worms.

I. B. L., Arkansas, Wis.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

youngsters. Almost every day he will tell me how he loves me and thinks I am the sweetest and best, and oh, you know the rest, but I say what does that amount to when you are not sure it is true. Within the past year we moved into a small city where we were strangers. Several times when we were out together I suggested going into a certain store but he always refused on the plea that he had had trouble with the manager and therefore wouldn't go into the store. One day I happened to see him coming out of the store so I walked in and asked the girls, there are several young ones, if they were acquainted with him and they said they were, for he came in almost every day to buy candy. They never thought he was a married man. Now sisters, what do you think of a man like that? This isn't the first offense either for there are several similar. We are both thirty years old.

ANOTHER TROUBLED WIFE

ORANGE CITY, R. E. S. KANE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I have been enjoying the Sisters' Corner for a number of years and it occurs to me that I have been selfish in enjoying it all and offering no contribution to the general good. I would certainly be glad to help in any way I could, no sorrows to discuss. I have reached middle-aged serenity and an abiding faith in the loving, All-wise Father who rules the Universe. My experience has been that the turning point comes to the most hopeless sorrow if we can only have patience to wait for it.

I am a farmer's wife, trying to do my bit to help feed the world. I was born in a large city and grew up in various large cities so have had experience in both rural and city life. The ideal place, in my thought, to bring up children, is the large college town. However, most of us must do the best we can right where we are. If a family is large enough to furnish entertainment and amusement within itself, I would advocate the country. Nothing is more tragical than a lonesome woman on an isolated farm.

To those who are able to give a child a good home and loving care I would certainly advocate the adopting of one. Our lassie is six years old. We have had her five years. The little half-starved baby, with crooked legs and without hair or teeth was not promising. The little Miss of six is all that could be desired. All of earth's riches could not buy her. I would advise taking a young baby rather than an older child. I will gladly answer any questions regarding her adoption.

I wish Steppy would write again to COMFORT or to

me, personally. I should like to know how she is getting on with her girls by this time.

I wish I could find some lonely, discouraged young mother with a girl under six whom I could help. My small girl grows so fast and I have no relations to whom I can hand down her clothes. I can give them away, of course, but I want a more personal touch, some one whom I can "mother."

There is another woman whom I would like to find—a lonely old lady with a loving heart, who would like home folks in a family of three in the country. No heavy work for her to do but just to help a little about the house and be company for me and "Grandma" to my small girl. Would make her comfortable in every way. (Methodist preferred.)

I have very few relatives left and my heart goes out in deepest sympathy to those who are longing for "the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still." These are the saddest days the world has known and we ought to do all we can to comfort each other.

I was born in Ohio but a great deal of my life has been spent on trains and in California. I was an Evangelist in the Methodist Church previous to my marriage, twelve years ago. After such an experience, farm life leaves quite a lot to be desired even though my situation may be very comfortable so far as physical needs are concerned.

I cannot promise letters to all but hope to find a few kindred spirits.

Mrs. RUTH W. DYERSON.

HORNICK, IOWA.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around The Home

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: Troubled Wife, of Kentucky, do not whip your little boy until you have tried every other way to make him mind. I, too, have a little boy four years old and a baby girl four months old. I have been married five years. Here is the way I correct my boy. I never whip him unless other methods fail. I talk to him and tell him why he should do as I say and if he asks why he should do so, I never say, "Because I said so." Is that an explanation as to why he should mind. Remember your child's mind is as small as his body and it takes longer for them to understand. Be patient with him. You say you have always been used to petting. Try a little of it on your child; he will like petting as well as you do. How many times a day do your children ask a little favor of you and you say, "I haven't time," or "not now," or "in a minute," always some excuse. If you want your child to mind you I say to mind him once in a while.

May I ask a favor of the sisters? Have any of you directions for yokes for children's dresses in crochet? If so, will you send them to COMFORT for publication, as I would like to make some for my little girl.

C. M. T.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around The Home

Cook green pea pods with the peas and you will find that the taste is much improved.

In making cakes or seasoning vegetables, try using cream instead of butter or meat drippings. It adds to their flavor.

Paint or varnish can be removed from the hands by applying grease or kerosene and then washing in warm water and soap.

A few drops of lemon juice added to a dish of cream will make it whip more quickly.—Mrs. E. B. GOLDEN, Grand Marsh, Wis.

Rub pure lard on the heads of small chicks to kill head lice.

Mrs. BERTIE COLLINS, Ranger, R. E. 4, TEXAS.

If there are ants in your refrigerator, place a small dish, or glass fruit jar lid, filled with kerosene under each foot of the refrigerator, and it will keep the ants away.

When nickel parts of the stoves become tarnished, dissolve a little lye in hot water and rub it over tarnished parts. Rinse with clear, warm water and dry with a soft cloth.—Mrs. L. B., New Meadows, Idaho.

A few drops of red ink added to a pail of water makes a delightful "last" water in which to rinse fresh colored georgette crepe or silk waists that have lost their freshness. Red crepe paper may be used equally as well.

Save all your pieces of dry bread and put to soak in milk over night. In the morning make a pancake batter as usual and use the bread crumbs. It requires less flour. I use one third oatmeal or corn-meal.

Mrs. W. H. TOKIO, N. D.

To preserve eggs for winter, try putting them in oats. First a layer of oats and then place the eggs so they will not come in contact with each other or the box they are placed in. When the box is filled, nail the cover on and change the position of the box every week. Keep them in a cool place. I kept mine in the cellar nearly a year.

LORETTA A. GOSWELLES, Dodge, N. Dak.

Requests

How to make candied citron.

Song, "Bonnie Bunch of Roses."

Mrs. S. M. FORD, 1712 Mechanic St., GALVESTON, TEX.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

See The Wonders Of War Through The Pan-Chro Scope!

IF you have ever been to the "movies" and watched the magnificent spectacle of a fleet of Uncle Sam's huge battlehips under full speed—or a thrilling infantry charge "over the top"—or gazed upon the melancholy ruins of a Belgian village—then you have some idea of what you see when you look at the same scene through the Pan-Chro Scope, only of course the objects are stationary—not moving.

The Pan-Chro Scope is a new invention—something like the stereoscope, but larger and more powerful, being fitted with twin stereo-lens of wonderful magnifying power. The war views are taken with a specially constructed double lens camera. On the back of each view is printed a complete and accurate description of the scene represented. You place the view in the Scope, adjust the focus to fit your eyes, and immediately you find yourself face to face with an astonishing lifelike scene that resembles a section of a moving-picture film. One moment you are on the deck of an American warship—the next moment you are "somewhere in France" looking into a trench where an anti-aircraft gun is working—the next you find yourself among the barbed wire entanglements in "No Man's Land"—again you are watching fierce house-to-house fighting in a captured town, Belgian field artillery in action on the firing line, and many other scenes of actual warfare just as interesting and exciting.

The different views take you direct to Belgium, to France, or wherever the place may be, and show you the action just as plainly as though you were there yourself.

48 Views Free With The Scope!

New views for the Pan-Chro Scope are constantly coming out and we have made arrangements to send you a set of forty-eight views free with the Scope. Think of it! Forty-eight genuine war views—all different. Among them you will find such scenes as:

- In a British Camp in France.
- Deep Trenches Bitterly Contested in Battle of Ypres.
- French Military Camp Near Rheims.
- Barbed Wire Entanglements Protecting German Trenches.
- Allied Soldiers Firing From Trenches and Periscope in Use.
- Anti-Aircraft Gun Being Worked in a Trench.
- Fighting the Germans House to House.
- Belgian City Leveled to the Ground by German Bombardment.
- Belgian Field Artillery on the Firing Line, and many other scenes just as interesting and exciting—forty-eight of them in all.

The Pan-Chro Scope should be in every COMFORT home. It will prove a constant source of pleasure and instruction to every member of the family. Boys and girls attending school should have one. One look through the Scope will teach

All Worsted Serge Pants Made to Order \$1.65

Ask local tailors to make a pair of fine blue serge pants for less than \$5 or \$6 and see what they tell you. And yet our price is only \$1.65. We positively guarantee a perfect fit and your complete satisfaction or money back. Remember, we make all Suits, Pants and Overcoats tailor-made to suit individual measurements and no extra charge of any kind for novelty features.

Wonderful New Plan

The greatest plan ever thought of for high class made-to-order suits and overcoats at lowest, but rock prices. Your suit—tailor-made-to-order—FREE just to make every body see where you got it. Make \$2.50 to \$5.00 a year in your spare time. Send postal today for most sensational most beautiful and interesting book you have ever seen.

Moving Picture Tie-Up

Books of Theda Bara in Cinemascope, Annette Kellerman in Garden of the Gods. Scores of others in many colors. All greatest collections of motion pictures and fashions ever shown. Don't send a cent. A postal brings everything—explains all. Most perfect measurement outfit ever devised. Write quick.

RELIABLE TAILORING CO. 345 S. Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.

SUBMARINE FREE

REAL SUBMARINE, runs under water, dives, shoots torpedoes, has propeller, motor, steering rudder, automatic torpedo gun. Give for selling 25 sets Patriotic Post Cards at 10 cents a set. Write BLUNNE MFG. CO., 506 N. 1st St., CONCORD JUNCTION, MASS.

FREE

Scientific Gem. Shows diamond, clear white. All greatest collections of motion pictures and fashions ever shown. Don't send a cent. A postal brings everything—explains all. Most perfect measurement outfit ever devised. Write quick.

Harold Lachman Co., Dept. 247, 24 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

The Girl He Loved

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

white and weak from what had nearly wrecked his brain, stood up before the court.

Carrousel glared at him. But the eyes he had once obeyed dumbly had lost their power. The boot-boy quivered, but he spoke:

"I was the boot-boy," he began timidly. "I did the cook's errands. He told me—"

"He lies!" yelled Carrousel, shaking his fist. "I beat and beat him because he was a liar, and lazy."

"You have not heard the lie yet," said the judge, coldly. "Another word, and you leave."

"He can't hurt me, can he?" cried Towers, pitifully. "Sir Thomas said he couldn't."

"He can't touch you. Go on," said the lawyer kindly.

"He told me to pick some laurel leaves, bunches of them. He said they were to decorate the table. But I heard some one in the still-room while I was cleaning boots, and I looked in. He was chopping them up and making something. He didn't know there was a door in the boot-house till I creaked it and he saw me. Then Sir Thomas' dog was poisoned, and I said to the cook that perhaps he'd got what he was making. For everybody knows laurel-water is poison."

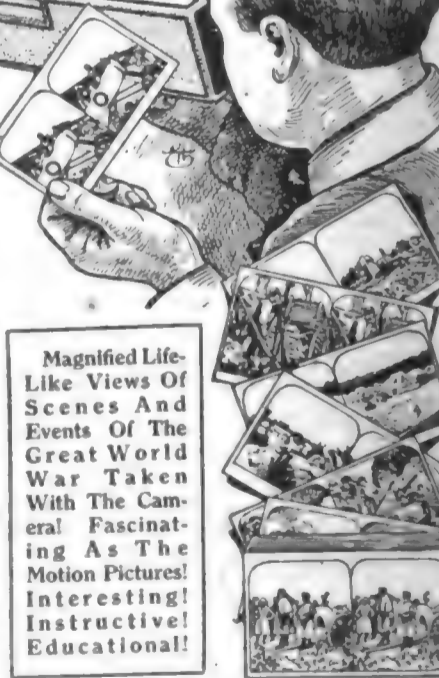
A thrill ran through the court as he described the preparation of that devilish decoction of prussic acid that every one thought Lady Levalion had made. But Towers did not see.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Read The Whole Story Now!

"THE GIRL HE LOVED" will hold you entranced to the very end. It is a wonderful story by a wonderful writer. Regular installments will appear in COMFORT each month. If you don't wait in order to get the whole story as we will give you free the complete story in book form splendidly printed in a handsome colored paper bound edition. Send us only one year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents and we will send you a copy of the book free by mail postpaid. Don't wait for the installments. Read the whole story now by accepting this offer at once.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Given For A Club Of Four

them more than hours spent in hearing or reading descriptions. Send for a Pan-Chro Scope today! Entertain and instruct yourself and family with these realistic war views right from the camera—views that show you war as it really is. We will send you one with a set of forty-eight views if you will accept the following

CLUB OFFER. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you a Pan-Chro Scope with 48 War Views free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7704.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Three Wheel Chairs in August

484 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Three wheel chairs in August seems like a big drop from the seven awarded in July, but I have learned to expect just such a tumble each summer during hot weather.

The three August chairs go to the following named shut-ins and the figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Elvie L. I. Tutor, Randolph, Miss., 188; Josephine Rebecca Taylor, E. Lexington, Va., 150; Mrs. Adella Evans, Ardmore, Okla., 133.

Elvie Tutor, age 5, has been crippled from birth by curvature of the spine. His mother, herself an invalid, writes that she is not strong enough to take care of her little crippled boy without the help of a wheel chair.

Josephine Taylor, age 15, is crippled by bone disease of the right leg. The subscriptions for her chair were obtained largely by school children of her acquaintance who canvassed the town for her.

Mrs. Adella Evans, age 59, has been afflicted with rheumatism for 23 years which has rendered her helpless except that she has sufficient use of her hands to feed herself. Her husband draws a small pension which is their only income. The wheel chair will enable him to take her out into the sunshine and fresh air.



HARLON BERL LANE ENJOYING HIS COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

Please remember that there are many other cripples suffering for a COMFORT wheel chair to enable them to get the benefit of sunshine and fresh air, and don't cease your efforts to help them just because the weather is hot. Give the Wheel-Chair Club a boost this month.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P.S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 35 cents each, and in either single or in club by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours. Any shut-in who has friends to help him get subscriptions can obtain a wheel chair free. Write me for information.

Enjoys His Comfort Wheel Chair

TYLER, TEXAS.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

We wish to thank you and the many friends who helped us get the wheel chair for Harlon, which came in good condition. I enclose photo of Harlon enjoying his wheel chair. Sincerely your friend,

MRS. G. T. LANE.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

W. O. Taylor, Va., for Josephine Rebecca Taylor, 150; Mrs. J. M. Aston, Miss., for Elvie L. I. Tutor, 29; Mrs. M. E. Carson, Ark., for F. F. Carson, 27; Johnnie Watson, Tenn., for own wheel chair, 24; Mrs. Z. T. Isaacs, Va., for Isaac Price, 23; Mrs. Mary Whitenburg, Ala., for Johnnie Whitenburg, 22; Mrs. D. W. Brunson, Ill., for R. M. Sanders, 22; Mrs. J. E. Warrick, Texas, for Mrs. Adella Evans, 21; D. W. Brunson, Ill., for R. M. Sanders, 21; Lizzie Goheen, Ky., for Neoma Goheen, 20; Mrs. J. H. Jenkins, Ga., for own wheel chair, 20; Joe McGregory, Miss., for Elvie Tutor, 20; Aaron Anson Gibbs, Ark., for R. M. Sanders, 20; Mrs. Edgar Matthey, Ky., for Miss Ethel Tyson, 20; Mrs. Katherine Corven, Vt., for Clara Josephine Nichols, 19; Miss Lula Matthews, Texas, for Geo Bailey, 18; Mrs. T. C. Satterfield, Tenn., for Mrs. J. H. Jenkins, 12; Mrs. I. E. Huddleston, Missouri, for Ira B. Huddleston, 12; Mrs. Lula Veonia Brown, Okla., for Harold Lester Brown, 12; Mrs. R. L. Bart, Okla., for Mrs. Adella Evans, 11; Mrs. W. R. Dawdy, Ga., for Mrs. J. H. Jenkins, 10; Miss Jessie Parker, Calif., for Mrs. S. V. Hughey, 10; Clyde Tutor, Miss., for Elvie L. I. Tutor, 8; Mrs. C. E. Britt, Ga., for F. F. Carson, 8; Miss Margaret Corven, Vt., for Clara Josephine Nichols, 7; Sarah Katherine Jenkins, Ga., for Mrs. J. H. Jenkins, 6.

TRY THIS.—She was waiting for him.

Gathering her brows like gathering storm, nursing her wrath to keep it warm, and when he entered the room she began—

"This is a nice time of night—"

"I—er—know I'm late," he hastily interrupted,

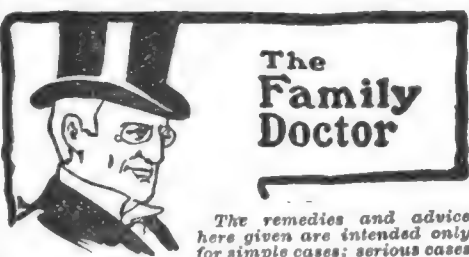
"but I couldn't help it, my dear. Club had—er—big discussion on female beauty."

"And what had you to do with that?" demanded the fretful wife.

"More'n any one there. I was the one—er—who had the most beautiful wife, an—er—of course, the best authority on female beauty, an—"

"Why don't you take off your overshoes, Henry? Let me get your slippers for you. It's awful cold outside; I think you must be half frozen."

Half an hour later Henry was safely ensconced in his easy-chair with his wife at his feet putting his slippers on.—Philadelphia Inquirer.



The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Mrs. E. S. Willow Shade, Ky.—The burning and irritation of the tongue is probably due to Riggs' disease of the teeth, so-called. You should have your teeth cleaned by some competent dentist at once, and after they are cleaned and any cavities filled that may be found there, you should use milk of magnesia to rinse out the mouth once or twice daily. It is also important to look into your general health. Maybe you have some kidney complication, or you may be rheumatic, causing excessive acidity of the secretions of the mouth, especially of the saliva, hence the local irritation and the deposit of tartar about the teeth. Pain in the ear, mentioned, is undoubtedly due to the same condition as above, and is secondary to this condition. Consult a good dentist and have the mouth condition eliminated and we are sure your troubles will cease.

Mrs. G. A. Liboll, Tenn.—Warts are best removed by the use of the actual cautery, as described so often in COMFORT. Of course a physician must apply the cautery, and attend to the subsequent treatment.

Mrs. N. S. Allens, Ark.—Cancer of the breast is first noticed in precisely the same way as described in your letter. A lump begins to form in the breast, becomes larger, and finally results in a malignant growth, if not attended to at once. Surgical procedures are always indicated in conditions of this kind. The sooner the growth is removed the better, and the more probability of cure.

"WORRIED SNOOKS," Fort Meade, Fla.—A properly adjusted corset will help you stop the "flopping of your breast." You can also use gentle massage to make them firm, also dash cold water on them daily for the same purpose.

Mrs. M. E. P. Cumberland, Md.—Operation is the only thing for you. The operation known as ventro fixation is the one indicated, we think, in your case. Don't delay, as the tissues become lax and the result not so good if you delay too long. Have operation done at once.

Mrs. E. S. Griggsville, Ill.—Your spots are undoubtedly due to the irregularity of your bowels. Get some aromatic cascara mixture at the drugist's and take one or two teaspoonfuls at bedtime. This will regulate your bowels, and no doubt cure your dull headache also. It might be well to supplement the cascara mixture, once in a while, with two compound cathartic pills taken at night. Say once in two or three weeks.

R. H. D., Choctaw, Ala.—Pimples on the face, as a rule, are due to some error in diet. Keep your bowels free, eat no sweets, drink plenty of good spring water and bathe frequently in cold water.

R. G. S., Blaine, Wash.—It is easily cured in this way. Your other trouble is undoubtedly dependent on the local condition, and will be relieved or cured by the operation indicated.

Mrs. R. S. V., Slate Springs, Miss.—Use Dobell's solution locally for your nasal catarrh. As to your other condition, you should consult your family doctor and have your lungs examined, as well as your throat, for the presence of some more serious trouble. Milk, warm from the cow, will not cure or even help constipation. Use aromatic cascara, so often referred to in COMFORT.

L. E. Spangle, Wash.—Blood pressure is the force of the heart as measured by an instrument known as the sphygmomanometer. It must be taken by a physician, and has a great bearing on the health of the individual. From your letter, you should have your blood pressure taken, as well as your kidney condition looked into. Your circulation has no doubt much to do with swelling of feet and extremities mentioned.

Mrs. J. E. B., West Huntington, W. Va.—No! Some good has been accomplished, recently, in selected cases, by operation—so-called decompression operation, but in the main, epilepsy has so far baffled the best physicians, and as before indicated, is considered incurable.

Mrs. J. P. G., Gresham, Oregon.—You should wear an elastic bandage. Apply the bandage in bed before rising and remove the bandage at night on retiring. The breaking out on the legs is no doubt due to obstruction of the return circulation—venous circulation. The bandaging will help the return circulation, and no doubt cure the local trouble.

Mrs. A. L. Houka, Miss.—Read the above case and treatment and act accordingly. Your trouble is the same. You might, in addition, apply an oxide of zinc ointment to the swelling. There is an oxide of zinc ointment in regular stock put up by the drugist. Use it full strength. Catarrh can possibly be cured by operation or treatment. Have your father use Dobell's solution, as a spray in the nostrils daily.

Mrs. V. G., Spokane, Wash.—The spots before your eyes come from your stomach. You should not eat much meat, if any. Drink plenty of good water also. You no doubt are overworked and need rest away from home and home surroundings. This will do you more good than medicine.

Mrs. F. N., New Brighton, Pa.—The electric needle, in the hands of a competent party or physician, is the only real cure for the condition mentioned in your letter. The process is a slow one as each hair must be treated separately, but the result is all that can be desired.

Mrs. M. E. Bronson, Texas.—Massage of the bust is the best thing to develop the bust. Use cocoa butter and rub the bust gently once a day.

Mrs. E. F., Dallas City, Ill.—Apply Lassar's paste to the face, full strength, twice a week only, and report the result.

Tapestry Table Cover



Nearly One Yard Square

Premium No. 7784

Given For A Club of Four

THIS beautiful, fringed Tapestry Table Cover is nearly one yard square which is a size large enough for any stand or small table and is very elaborately made up in handsome colors on an interwoven background which is of a color that harmonizes with the fringe which extends entirely around the cover. Add one or more of these beautiful colored covers to the furnishings of any room and it will enliven and cheer up the whole atmosphere of your home. They are just as durable as they are handsome and taken altogether are something any woman should be pleased to own and display. We will send you this Table Cover, exactly as described, if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 35 cents each we will send you this Tapestry Table Cover free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7784.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

How Three Big Men Made Good

By Carl Schurz Loudon

THE annual income of the oil king, John D. Rockefeller, is incomprehensible. He seemed to have an innate knowledge of how to save and he started with a big bunch of grit as his working capital. At the outset of his career he lived at a cost of a dime a day. With this lone daily dime he paid for his food, his lodging and his clothing. This phenomenal man also attributes his success to the good advice his mother gave him. He says she taught him to analyze a situation, to see its opportunities for profit, and to make everything count.

"When I became a partner in a grocery," he confessed upon one occasion, "I got some barrels of beans cheap because there were many black ones among them. I expected to sell them cheap, too, but my mother said:

"John, put in all your spare time, night and day sorting these beans. Then they will be of extra quality, and you can sell them at an extra price."

"For weeks I worked, picking over those beans by night, throwing out the black ones. It was a lesson I have never forgotten. Through me my mother says to all young men: 'Throw the worthless out of your life, make everything count.'"

In an Allegheny cotton mill there was once a bobbin boy who was paid the princely sum of twenty cents a day for his labor. He saved a portion of his daily wage, and as a worker he gave his employer extra value. He seized opportunities. With pluck and persistence he constantly made good.

When Andrew Carnegie reached seventy-six years of age, the one-time bobbin boy in the Allegheny cotton mill had amassed two hundred and fifty millions of dollars in stock, real estate and other holdings. He had also given away two hundred millions of dollars to two thousand and more libraries many of which bear his own name.

This sturdy Scotchman had a will to do. He had determination. He had control, but above all he had grit like a bulldog. And that's the kind that wins victories!

In these days of prosperity more boys receive \$5.50 a week for off-bearing in furniture factories. John Wanamaker, the merchant prince of Philadelphia, never had this magnificent opportunity. He began work with a publishing house at the low figure of \$1.50 per week or twenty-five cents a day. Just think of that! Somebody set down the recipe of his success:

"He was painstakingly prompt, polite and acceptably active; and he counted up into prosperity step by step. Openings were adroitly seized, habits of economy were steadfastly exploited. Personal trust in a beneficent providence was supplemented by thinking and toiling and trying."

Self-reliance, ability to save, energy, enterprise, enthusiasm, persistent push and no pull—that's how Rockefeller, Carnegie and Wanamaker made good!

Silk Remnants



Premium No. 5561

All Sizes, Shapes and Colors—A Large Package Sent You For One Subscription (not your own)

REMNANTS of real silk, in all shapes, sizes and colors. They are carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up beautiful quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crabby patchwork." We will send you a package containing more than one hundred of these beautiful silk pieces and 5 skeins embroidery cotton in different bright colors. If you order at once we will also send you, in addition to everything else an Instruction Book with eight full-page illustrations showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used. It tells you how to put pieces of patchwork together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join the edges, etc. This book illustrates over one hundred and fifty of these besides containing full and explicit directions for working the Outline and Kensington Stitches, Armenian and Chinese Embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch, also directions for Kensington painting. Remember you get one piece lot of these Silk Remnants (over 100 pieces), 5 skeins Embroidery Cotton and an Instruction Book, as above described, all sent to you free by Parcel Post prepaid if you will accept the following

Free Offer. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 35 cents we will send you one package of these Silk Remnants, free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 5561. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Write to them often! A message from home is worth more than anything else in the world to the boys "over there."

THEY are in the midst of death and desolation. Their spirits must be kept up. They need the inspiration that comes from friendly words from home. It is only a small thing for them to ask for, but a very important thing for us to do—to write, and write frequently. This is just as necessary for victory as the shipping of food, arms and ammunition. If you have a friend or a loved one in the service, write, write, write. Whether he is in training camp, or in the trenches, let him know that he is not forgotten. Send him long, cheerful letters telling about the little intimate things that are happening in the home—what his friends are doing—all the neighborhood events that he is interested in. To be sure, they may seem small to you, but he will read them with absolute joy. Then again, don't wait for replies. Write again—and again. And in between your letters send him post cards—lots of them.

Stirring, Patriotic Post Card Messages To Soldiers! A Big Package Mailed You Free!

There are thousands of COMFORT homes from which son, brother or husband has answered his country's call. To each of these homes we want to send a package of these Post Cards. If you have no near relatives in the service then you need these cards to send to your friends and acquaintances who have gone. "Beautiful—inspiring—patriotic—they are just the thing to mail to soldiers anywhere. There are 24 cards in the package, every one different, but all carrying an appropriate message or tender words of greeting and remembrance to some soldier boy who is now fighting for you. You will be delighted with these cards—and so will the boy who receives them. The striking designs, showing President Wilson, the American Flag, Flags of the Allied Nations, Shields and other patriotic emblems, are all highly embossed in the most beautiful colors, while the verses of greeting, good wishes, etc., are cleverly worked into the designs in a most artistic manner. The cards themselves are of regulation post card size—3 1/2 x 5 1/2 inches—and there are the usual spaces for the address and any personal message you may care to write yourself. We want to give a package of these cards to every COMFORT reader who has a friend or loved one fighting for Uncle Sam. You need them—they are the finest, most appropriate message to soldiers ever thought of. Nothing like them has ever been before. They will be treasured for years as souvenirs of the great war. If you have no son, brother, husband or sweetheart "over there," some of your friends or neighbors have. Write to them! Send them letters, and one of these Patriotic Post Cards every now and then. Remember, they are fighting for you—all of us. Cheer them on to victory and everlasting peace for the whole world.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Our Special Offer

WE shall send you a package of these beautiful, patriotic Post Cards—24 cards in all—if you will send us one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 35 cents. Remember, it must not be your own subscription, but the subscription of some friend or neighbor. You will receive the cards by mail postpaid. If you want more than one package, you can have them by sending one one-year subscription (not your own), at 35 cents for each package wanted. Better send for at least two packages right away. You will need them. Premium No. 8271.

The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents: New vulcanized rubber apron. Acid-proof, grease-proof, water-proof. Five sizes. Needs no laundering. Sells in every home, to men and women in factories, laundries, restaurants, etc. Write for samples. Thomas Apron Co., 4119 North St., Dayton, O.

Large Man/Tr wants agents to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 603 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Sell Insyde Tyres, inner armour for auto tires double mileage, prevents punctures and blow-outs, big profits. Details Free. American Accessories Co., Dept. 1118, Cincinnati.

How Much Gasoline can you sell at 20 per gallon? World tests for three years to prove it. Secure exclusive rights for your county. "Carbonoid," Box "G", Bradley Beach, N. J.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 31 So. Main, St. Louis.

Agents \$40 a week selling new lantern, 300 candle power. Burns coal-oil. Can't set fire to anything. Burns in all kinds of weather. Rain-proof, wind-proof, bug-proof. Sells everywhere. Write for agency and sample. Thomas Lantern Co., 4219 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

\$10 to \$15 per day handling new household articles. Big war time sellers. All on spare time. Outfit free. Territory going fast. Write quick. Duo Co., Dept. W. 46, Attica, N. Y.

Agents Profits—Our plan beats anything ever before offered. Goods practically sell themselves. "Horoco," 131 Locust, St. Louis, Mo.

Agents! Quick Sales! Big Profits! Outfit Free! Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Hosiery, Underwear, etc. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. H. 2, 45 Broadway, New York.

Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. G, 1324 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Young Man, please wear this suit and show it to your friends. Write for book of free samples, latest styles and wonderful offer. Banner Tailoring Co., Dept. 904 Chicago, Ill.

Agents—Get particulars of the best paying household proposition ever offered. Great demand—large profits—\$2000 yearly. Address for particulars, E. M. Feltman, Mgr., 7415 Third St., Cincinnati, O.

Agents. Sell rich looking \$245 Imported Rugs, \$1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit \$37; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid \$60. H. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

American Military Styles are all the rage in men's tailored to measure suits this season. Easiest to sell; everybody wants them. Far ahead of all others in real class and beauty. Lowest prices—less than common ready-made suits. Our Agents are earning money. You can earn \$10 daily. Send for full particulars, terms and sample book of styles and patterns. American Woolen Mills Co., Dept. 907, Chicago, Ill.

Want Reliable, Energetic Investors to sell locally, established proven oil stocks and First Mortgage Real Estate bonds. Write for circulars. L. N. Rosenbaum & Co., 135 Broadway, New York.

Hobbies of Our Presidents

By Carl Schurz Lowden

Telling a joke was the hobby of "Honest Abe," Lincoln. As a prelude to talking over the proposed Emancipation Proclamation, he told the cabinet members he would die if he could not laugh occasionally.

John Adams and his son, John Quincy, loved the rod and line. They loved it too well, for neither of them obtained a coveted second term at Washington. Grover Cleveland, also a confirmed fisherman, failed of re-election but tried again and succeeded four years later.

Horse-racing delighted the heart of George Washington. He made many trips from New York to Philadelphia to see the fascinating sport. His own letters reveal his immense pleasure at joining in the fox chase and hunting wild game.

In the matter of horse-trading, Andrew Jackson was an expert. He was a failure at donkey-trading, for the lot he gave for a fine animal is now in the heart of New York City. "Old Hickory" also knew a thing or two about wrestling and boxing which were his favorite sports.

"At sixty years of age," an author comments upon Grant, champion smoker among our presidents, "the General felt he had earned a rest, and being healthy, wealthy and wise, settled down to smoke his ever-present cigar in a comfortable home in East Sixty-sixth street, New York."

Romping with his children was the hobby of Garfield. One day his son, Harry, came into his room and, turning a hand-spring, asked: "Don't you wish you could do that?"

"I think I can," the President replied. Though not as nimble as his youthful son, he accepted the challenge and performed the stunt in short order.

The luxuries of the table appealed strongly to William Henry Harrison, and his few days at Washington were dotted with visits to the market. In a huge basket he carried to the White House the results of his bargaining.

Madison delighted in roses and used his odd moments in cultivating them. The famous Madison Meadows were produced by him. The hobbies of William McKinley, for whom we appropriately wear a carnation one day in each year, were flowers and croquet.

The Germans have seized the rolling stock and equipment of the trolley line from Maestricht to Lanaken (Belgian Limburg). Ralls have been shipped to Germany. The occupying authorities are also pursuing the same policy with the southern trolley lines of Limburg and the line of Northern Liege.

TOILET ARTICLES

Freckles Positively Removed, by Dr. Berry's Freckle Ointment, or money back. By mail, 60c. Free Booklet. Dr. C. H. Berry Co., 2976 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Make Your Own Hair Tonic. A bottle of P. T. Compound will make 1 quart of good Hair Tonic and Dandruff Remover just by adding water. \$1.00 by mail. P. T. Uffell, Lock Box 461, Huntington, Ind.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors:—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, 64, Hannibal, Mo.

HELP—MALE AND FEMALE

Earn \$25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 461 St. Louis, Mo.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. \$25-\$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

BOOKS

"From The Hall Room To Hell" mailed anywhere for \$1. L. E. Munoy, 136 E. Pleasant Ave., X, Syracuse, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address: Writers' Service, Dept. 31, Auburn, N. Y.

ROOTS, HERBS, ETC.

\$5.00 a Day Gathering Evergreens, Roots and Herbs. (Linseng, 151b.; Belladonna Seed, \$44 lb. or grow it yourself. Book and war prices free. Botanical-1, New Haven, Conn.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Wanted ten bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell well known goods to established dealers. \$35.00 to \$50.00 per week; railroad fare paid; weekly advance for traveling expenses. Address at once. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 32, Omaha, Neb.

Thousands women wanted. Government War positions. \$100 month. List Free. Franklin Institute, Dept. T 8, Rochester, N. Y.

We Have Customers who will buy from you tea aprons and dust caps in dozen lots. They also want fancy work of all kinds—Embroidery, Crocheting and Tatting. Send 20c for patterns and prices. Returned if dissatisfied. Kenwood Sales Shops, 6238 N. Park Ave., Chicago.

Be Expert Dress Designers. \$125 month. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. T 86, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED

Government Pays \$900 to \$1200 yearly. Prepare for coming "exams" under former Civil Service Examiner. New Book Free. Write Patterson Civil Service School, Box J-15, Rochester, N. Y.

Male Help Wanted. Firemen, Brakemen, Baggage-men, \$140-\$200 monthly. Colored Porters, by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. \$25 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

HELP WANTED

Men and Women Wanted, 18 to 30, to fill thousands of vacancies and new positions in Government Service in Washington and elsewhere. Permanent, higher salaries, patriotic work, easy hours, paid vacations. Get appointments. Write for free Book RE, listing positions. Washington Civil Service School, 2004 Marden Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MICH. FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Michigan's Best Hardwood Land. 10 to 100 A. \$15 to \$25 per A. Small payments. Free insurance. Farm advisers. E. R. fare with sale. Fine grain, stock, fruit land. Towns, schools, churches, markets. Big booklet free. Swigart Land Co., 11346 First Nat'l Bk. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

PIGS FOR SALE

O. I. C. Hogs, Large, Prolific, prize winning blood Bred Sows. 60 service boars. Pr. pigs mailed \$25. W. D. Eubush, Macomb, Ill.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents. Write for List of Patent Buyers and Inventors Wanted. \$1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Send sketch for free opinion as to patentability. Our four books sent free. Patents advertised free. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Patents Promptly Procured. 1918 Edition Patent book free. High class service. Fees reasonable. Send sketch for actual search and report. George F. Kimmel, Patent Lawyer, 27-1 Oriental Building, Washington, D. C.

Wanted An Idea! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas. They may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and list of "Patent Buyers." Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

Millions spent annually for ideas! Hundreds now wanted! Patent yours and profit! Write today for free books—tell how to protect yourself, how to invent, ideas wanted, how we help you sell, etc., 203 Patent Dept., American Industries, Inc., Washington, D. C.

Ideas Wanted—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. Four books with hundreds of inventions wanted sent free. I help you market your invention. Advice Free. E. B. Owen, 19 Owen Bldg., Wash. D. C.

Invent Something. Your ideas may bring wealth. Send Postal for Free book. Tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent through our credit system. Talbert & Talbert, 4300 Talbert Building, Washington, D. C.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

Big Profits—Small Investment—Complete Guaranteed Moving Picture outfit furnished on Easy Payment Plan. No experience needed. We start you successfully. Free Catalog. Dept. M1, Monarch Film Service, 220 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

\$15.00 to \$20.00 Nightly on small investment. Complete Moving Picture Outfit, Machine, Film, etc. at manufacturers' prices sold on installment. Free catalog. Moving Picture Sales Co., 640 Plymouth Place, Dept. OT, Chicago.

\$75.00 buys complete professional Moving Picture Outfit Machine Films supplies. Make big money. Small investment. Write for Particulars. Hillworth Film Co., Dept. 5D, 607 So. Dearborn St., Chicago.

FOR THE GARDEN

Frost Proof Cabbage Plants, leading varieties, \$2.00 per 1000 net prepaid. Clark Plant Co., Thomasville, Ga.

COINS AND STAMPS BOUGHT

Will pay \$100.00 For Trade Dollar 1863; \$7.00 for 1853 Quarter without arrows; \$750.00 for certain \$5.00 gold without motto. Cash premiums for rare coins to 1912. (Get posted. Send 4c. Get our Large Coin Circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 4, Fort Worth, Texas.

PHOTO FINISHING

Mail Us 10c with any size film for development and six velvet prints. Best material. Skilled operators. Get our book. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 228 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 1123 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Any Size Kodak Film developed 10c, six prints Free with first roll; or send six negatives and 10c for trial. Ask for Bargain Price-list. Shea & Williams, 2076 E. Third St., Dayton, Ohio.

Films developed free. High class work. perfect prints at 1/3 to 7c. We do the best work in the Photo City. Remit with your order and get returns same day. Bryans Drug House, Rochester, N. Y.

SALESMEN WANTED

Salesmen—To sell Oils, Belting, Hoses, Paint, Varnish, to factories, mills, auto owners, stores, thrashers, outside large cities. Excellent proposition. Paid weekly. O. L. Doty, Century Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

MUSIC FOR SALE

War Song, latest. Title, "Be A Pilgrim." Sent by address in the states 10 cents silver. Cordell Music Co., Kearney, Mo.

INVENTIONS

Have you a practical invention to sell outright or place on royalty? Send details to Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 51 A, St. Louis.

INTEREST TO WOMEN

Manual Voluntary Aid 1906 30th St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Twenty-five cents. Directions for woman's war work. Order today.

Women. The best kitchen-work you ever had. Made from your old carpets and my preparation. Easy to clean and wears for years. Better than linoleum. Send 15c. for formula. Box 229 G. St. Station, Akron, O.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Boys & Girls. Send us your name and we will send you 10 beautiful war pictures. Including Over The Top, Liberty For All, For Ever, Duty Calls, and many others. Sell them at 25c each. When sold send us \$1.00, you keep \$1.00. Everybody buys. Yankee Studio, 264 W. Lake St., Dept. A, Chicago.

PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

The Riverside Phonograph from factory to you \$35, \$50, \$75. Free catalog. Agents wanted. 10 Columbia Records 60c. Riverside Phon. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Ten Commandments of the French Consumer During the War

The economic and social section of the League of Patriots, with headquarters in Paris, Rue Ste. Anne, has distributed a leaflet urging the French to endure without complaint the restrictions imposed upon them in the interest of their country. The following is a copy:

(1). Do not forget that we are at war. In your smallest expenditures never lose sight of the interests of the native land.

(2). Economize on the products necessary for the life of the country: Coal, bread, meat, milk, sugar, wine, butter, beans, cloths, leather, oil. Accept ration. Ration yourself as to food, clothing, amusements.

(3). Save the products of French soil, least some day you deprive your father, your son, your husband, who are shedding their blood to defend you.

(4). Save the products that France must buy from foreign countries. Do not drain reserves of gold which are indispensable to victory.

(5). Waste nothing. All waste is a crime which imperils the national defense—prolongs the war.

(6). Buy only according to your needs. Do not hoard provisions; your selfishness raises prices and deprives those of smaller means of things indispensable to existence.

(7). Do not travel unnecessarily. Reflect that our trains are, before all, destined for the transportation of the troops, the feeding of the population, the needs of our national production.

(8). Do not remain idle. According to your age and your ability work for your country. Do not consume without producing. Idleness is desertion.

(9). Accept without murmuring the privations which are imposed upon you. Reflect upon the sufferings of those who are fighting for you, upon the martyrdom of the population whose hearths have been devastated by the enemy.

(10). Remember that victory belongs to those who can hold out a quarter of an hour the longest.

"That France may live, she must be victorious."

Real Affluence

Our idea of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice would be to be in a position to subscribe a cool \$100 to every one of the worthy causes now confronting us in such numbers and not feel it especially. —Ohio State Journal.

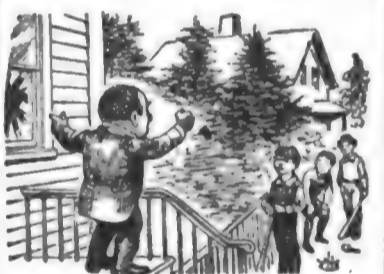
The Next Greatest Peril

When Edison discovers a method of safety from the submarine peril he might tackle the automobile. —N. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Comfort's Comicalities "Jest for Fun"

Lost Property

"Look here, young rascal! Did you break that window?"
"No, sir. Honest, I didn't."
"Do you know who did break it?"
"No, sir; I don't know anything about it at all."



"Well, get away from here. I don't want you kids hanging around in front of my house."
"All right, mister. Will you please give me my ball before I go?"
"Give you your ball? Where is it?"
"I think it's in your front parlor." —Louisville Herald.

Taken by Storm

The cruel winds tore at the waves as if to whirl them away.
The man and the maid sat close together on the beach and watched the storm.
"How the wind howls, darling," said she, yelling to make herself heard.
"Yes," shrieked her lover.
"Why does it howl?" she screamed.
"Dunno. Perhaps it's got the toothache," he bellowed.
"The toothache?" she howled. "How-ever—"
"Yes," he roared. "Haven't you heard of the teeth of the gale?"
Then the wind howled worse than ever, as she handed him back the engagement ring. —Stray Stories.

For Safety's Sake

Few things have suffered a bigger smack from the desolating hand of war than wood. At the present time a bundle of firewood of most delicate physique costs a penny.
A watchman was discovered asleep minus his wooden leg, and a friendly wayfarer awoke him with the exclamation:
"Hey, man, they've stolen your leg."
The sleeper sat up and glowered.
"Did ye think," said he, sarcastically, "that I wad gang ta sleep in this locality wif' onything about me for burnin'?" The wife tas awa' my leg every night and brings it back i' the mornin'." —Pearson's Weekly.

An Omission

The head nurse—"Stop it! Are you trying to shake that sick man's ribs loose?"
The substitute nurse—"No, not that. But I just gave him his medicine and I forgot to shake it, as you told me to, so I'm doing it now." —Boston Herald.

Hot Shot

Mother wanted Fannie to marry the millionaire. Father wanted her to marry the poor man.

"You married for love yourself, my dear, did you not?" smiled father sentimentally.
"Yes," answered the mother decisively, "and you don't suppose I'm going to stand by and see our daughter make the same mistake, do you?" —Boston Herald.

Embarrassing

"These short skirts are rather bewildering."
"Yes, it isn't safe any more to offer to take what you think is a little girl on your lap." —Kansas City Journal.

A Note to Mr. Hoover

Dear Herbert—Today at a luncheon I ate, and whereabouts there I maneuvered; As clean as the back of your hand was my plate, I hoovered and hoovered and hoovered. —Philadelphia Ledger.

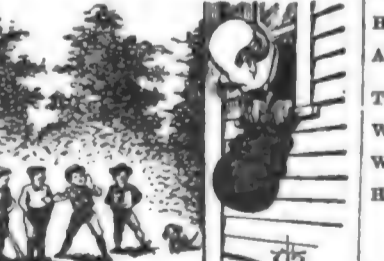
The Hello Girl

How doth the busy hello girl
Out-buzz the busy bee
Especially betwixt the hours
Of noon and thence.

Diner—"Look here! Isn't that a hair on the butter?"
Waiter—"Yes, sir, a cow's hair. We always serve one with the butter to show that it isn't oleomargarine." —Tid-Bits.

Proving It

Father sat in his study one afternoon writing out a speech when his son called shrilly from the garden: "Dad! Look out of the window!"
"What a nuisance children are at times!" grumbled the parent, as he put down his pen and advanced to the window.



dow. With a half smile he raised the ash and stuck forth his head. "Well, Harry, what is it?" he asked.
"The boy from a group of youngsters, called out: 'Dad, Tommy Perkins didn't believe that you had no hair on the top of your head.' —Outward.

A Lesson in Politeness

E. H. R. Green, son of the late Hetty Green, tells this one on himself. His office boy came rushing in one morning and said:
"Say, there's a great ball game on this afternoon. Kin I go?"
Green looked at the boy a moment and then said:
"Now, Johnny, you sit here and make believe you're I and I'll make believe I'm you, and I'll show you how you should have come in and said that." Green went out. A minute later the

door opened softly, he came in and turning toward the desk he said:

"There's a ball game this afternoon, sir. Do you think I could get off for a few hours to see it?"
"Sure," replied the boy, "and here's a quarter to get in with."

Their Fortunes Made

Pat and Mike enlisted in an English regiment and were promised three shillings each for every German they killed. One night when both were on duty in an observation post, Mike, whose eyes had been glued on the Teuton line, turned excitedly to Pat and whispered, "They're coming."
"Who's coming?" retorted Pat.
"The Germans," answered Mike.
"How many?" queried Pat.
"Fifty thousand," Mike replied.
"Begorra, Mike, our fortunes are made," exclaimed Pat.—Portland Express.

Has His Own Troubles.

There was an expressman, alas and alack!
Who tumbled down-stairs with a stove on his back.
When asked how he felt, he replied with a frown,
"I'm somewhat stove up, but I got the stove down." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

There was an expressman, who suffered shucks!
Fell headlong down-stairs as he carried a box.
As he looked at the pieces, he said with a grin,
"Now I'm out of that man's box, what a box I am in!" —Detroit Free Press.

There was an expressman, alas and alack!
Who plunged down the stairs through a big looking glass.
He stared at the pieces with a scowl and with equit—
And made some reflections that no one could print. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There was an expressman, alas and alack!
Who staggered upstairs with a trunk on his back.
When three flights he'd climbed, much to his dismay,
He learned that the owner had just moved away. —Portland Press.

Once He Guessed Wrong

"My wife put one over on me last night," said one of Portland's leading lawyers, who is long on legal lore and short on memory.
"Did you mail that letter I gave you this morning?" she asked me when I got home.
"Certainly, my dear," I replied, "I carried it in my hand so I wouldn't forget it and dropped it in the first letter box I came to on Congress street."

"Oh, you did, did you," she answered with a laugh, "well I didn't happen to give you any." —Portland Express.



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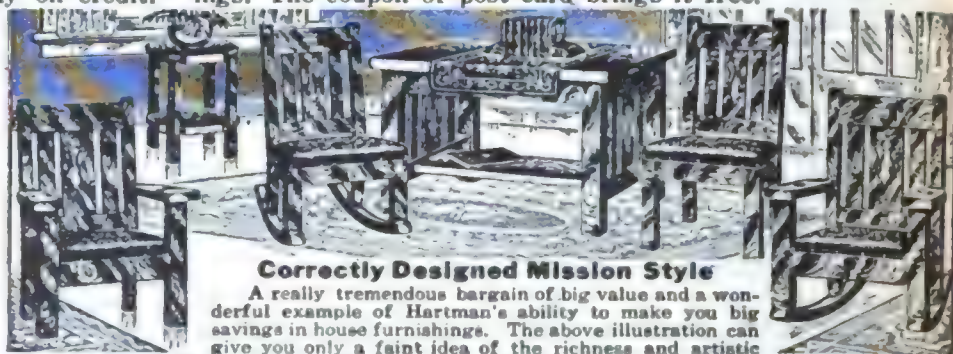
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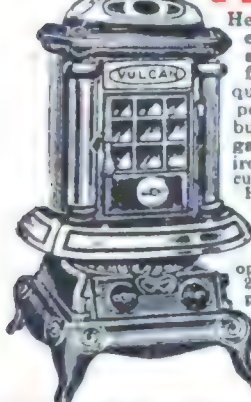


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<input type="checkbox"/> 4 Chairs, Golden Oak No. 233TMA24	<input type="checkbox"/> 4 Chairs, Fumed Oak No. 233TMA25	<input type="checkbox"/> Table, Golden Oak No. 233TMA26	<input type="checkbox"/> Table, Fumed Oak No. 233TMA27

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NO. 12

OCTOBER
1918



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LITTLE CHILDREN ON THE FARM

See page 13

COMFORT

EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Newspapers and Magazines Reduce Number of Pages and Drop Subscriptions at Expiration to Conserve Paper

IN the interest of conservation for war purposes the people have submitted gracefully to being allowed in their consumption of certain foods, notably sugar, flour and meat. And now they must accustom themselves to a rigid economy in the use of paper. The war has caused a scarcity of paper of all kinds, attended by a sharp advance in the prices of all grades. The Government, through the War Industries Board, has taken the situation in hand to the extent of regulating the price and distribution of print paper to the publishers. The shortage is the more acute because the decrease in production has come at a time of increased demand, when the public is eagerly calling for more news and periodical reading matter and the Government has largely increased its use of paper and especially for war propaganda and publicity purposes.

The demand so far exceeds the supply as to necessitate a general curtailment in the use of paper, and therefore, in order that all legitimate users may share in fair proportion, the publishers have promised the War Industries Board to cut their consumption of paper to the lowest practicable limit. Among the numerous rules prescribed by the Board and agreed to by the publishers for economy of paper stock are two important requirements which affect the public as well as the publishers.

First, newspapers and magazines must be reduced in weight and bulk, which will relieve overtaxed transportation facilities as well as save paper. Consequently people will notice that their papers and magazines are lighter and thinner with less pages than heretofore, and when they understand that it is in pursuance of the Government's policy of conservation due to war conditions they will accept the situation cheerfully as they have the food regulations. But on this score comparatively little deprivation will be realized by readers because of the diligent efforts of publishers to make the best use of the limited allowance at their disposal by filling their pages with high quality matter, boiled down and condensed to cover the field as fully and satisfactorily as when larger issues were attainable. We assure our readers that no department or essential feature of *Comfort* will be omitted or impaired in value although some, if not all, of them have had to be abridged. It is our purpose to present the full substance in fewer words by careful revising and editing.

Second, publishers are not allowed to carry any credit subscriptions; they must be kept paid in advance. All subscriptions must be cut off short immediately on expiration unless previously renewed and paid for. Heretofore it has been customary, for the accommodation of subscribers who were slow or careless about renewing, to carry their subscriptions on credit for a limited period and send them copies of one or more issues after expiration in order to give such delinquents an opportunity to renew, without missing one or two numbers meanwhile. But this practice is strictly forbidden by the new rules which do not permit us to send even one copy after expiration, until the subscription is renewed. It is important that subscribers bear this in mind and renew promptly on or before expiration in order to avoid the inconvenience of missing an issue. And, furthermore, we cannot supply back numbers to those who are remiss in renewing, as we are not allowed to print surplus copies for this purpose. On each wrapper, over the subscriber's name, is always printed a number which indicates the month when the subscription expires.

Look at the wrapper on your copy of *Comfort* this month, see what the number is over your name and figure out the month when your subscription expires; it is easily done. If it is 360 it means that your subscription expires with this present October issue and that you will not re-

ceive November *Comfort* unless you renew at once. If it is 361 it means that the expiration comes next month with the November issue; 362 means the next December issue, and so on, a month later for each succeeding number. With this key you can figure out your expiration month. Get in the habit of looking at the wrapper each month so to keep in mind your expiration month, and don't wait till the last month to renew your subscription. Attend to it a month or two in advance so to make sure not to miss an issue by letting the expiration time slip by you. Advance renewals will be credited and extended the full period paid for beyond date of expiration, and you can see for yourself by keeping tabs on the number on your wrapper. In this way you can do your bit to assist *Comfort's* publisher in living up to the letter and spirit of the new rules.

But print paper is not the only kind that is scarce. There is a shortage of all sorts of paper, writing paper, wrapping paper and paper bags, and it is everybody's duty to conserve the scanty supply so far as possible. Let none go to waste. Save all paper; frequently it may be used over again for some purpose, and paper and cotton rags that are unfit for your use should be stowed away until they can be sold to the junk man to be ground into pulp and made over again into paper. Present prices of waste paper and rags make it worth while as well as a duty.

Government Urges Farmers to Secure Winter Supply of Mill Feed Early

THE enormous burden of moving troops, military equipment, munitions and war material has overtaxed the transportation facilities of the country. The necessity for expediting shipments for war purposes delays all other freight fortunate enough to escape being refused transportation under temporary or indefinite embargo. So difficult was the railroad freight situation last winter that certain sections were threatened with a food famine and actually did suffer a severe shortage of cattle and poultry feed in consequence of the temporary extension of the embargo even to these necessities. The same conditions are likely to recur the coming winter and therefore, in a recent bulletin issued by the U. S. Food Administration, the farmers are advised to lay in a full winter's supply of mill feeds early in the fall. It is also stated that the Department has established fair prices for mill feeds, which licensed millers and dealers cannot exceed without incurring a penalty, so that there is no object in delaying orders in expectation of lower prices, and it is pointed out that, besides the transportation difficulties in winter, the demand for feed at that season usually exceeds the output of the mills which, of itself, makes deliveries uncertain. "Feed actually in your possession" it adds "is feed you can depend on." It concludes by saying that "the Food Administration has established conditions in the feed industry that will result in better service and moderate costs. Your early order for feed will help to prevent congestion in industry and disappointing delay for yourself." In the light of last winter's experience those who fail to act on this advice must blame themselves for the consequences.

Order Your Incubator Early to Offset Delays in Transportation

IN view of the delays in railroad transportation, previously mentioned, and the possibility of temporary embargo next winter it would be no more than common prudence on the part of anyone intending to procure an incubator for early hatching to place his order as soon as possible in order to make sure of having it in due season for use when needed. The Food Administration's advice regarding feed is equally applicable to incubators--the incubator actually in your possession is the incubator you can rely on. If

you delay ordering your incubator until shortly before you need to use it you may lose the best and most profitable use of it the coming season.

The War and the Harvest--Prospects of Both Are Promising

THE war-stricken and famishing world awaits with equal anxiety tidings of the harvest and news of battle. Both now are cheering and give promise of such decisive victory in the near future as shall crush the power and curb the plunder lust of the piratical Huns and bring the peaceably disposed, liberty-loving nations surcease from war.

The splendid strategy of General Foch's counter-attack, in progress since July 18th, and executed with perfect precision and superb gallantry by the British, French and American armies, has reclaimed nearly all the territory taken by the Germans in the previous four months and at some points has driven the enemy even beyond the line whence the German advance started last March. The Kaiser's forces are still retreating on the entire battle front of more than a hundred miles and, although the fighting continues fiercely, the resistance of the Germans is slackening and their courage seems to be weakening under successive defeats and heavy losses in killed, wounded and missing. The Allies have taken one hundred and fifty thousand prisoners besides more than fifteen hundred guns, innumerable small arms and an enormous quantity of munitions. At the present rate of advance the beginning of winter will find the allied armies intrenched on or near the German frontier ready to push the seat of war over into the "fatherland" next Spring. It is believed that, when that stage is reached, the German people, who rejoiced in starting the war in expectation of conquest, pillage and indemnity, and were willing to carry it on so long as the fighting and destruction were wholly in enemy countries, will see the hopelessness of further efforts to attain their purpose and will sue for peace on almost any terms that will save their own country from devastation by invasion. If they can not keep the allied armies out of Germany it means peace at the frontier or after the Allies have fought their way to Berlin. And surely they can expect no better terms by prolonging the conflict to the point of self destruction.

Food has as much to do as soldiers with winning the war. The severe food shortage in Germany is aggravated by unfavorable crop conditions there, while the allied countries together are harvesting crops sufficient to feed their people and their armies through the coming year. Although agricultural production has been curtailed in France and Italy by shortage of labor and by the enemy's occupation of parts of these countries, Great Britain has increased her acreage under cultivation and her crops by about one-third, chiefly by means of American tractors. But the United States and Canada, which with their vast agricultural resources are the main dependence of the Allies, have responded with large crops of all kinds except American cotton, of which latter there will be a considerable shortage. Canada has largely increased her acreage planted to food crops, while on our side of the line the farmers have planted twenty-three million more acres than in 1916. Our war gardens also have contributed their share. Recent reports show that the war gardeners planted five million two hundred and eighty-five thousand home food producing plots during 1918, an increase of fifty-one per cent over 1917. The total value of the war garden products this year is estimated at five hundred and twenty-five million dollars, a gain of fifty per cent over 1917, and a large part of this produce has been conserved for winter use by canning or drying. Buy Liberty Bonds and help provide the sinews of war.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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IN & AROUND The HOME

Conducted By
Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson

For Baby's Comfort

WHenever a small, but important, new member arrives in a family the question of comfortable waking and sleeping quarters becomes one of thoughtful consideration.

Our illustration, Fig. 1, shows a foundation basket which settles one of these matters nicely for it will make a thoroughly practical bed for the wee one.



FOUNDATION BASKET. FIG. 1.

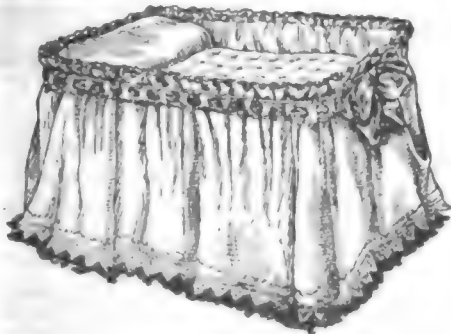
A basket of this shape about thirty-two inches long by twelve deep with either a handle from side to side across the center, or handles on the ends, and some wood for standards will be needed. The four strips of wood one measuring thirty-two by two and one half by one inches. These should be securely nailed to the top of the basket, then crossed and held securely by a strip or rod just underneath the basket, as shown.

If one prefers, the basket and standards can be painted and then enameled, but if finished with a drapery only the posts need be painted.

To fit up as shown in Fig. 2, first cover the inside of the basket and add a deep flounce to the outside of either pink or blue silkateen or muslin, then cover with dainty lawn or dotted muslin finishing the lower edge with a hem and tucks or band of insertion or having the edge of lace.

An easy way to arrange the outside ruffle is to have it with an elastic run through the top, which will fit tighter around the edge of the basket, then cover this with a ribbon run beading, finishing with a bow. This should be of either pink or blue to match the under ruffle.

Fit the inside of the basket with a hair pillow if possible, or cover a feather pillow with a cotton pad, a smaller rubber blanket, sheets and blanket, or puff, and a tiny pillow.



BASKET BED FOR BABY. FIG. 2.

Either in its plain painted simplicity, or covered daintily, this little basket bed will prove a pretty bit of furniture for mother's room or the nursery.

It also has an advantage over a larger and heavier bed or crib, as it can be moved about to wherever mother is busy, or placed on the piazza so that the fresh air nap is possible.

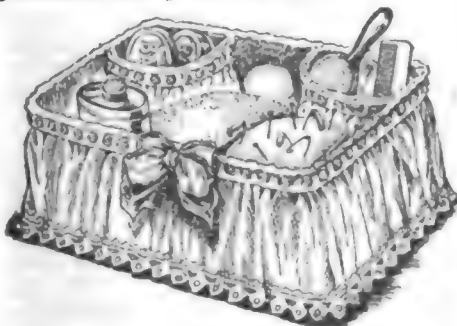
Such a basket as this is very convenient when travelling as baby can rest comfortably on the journey, and when a change is necessary baby can be carried and the basket used for the numerous things necessary on a trip.

In our illustration, Fig. 3, is shown another basket which baby surely needs for its comfort.

Here is a place where all the little toilet necessities may be kept easily at hand and in an attractive way. This basket may also be set on a standard or not as seems most convenient.

To fit up, cover first with a color and over this use white the same as for the bed. Pretty little pockets, their fullness looped in with ribbons, are convenient in the corners for holding all the little things which would otherwise so easily become misplaced.

The colored lining should first be sewed to the basket's top with but slight fullness, then gathered muslin placed over this.



ARTICLES FOR BABY'S COMFORT. FIG. 3.

Sew this flounce on from its under side, and then turning it over tacking down around the bottom of the basket. Finish the outside with a double ruffle as shown and the edge of the basket outline with ribbon run beading and bows of baby ribbon.

To one side of the basket add a daintily made cushion and over the bottom fit a pad made of heavy cardboard covered to match.

The other fittings depend upon the mother's individual taste, but should include a little comb and brush, a powder box and puff, soap case, etc.

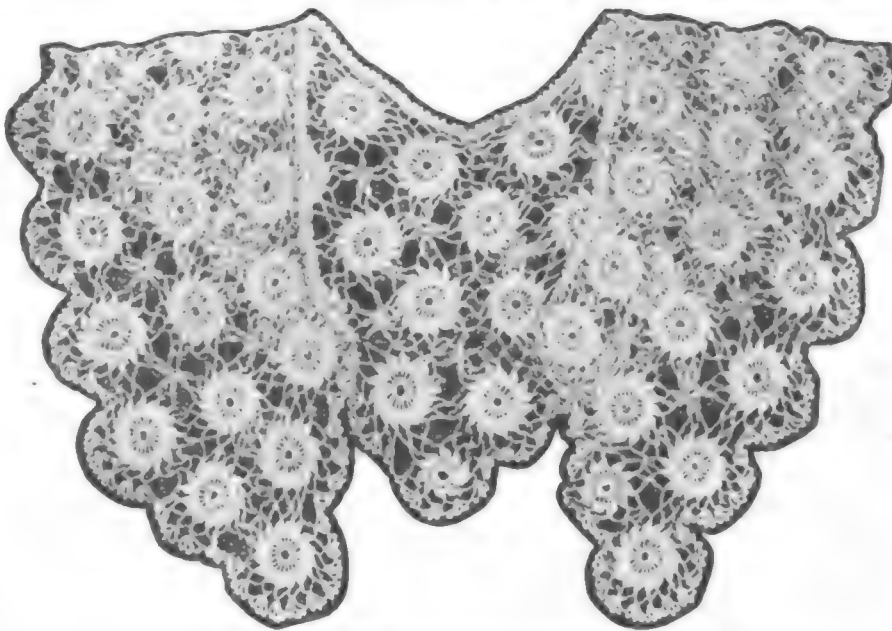
Rolls of soft old linen, plenty of safety pins of varying sizes, bib pins, booties and in fact all the little accessories necessary for baby's comfort and happiness and mother's convenience should be kept together in this basket.

Sunburst Wheel Collar

For the crocheted collar one should use 80 or 100 crochet cotton for the most lacy effect. The wheels should all be made first, then arranged

on a well-fitting pattern cut from light weight cotton material and joined crocheting in the smaller motifs shown in Fig. 1. Wheels. Ch. 5, join in ring, ch. 3, 1 d. c., ch. 1, 1 d. c., ch. 1, repeat until having 15 d. c., ch. 1, slip st. to first ch. 3.

Ch. 3, 1 d. c. between ch. 3, and first double, 1 treble, work off all excepting last two loops.



CROCHETED SUNBURST COLLAR.

With these on hook make another treble and work off all stitches two at a time, ch. 5, repeat all around, break thread. Joining motif, ch. 4, join in ring.

Filet Edging

Ch. 24 sts., turn.
1st row.—1 d. c. in 4th st. from hook, 9 d. c. in next 9 sts., * ch. 2, skip 2, 1 d. c. in next st., repeat from * making 3 more spaces, ch. 5, turn.

2nd row.—4 sps. over sps., 2 sps. over doubles, 1 d. c. on each of last 4 doubles, ch. 9, turn.
3rd row.—1 d. c. in 4th st. from hook, 6 d. c. in ch., 4 d. c. over 4 d. c., this increases a row 2 blks., and is always worked in the same way, 6 sps., ch. 5, turn.

4th row.—8 sps., 2 blks. or 7 d. c. increase by chaining 9 as before.

5th row.—3 blks., 9 sps., ch. 5, turn.

6th row.—11 sps., 1 blk., increase 1 blk. by chaining 6.

7th row.—2 blks., 11 sps., ch. 5.

8th row.—12 sps., 1 blk., ch. 6.

9th row.—1 blk. on ch. 6, 2 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 6 sps., ch. 5.

10th row.—6 sps., 3 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., ch. 3.

11th row.—1 blk., 1 sp., 3 blks., 1 sp., 4 blks., 4 sps., ch. 5.

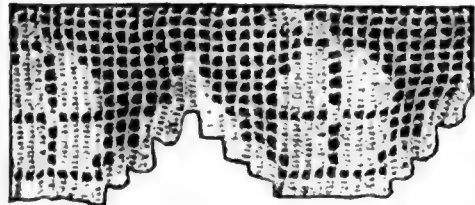
12th row.—Same as last, but reversed.

13th row.—1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps.

14th row.—2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 4 blks., 1 sp., 4 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk.

15th row.—The same, reversed.

16th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 3 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk.



FILET EDGING.

17th row.—1 blk., 2 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp.

18th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 10 sps., 1 blk.

19th row.—2 blks., 11 sps.

20th row.—11 sps., 1 blk.

21st row.—3 blks., 9 sps.

22nd row.—8 sps., 2 blks.

23rd row.—4 blks., 6 sps.

24th row.—4 sps., 4 blks. Inc. 2 blks. and repeat pattern.

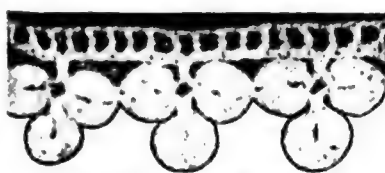
Clover Leaf Edging

Make chain desired length, turn, make 1 d. c. in 8th st., ch. 2, skip 2, 1 d. c. in next st., repeat. Ch. 1, 2 s. c. in each first two spaces, 1 s. c. in third.

For first clover.—Ch. 9, sl. st. in 6th st. from hook, 12 d. c., 1 s. c. in loop.

2nd clover.—Ch. 9, sl. st. to form loop, 12 d. c., 1 s. c. in loop, 2 s. c. over ch. 3.

3rd clover.—Ch. 7, form loop, 12 d. c., 1 s. c., then 3 s. c. over ch., 1 s. c. in space, 2 s. c. in



CLOVER LEAF EDGING.

each next 5 spaces, ch. 9 and repeat from first clover, joining to last leaf made after the 6th double. Repeat until length desired.

Crocheted Baby Booties

Materials required: One skein blue Saxony, one skein blue Saxony, four skeins white twisted embroidery silk, one fine steel hook, No. 1 bone hook.

With bone hook and white Saxony ch. 17 stitches.

1st row.—Make 16 s. c., turn, ch. 1.

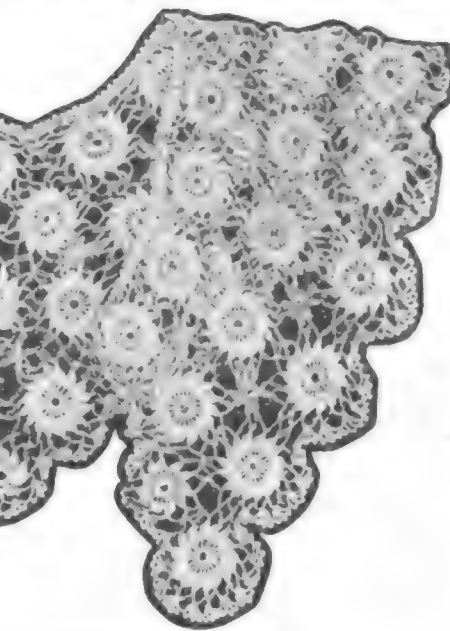
2nd row.—16 s. c. working through only the back loop of each stitch.

Repeat 2nd row until there are 14 rows or 7 ridges, ch. 15 for instep and work back and forth for 13 rows, ch. 1, turn. Make 16 s. c.

and work back and forth for 14 rows. Sew up back of leg. Finish top as follows.

1st round.—With steel hook and silk make 40 s. c.

2nd round.—With white wool make 20 star sts. Repeat these 2 rounds alternately until there are 4 rounds of s. c. and 3 of star sts. With blue wool fasten with s. c. * skip 1 s. c.



CROCHETED SUNBURST COLLAR.

and in next st. make a shell of 5 d. c., skip 2 s. c. and make 1 s. c. in next st. Repeat from star round top of bootie.

With silk make a round of 1 s. c. in each st.

For the Foot

With white wool commence at center back and make 28 s. c. along side of foot. Make 7 s. c. across the toe, 1 in each ridge, 28 s. c. along the other side of foot. Repeat this round 3 times more.

5th round.—1 s. c. in each st., skipping s. c. at center of toe.

6th round.—1 s. c. in each st.

7th and 8th round.—Same as 5th.

Crochet the two edges together. Use wool cord and tassels or ribbon for the ring.

Clover Leaf Insertion

For insertion begin with ch. 9, turn.

1st row.—5 s. c., ch. 3, 2 d. c., ch. 1, 3 d. c. all in 5th stitch, ch. 3, 1 s. c. in next st., 1 s. c. in each next 4 sts., ch. 9, turn.

2nd row.—1 s. c. under ch. 1 between doubles, ch. 4, 1 tr. c. in first s. c. in last row, ch. 1, turn.

3rd row.—5 s. c. under chains each side of shell, ch. 8, turn.

4th row.—1 d. c. in 4th s. c., ch. 2, skip, 2 s. c., 1 d. c. in next ch. 4, 1 d. c. in first s. c. last row, ch. 1.

5th row.—Same as first row, repeat pattern.



CLOVER LEAF INSERTION.

Filet Scarf End

Of No. 60 crochet cotton ch. 118 sts., turn, 1 d. c. in 9th st. from hook, ch. 2, skip 2 sts., 1 d. c. in next st., repeat, making 37 spaces in all. Four more rows 37 spaces, ch. 5 at end of each row before turning.

6th row.—4 sps., 1 blk., 32 sps.

7th row.—31 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps.

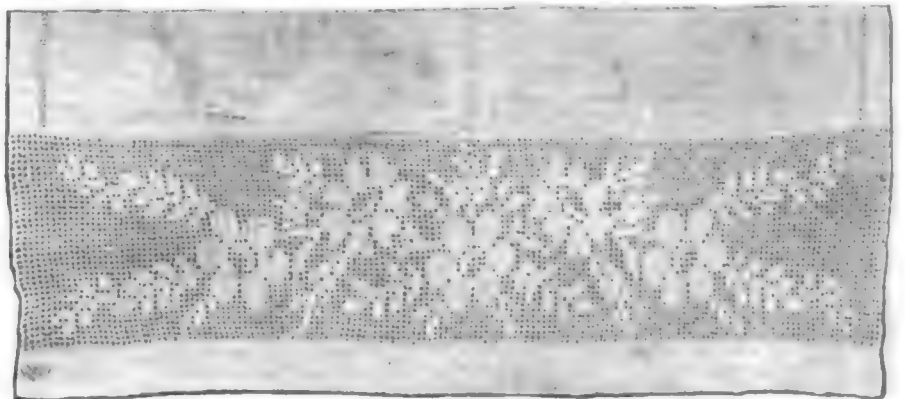
8th row.—2 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp.

9th row.—5 sps., 1 blk., 22 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 3 blks., 3 sps.

10th row.—6 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 21 sps., 1 blk., 6 sps.

11th row.—3 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 19 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 4 sps.

12th row.—4 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 16 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 3 blks., 4 sps.



FILET CROCHET FOR SCARF END.

13th row.—7 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 17 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 6 sps.

14th row.—8 sps., 1 blk., 16 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 5 sps.

15th row.—5 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 13 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 8 sps.

16th row.—8 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 14 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 7 sps.

17th row.—9 sps., 1 blk., 17 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 6 sps.

18th row.—6 sps., 2 blks., 16 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 9 sps.

19th row.—9 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 13 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps.

20th row.—6 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 15 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 7 sps.

21st row.—7 sps., 2 blks., 15 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 7 sps.

22nd row.—8 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 12 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 2 blks., 7 sps.

23rd row.—7 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 12 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 3 blks., 5 sps.

24th row.—6 sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 11 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 8 sps.

25th row.—9 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 5 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 10 sps.

26th row.—6 sps., 3 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 9 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 3 blks., 6 sps.

27th row.—7 sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 10 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 4 blks., 7 sps.

28th row.—11 sps., 2 blks., 9 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 11 sps.

29th row.—7 sps., 3 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 7 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 3 blks., 7 sps.

30th row.—2 sps., 2 blks., 5 sps., 3 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 7 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 4 blks., 8 sps.

31st row.—12 sps., 2 blks., 9 sps., 3 blks., 6 sps., 2 blks., 3 sps.

32nd row.—5 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., 3 blks., 8 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 3 blks., 8 sps.

33rd row.—9 sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 4 sps., 3 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 5 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 2 blks., 3 sps.

34th row.—4 sps., 13 blks., 6 sps., 5 blks., 4 sps., 3 blks., 12 sps.

35th row.—11 sps., 3 blks., 5 sps., 5 blks., 5 sps., 1 blk., 7 sps.

36th row.—6 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 1 sp., 5 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 13 sps.

37th row.—14 sps., 5 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 1 sp., 6 blks., 8 sps.

38th row.—8 sps., 15 blks., 14 sps.

39th row.—14 sps., 6 blks., 3 sps., 6 blks., 9 sps.

40th row.—9 sps., 4 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 4 blks., 15 sps.

41st row.—18 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 11 sps.

42nd row.—8 sps., 4 blks., 3 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 17 sps.

43rd row.—16 sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 1 sp., 5 blks., 7 sps.

44th row.—7 sps., 6 blks., 3 sps., 5 blks., 16 sps.

45th row.—16 sps., 14 blks., 7 sps.

46th row.—8 sps., 3 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 4 blks., 16 sps.

47th row.—16 sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., 5 blks., 11 sps.

48th row.—11 sps., 5 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 12 sps.

49th row.—3 sps., 3 blks., 6 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 5 blks., 11 sps.

50th row.—12 sps., 3 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 5 sps., 3 blks., 4 sps.

51st row.—5 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 2 sps., 4 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 12 sps., 1 blk., 6 sps.

52nd row.—6 sps., 2 blks., 3 sps., 5 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 6 sps.

53rd row.—4 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 3 sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 2 sps., 4 blks., 5 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps.

54th row.—3 sps., 3 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 6 sps., 3 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 3 blks., 5 sps.

55th row.—7 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 2 sps., 3 blks., 6 sps.

56th row.—5 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 4 blks., 5 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 4 sps.

57th row.—5 sps., 4 blks., 6 sps., 2 blks., 6 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 9 sps.

58th row.—8 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 4 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 3 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 8 sps.

59th row.—9 sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., 5 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 10 sps.

60th row.—12 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 2 sps., 5 blks., 1 sp., 4 blks., 9 sps.

61st row.—9 sps., 9 blks., 3 sps., 3 blks., 6 sps., 1 blk., 6 sps.

62nd row.—6 sps., 2 blks., 8 sps., 3 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., 3 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 6 sps.

63rd row.—5 sps., 6 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 5 blks., 5 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 2 blks., 6 sps.

64th row.—6 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 6 sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 5 blks., 5 sps.

65th row.—6 sps., 4 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 6 blks., 5 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 7 sps.

66th row.—8 sps., 2 blks., 6 sps., 3 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., 8 sps.

67th row.—4 sps., 5 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., 4 blks., 9 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 3 blks., 5 sps.

68th row.—6 sps., 4 blks., 8 sps., 7 blks., 3 sps., 4 blks., 5 sps.

69th row.—6 sps., 3 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., 1 sp.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

Sibyl's Influence

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



She wrote occasionally to her ladyship, and her letters were always bright and sparkling.



"They would make a fine-looking couple; don't you think?"



Raising her hand he touched it gently with his lips.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Lady Prescott, wife of Sir Athelstone Prescott, and her son Raymond, stop at a miserable inn, in a little fishing village on Mamborough Head. They are attracted to a little girl, Sibyl, who waits on them, and determine to take the child away. They learn that a woman who had been in a railroad smashup and injured, leaves the child, and Mistress Sloan, for the consideration of thirty pounds, consents to let the child go. That night, Sibyl is awakened and overhears her mother talking over the terms of the bargain, and through a chink in the wall she detects the place where an invaluable trinket belonging to her is concealed. She traces three letters, "S. H. S., and which convince Lady Prescott that the girl is Sibyl's, and by it she may be restored to her own people. Five years later, her nineteenth birthday, Lady Prescott introduces her to society, where she meets Miss Ada Therwin, the adopted daughter of Count Robert Shirley and the guest of General Maplewood. Miss Therwin refers to the ornament Sibyl wears, and to her surprise discovers the letters S. H. S. interwoven in the jewels. To the query if it is an heirloom, Sibyl says she supposes it belonged to her mother. Miss Therwin promises to call. Sibyl has a strange distrust for her. Scheming to estrange her from the Prescotts, she calls on Lady Prescott, Sibyl and Ray, and invites Sibyl to ride with her, and to further her plans, requests Robert to stop at the Widow Martin's, who does work for two orphan girls under her care at home. Ada plots the ruin of Sibyl and the winning of Raymond Prescott, and enlists the aid of an unscrupulous woman, Judith, to be known as Sylvia Hortense Stillman. She makes a compact with the Duc d'Aubigne, to whom Sibyl conceives a dislike and repulses his attentions. Raymond asks Sibyl to be his wife. Going with Ada Therwin, Sibyl meets Mrs. Stillman, a widow and childless, who excites not only Sibyl's sympathy but her suspicions, when she hears the story of the railroad accident, the death of her little Sibyl and the resemblance Sibyl has to her; and with the assurance that she watches for her coming, her heart sinks,—what she fears is true. To further her scheme, Ada Therwin admits to Mrs. Stillman her anxiety to get Sibyl away from Raymond Prescott's company and the opportunity she has to make a snug fortune if she will assist one who is enamored with Sibyl. Mrs. Stillman gives the story of her shameful life to Sibyl, and, with no doubt in Sibyl's mind as to her parentage, she refuses to become Raymond's wife. Nancy Crawford, known as Nanette calls upon Mistress Sloan. If she will divulge where Sibyl is, Nancy can restore her to her mother. The Duc d'Aubigne is persistent in his attentions to Sibyl. Mrs. Stillman, recognizing him from the window, cautions Sibyl that she does not share the fate she did. Sir Athelstone makes arrangements for Sibyl and Mrs. Stillman to go to the seashore, and, alone, Sibyl tries to lead her mother's thoughts to a higher and purer life. Leaving Mrs. Stillman alone, the Duc d'Aubigne calls. A stormy interview follows and when Sibyl returns she finds her mother unconscious. Rallying from the attack and realizing she has not long to live, Mrs. Stillman writes Miss Ada Therwin her intention to confess the truth to Sibyl, who leaves her at night little realizing what the morning is to bring her when, Mrs. Stillman dying, admits Ada Therwin's plot and that Sibyl is not her child. Going to the little trunk, she recognizes the father of Judith Hoffman's children as the Duc d'Aubigne. Writing to and receiving no answer from Sir Athelstone, after three days Judith is buried. Feeling neglected, Sibyl walks to the beach, not realizing how near she is to the edge of the cliff, and losing her balance falls in. Sir Athelstone is informed of her death and later Raymond visits the place, but no trace of her is found.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

SOON after the return of General Maplewood's party from the Continent, Ada had been peremptorily summoned home, and she was obliged to yield obedience, although she did so with great reluctance.

Before leaving, however, she managed that Lady Prescott should invite her to spend a few more days with her, during which time she would lay Sir Athelstone, and by means of much coaxing and persuasion, exacted a promise that he would either bring or send Lady Prescott to spend a month with her during the London season. Feeling much elated at having obtained this promise—for she well knew that the doctor would not feel willing to leave his patients for so long, and would doubtless send Raymond to act as his mother's escort—she returned to London in very good spirits.

She wrote occasionally to her ladyship, and as her letters were always bright and sparkling, they were a source of great comfort and amusement to her; while Raymond appeared to enjoy them almost as much, until it came to be not an uncommon occurrence for him to add a line to his mother's replies. Thus messages passed back and forth, till at last there grew out of them a regular correspondence.

Thus the winter went by, and spring came again. In May, a cordial and pressing invitation from the Countess of Shirley came to Lady Prescott, inviting her to come and spend a month with them in London. Raymond and the doctor were both included in the invitation.

It was hard for her to make up her mind to go. "I have no heart for society, Athel," she said

to her husband, the ever-ready tears starting to her eyes, as she thought of Sibyl.

"I know, dear; but you need the change. Raymond also needs a change, and for his sake, I would like you to go," returned the shrewd doctor, who had his own particular reasons for desiring that this invitation should be accepted.

So, on the fifteenth of May, Raymond and Lady Prescott left Dumfries for London, where, a few days later, they were delightfully situated in elegant suites of rooms overlooking Kensington Gardens, near which the distinguished Count of Shirley owned a magnificent residence.

It was very hard for Lady Prescott to lay aside her robes of mourning and don again the gay habiliments of the world; but she forced herself to do so for her son's sake, and assuming a cheerfulness she did not feel, she accompanied the family wherever they went.

Ada Therwin had never been so brilliant in her life before. She fairly startled London society into fresh worship upon her reappearing therein; they had not thought she was quite so beautiful, for before her departure, a year previous, she had begun to be regarded as rather passé.

Now, however, it seemed as if she eclipsed everybody, and won for herself a perfect ovation of adulation wherever she went. It soon began to be rumored, too, that the distinguished-looking stranger who now accompanied her upon every occasion, was a conquest that she had made during her absence, and that he would ultimately bear away the prize to his own home.

The countess and Lady Prescott became warm friends at once. Their tastes were similar, their natures were much alike, and, kind of heart, of gentle breeding, it was but natural that a tender regard for each other should be the result of their friendly intercourse.

Lady Prescott told the countess of the beautiful child she had so recently lost, and of the sad circumstances attending her death; but she could not bring herself to mention the facts connected with her early life, and she had also requested Ada, before she left Dumfries, to keep the secret.

The countess sympathized deeply with Lady Prescott in her grief, and wept over the untimely death of one so fair and good. She had lost four dear children, she said, deeply agitated, and her heart always went out toward every bereaved mother.

One evening, about two weeks after the arrival of Lady Prescott and Raymond in London, the count and party were to attend a grand reception given by the Honorable Mrs. Delmaine.

Upon their arrival, they found the dressing-rooms so full that it was almost impossible to move in them.

Ada and Lady Prescott became separated in some way from the countess, and concluded it was best to wait until some of the guests passed down into the saloon before attempting to arrange their toilets.

They sat down in a little recess behind a marble pillar with their wraps still on.

Two other ladies were standing on the opposite side of the pillar, with their backs to the recess, and had not seen either Ada or her companion as they sat down.

"I suppose you have heard the news regarding the beautiful ward of Count Shirley," said one.

Ada started violently, and laid her hand upon Lady Prescott's arm, signifying that she wished to move away from the spot. She feared something might be said which would prejudice her ladyship against her, but they could not move now without attracting attention, and she whispered to her to sit still.

"No, I have not heard anything new," returned the person addressed.

"Well, it is rumored quite generally that she is really engaged to the distinguished-looking stranger who is visiting the family—Prescott, I believe, is his name."

"Indeed; and is he a good match?"

"Exceedingly, I am told; but why the affair is not allowed to be made public I cannot comprehend. He is very attentive, enough so, I think, to warrant the report; and I suppose it must be true, or it would have been contradicted before this."

"Are you acquainted with him?"

"Nothing beyond a formal introduction. He is a very fine-looking man, although there is a sad expression about his eyes. I intend to ask the countess about his first opportunity I have."

I owe her a call, and will pay it at once, for I am getting quite curious over the affair, there is so much said about it."

"They would make a fine-looking couple; don't you think so?"

"Yes, indeed, and I am confident that the girl just worships him, for her eyes follow him everywhere. Come, I see the gentlemen are waiting for us."

The ladies moved away, and the crowd was fast disappearing. Ada sprang to her feet, her cheeks on fire, and her eyes dazzling bright.

Without saying a word to her companion, she darted through the dressing-room to a private room beyond, whither Lady Prescott immediately followed her.

She walked directly up to her and laid her hand on her arm, when, without saying a word, Ada turned and dropping her head upon Lady Prescott's shoulder, burst into a flood of tears.

"Dear child, how exceedingly disagreeable it

must have been for you," said her ladyship, deeply troubled, as she tried to soothe the innocent (?) weeper.

But Ada in her heart was saying that nothing could have been more opportune than that little piece of gossip which she and Raymond's mother had been forced to listen to.

"Oh! dear Lady Prescott," she said, through her sobs, "how could such a report have been started?"

"I am sure I cannot tell."

"What will Mr. Prescott think? I feel as if I could never meet him again," said this exceedingly modest young lady.

"I am more sorry than I can express, that you should have been annoyed; unless, dear," she added, trying to lift the hidden face, "there should be some atom of truth in the report."

"No, there is not!" Ada exclaimed, greatly excited, and Lady Prescott could feel her tremble from head to foot.

"Calm yourself, my dear," she said, gently, "or you will not be fit to go below. Besides, others may be coming in here, and you will attract attention."

Lady Prescott became more and more troubled the more she thought over the affair—it certainly was going to be very awkward, especially for Ada, to face this report. Raymond, too, she knew, would feel it keenly, and she really began to fear that the young girl loved him, or, with her usual self-possession, she would not have been so completely overcome by mere gossip.

Miss Therwin wiped her tears, and going to a marble basin, bathed her eyes freely, but did not remove her wraps, and her companion noticed that her face was still crimson with blushes.

She bent forward and kissed her cheek, saying again, gently:

"I am very sorry, dear, but do not mind."

"It is a perfect shame, when his heart is still so tender. I—I hope nothing of this will reach his ear," Ada said, excitedly.

"You are very thoughtful for him dear," Lady Prescott said, smiling at what she considered another indication of her love for her son, and she made a mental resolve, at once, as to what she would do in the matter.

"I—I wish I might be excused and go home," Ada said, with downcast eyes, and her lips quivered very prettily.

Lady Prescott smiled again, knowingly, as she answered:

"That would never do, you know—your absence would occasion inquiry and remark, because there are some here who have already seen you. No, dear, act as if nothing unpleasant had occurred, and it will all come out right in the end!"

They found the count and his wife with Raymond, waiting to conduct them below, and very much to the latter's surprise, Ada immediately stepped to the side of her guardian and slipped her hand within his arm, instead of allowing him to take her down, as he usually did, while his mother accompanied the count and countess.

Again Lady Prescott smiled knowingly at this maneuver, and quietly accepted the change in escorts, hoping that matters would settle themselves properly before very long.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MOCKERY.

"Mother, what makes Ada avoid me tonight? Have you any idea?"

"Does she avoid you?" she asked, thoughtfully.

"Yes," Raymond replied; "if I go near her she darts away to another part of the room, with a laughing excuse of some kind, and she has only danced with me once, an occurrence which has not happened before since our coming to London," and Raymond looked exceedingly thoughtful, too.

"Do you suppose that I can have offended her in any way?" he asked a moment later.

"What makes you think that?" demanded Lady Prescott. "Is she cool to you?"

"No; but every time that I have spoken to her this evening the color has rushed quickly to her face, and she has appeared disconcerted—something I never saw in her before under any circumstances—while the fact of her preferring the count to take her down tonight somewhat surprised me."

"I do not believe that you have offended her, Raymond; but what is your private opinion of Ada—of her character, I mean?" his mother asked, with a searching glance at his handsome face.

"I think," he said, looking very grave, "that next to—Sibyl, she is the loveliest young lady I have ever met."

"Young lady?" repeated Lady Prescott, with a smile at the peculiar emphasis he laid upon the word.

"Yes, for no one can compare with my mother," he returned, fondly.

"Thank you, my dear boy, but I am glad to know that you think so well of Ada. I admire her exceedingly—more so since seeing her in her own home than I did before—she is so sweet and lovable. But I was very much prejudiced against her at first."

"Were you?"

"Yes. I could not make her seem true. I felt

as if she were dissembling—acting a part for some purpose or other. But that impression has all worn away, I am happy to say."

"I believe I do remember now of your once saying something about her lack of heart; but why are you so anxious tonight to know my private opinion of her?" Raymond asked, smiling.

"Because I have something very disagreeable to tell you, and which will explain, I think, why she has treated you so strangely this evening."

Lady Prescott then related to him what had occurred in the dressing-room, not forgetting to describe Ada's distress and excitement, which appeared to be more on his account than her own.

Raymond was exceedingly disturbed as he listened.

"It was a great mistake, our coming here," he said, with troubled brow.

"I am very sorry, Ray," his mother answered, sadly.

He saw at once how very unpleasant such a report was going to make it for all parties, and for Ada particularly.

"Well, Ray," asked his mother, "what can we do about this very unpleasant affair?"

"I suppose something must be done. It would not do to subject Miss Therwin to any further annoyance if we can help it. Shall we go home tomorrow, and let the world think that she has—rejected me?"

Lady Prescott gave him a startled look, but she answered, quietly.

"Just as you think best. Of course, we cannot remain longer as things are now, but I fear our sudden departure would involve some unpleasant explanations to our friends, and poor Ada would feel as if she were in some way to blame for it, and had driven us away. She at least would understand it all, and it would make her very unhappy, I am afraid," replied Lady Prescott, little thinking how much of truth those last words contained.

"Mother, how much do you like Ada?" asked Raymond, suddenly.

"Very much, as I believe I have already told you a number of times," she answered, smiling.

"But do you like her well enough to be willing to have her for a—daughter?"

"Do you care for her enough to make her my daughter, Ray?" she asked.

"Frankly, no, I do not. I can never love another as I love Sibyl even now," and the pain in his voice testified to the truth of his words.

"My poor boy! But time will soften your grief in a measure, and you must marry some time."

"Time can never soften or alleviate my sorrow," he said, almost passionately; "and if I must marry some time, as you say, it will have to be some one who will take me, knowing all this. I know of no woman whom I like more than I do Ada. I doubt if I shall ever see any one who will please me better. Still, I do not love her. I can never love her. But I have been the cause, though unwittingly, of placing her in this very awkward position, and if she will accept me, knowing all—"

"I am not mistaken. I think Ada regards you with very favorable, I may say even tender feelings," interrupted his mother.

"I am afraid from what you have told that she does, and—if I have your sanction, mother—I will—see her in the morning."

"Ray, I should be very glad to have it so, and your father, I know, would be exceedingly pleased, for Ada is a great favorite of his; and it would be an alliance in every way fitting," Lady Prescott returned, inwardly much delighted with his decision.

But he was so silent after her reply that she looked up with something of anxiety to observe him.

His face was almost convulsed with pain.

"My dear boy, your heart is almost broken—how I wish I could comfort you," she cried, in sudden sympathy. "You must do as you think best, my boy, but remember that time is a great healer, and I believe that comfort will come even to you."

He had no answer to give her, but with a very white face he got up, and excusing himself, hastily quitted the room.

After breakfast the next morning, Raymond, with a pale, resolute face, requested a private interview with Count Shirley.

It was, of course, readily granted, and the young man in an open, straightforward manner asked the privilege of addressing Miss Therwin with the view of making her his wife.

There was no reason why this request should not be granted; for any one might be proud of an alliance with the son of Sir Athelstone Prescott.

But in his heart Count Shirley regretted that Raymond professed a desire to marry his ward, for he believed him to be a true and noble man, and admired him exceedingly; while he feared that Ada would make his life miserable. He feared, in spite of the apparent change in her since her return from Dumfries, that she was only acting a part to accomplish this very end.

With this permission obtained, Raymond immediately sought Ada. The matter must be

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

COMFORT has already given ideas on Halloween decorations and if "Farm-erene," and others will refer to previous October numbers they will find the desired information.

Nature has practically solved the decoration problem and the stores hold nothing prettier, or more appropriate than brilliant autumn leaves, golden corn and grinning Jack o' Lanterns, and late marigolds, asters and chrysanthemums from the flower garden, and the same lavish hand has provided nuts and apples for games and decorative purposes. The stores may be visited for black paper for witches and cats and even marasmallows to toast, but doughnuts or pumpkin pie and coffee are the customary Halloween refreshments, not forgetting crisp, buttered pop-corn.

Tell us about your Halloween party and how it differed from other parties.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Somewhere, this is the way I wash my clothes. I pick out the finest pieces and wash them first and then the next finest and so on, boiling or scalding in turn. It is not necessary to wash through two waters before boiling unless the clothes are extremely dirty. The best way I think is to have the water just past lukewarm when putting the clothes in the boiler. After taking the clothes out, add a pailful of cold water so the water won't be too hot when the next lot is added, as any soiled parts you did not get off will set in the boiling water; then add enough cold water to the clothes you have just taken out so they can be handled. Rinse in clear water and then bluing water, starch and hang out. How many of the sisters know that corn-starch makes good starch for clothes? Make it the same as any other starch. As it is a substitute for flour, I get it sometimes and it saves flour for those who use flour starch.

Mrs. H., surely you can do something to overcome your idleness, if nothing more than taking baby out for a walk. Start in right after breakfast and clean off your table and wash your dishes, and then grab, yes, grab your broom and go to it. Then go visiting if you want to but take some work along with you. Do you work for the Red Cross? Surely there is much a person can do at home if they try. There are sweaters, socks, mufflers, etc., to knit and wash-cloths to crochet, towels to hem, shirts to make and a hundred and one things to do. No one need be idle a minute. You have just allowed yourself to get into this idle habit and it is going to be hard to overcome it, but you can by trying.

Ida G. Auld, I don't agree with you about taking away the smokers from our soldiers and sailors. If they had that habit and Uncle Sam saw fit to take them in the Army or Navy, knowing they smoked cigarettes, why, I say, give them what they call the comfort of a smoke. The boys who are Christians need not smoke and I can't say that cigarette smokers belong to the saloon class for Uncle Sam would not take a regular cigarette fiend or dope fiend into his army. There are just as good Christians among the men who smoke as there are among the men who never smoke. No, I say, don't take away the soldiers' smokers after they have become accustomed to them.

Mrs. C. P. Gardner, my little daughter was troubled with indigestion and the doctor told me to give her cold pressed castor oil. For an adult take a dessert spoonful twice a day, in the morning and at night, and rub the body with olive oil. I cured her. I gave her a teaspoonful when she was two years old. If the action of the bowels is too severe, skip a couple of days and then continue again.

We are living where there is not a green tree or blade of grass. It is a copper country. The smelter has killed off nearly everything. I long for the green hills, but must stay here for a while at least. I have joined the Red Cross and do what I can for our soldiers. I have no relatives in the army, but I feel for the mothers, wives and sisters who have. I lost my two brothers and two sisters several years ago and just a year ago I lost my dear mother, so I am the only one left in my family. I have my husband and children and husband is one of the best and is good to me and the children. But all my neighbors have gone home to visit and it makes me feel rather blue. My husband has no one either, but we have each other and try and make the best of it. My children, a boy of twelve, and two girls, ten and four years old, are a great comfort to me and I don't know what I would do without them. They are a great help too, now that school is out for the summer. As I said before, I have joined the Red Cross and we meet every Thursday. There are only a few of us but we turn out a good deal of work and I enjoy doing my bit, which I think is every true American woman's duty to do. If she can't attend the meetings, surely she can do something at home and it doesn't hurt any woman to give a little of her time to help the boys who are giving their lives for us. Now a few lines of poetry for the benefit of Mrs. H. and others.

"If our boys over there can whistle
And take hardships as they come,
Can cheerfully face the shell fire
And mock at the bursting bomb—
If our lads can sing in the trenches
And go over the top with a grin,
If their lives they willingly offer
That for you they may victory win,
Then surely you'll aid them by keeping
The home fires bright with your cheer—
If they can smile over yonder,
Surely you can keep smiling here.
So away with your glooms and your grouches!
Despair is the wrong kind of hope.
Henceforth let your face shine with courage,
Spread cheer, optimism and hope!"

Always,
Cheerful.

SOMEWHERE IN WEST VIRGINIA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND READERS:
Will you welcome a West Virginian into your circle? I am sitting under a great maple tree whose rustling leaves and cool shade bring relief and content to many a weary city dweller, while all around me are ferns and wild flowers and nearby an ice-cold stream trickles down, forms a spring and flows on down and joins a creek which is great for fishing.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

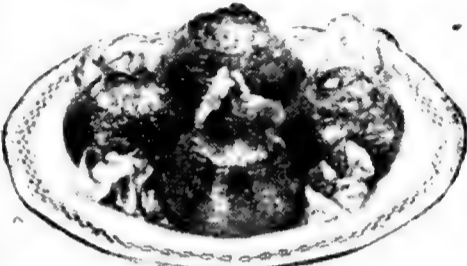
THE Halloween idea is better carried out, for the Halloween party, if the refreshments show witches, cats and pumpkin faces. Chocolate cookies with these figures traced in white frosting delight the taste and sight and the Orange Surprise, shown below, is a delicious dessert for the Halloween supper. Black cats, easily cut from black paper and made to perch on cups of coffee, add to the scheme of things.—Ed.

PICKLED BEETS.—Select the smallest beets and cook until tender. Put in cold water and remove skins. Pack in glass jars and cover with hot vinegar in which has been added a teaspoon and a half of salt and the same quantity of sugar, for each quart jar.

BETT RELISH.—One quart of chopped beets, cooked, one quart of chopped cabbage, raw, three quarters cup grated horseradish, one tablespoon salt, one tablespoon black pepper, one and three quarters cup of sugar, and one quarter teaspoon red pepper. Cover with vinegar and put in cool place.

GRAPE MARMALADE.—Pick over, wash, drain and remove stems from grapes. Separate pulp from skins and put pulp in preserving kettle and heat to boiling point and cook slowly until the seeds separate from the pulp. Rub through a fine sieve and return to kettle with the skins. To this add an equal quantity of sugar and cook slowly twenty-five or thirty minutes.

BAKED STUFFED TOMATOES.—From the stem end of large, smooth tomatoes, cut a thin slice. Remove soft pulp and seeds and mix with an equal amount of



BAKED STUFFED TOMATOES.

buttered cracker crumbs seasoned with salt, pepper, sugar and onion juice. Fill the cavity with the mixture, heaping well at the top and cover with bread crumbs. Top with a small piece of butter, place in an agate pan and bake in hot oven until crumbs are brown. Serve at once.

BAKED TOMATOES.—Wash tomatoes, cut in halves and lay them in buttered pan. Dust with buttered crumbs and bake till brown.—Mrs. J. A. Lovett, Monroe, La.

WAR COOKIES.—One half cup sugar, one half cup molasses, one half cup shortening, two eggs, one teaspoon soda, one half teaspoon cream of tartar, one half teaspoon each lemon and ginger. About equal parts rye and barley flour and a little rice flour to roll. Use rice flour on board.

CORN BREAD.—Two cups of corn meal, two cups of sweet milk, four level teaspoons baking powder, one tablespoon sugar, two tablespoons fat, one teaspoon salt, one egg (may be omitted). Mix dry ingredients, add milk, egg, well beaten and melted fat. Heat well. Bake in shallow pan about half an hour. Sometimes I use two thirds cup of graham flour instead of all corn meal.

OATMEAL RAISIN COOKIES.—Two cups rolled oats, two cups flour, one cup sugar, one cup shortening, one cup raisins, two eggs, one teaspoon sweet milk, one heaping teaspoon cinnamon, a little salt and a few drops of vanilla. Mix in order named, mold into oblong shapes not over one half inch thick and bake in moderate oven ten to fifteen minutes.—Mrs. HAZEL BLACK, Randsburg, Cal.

MOLASSES COOKIES.—Two eggs, one cup sugar, one cup molasses, three quarters cup shortening (half lard and half butter), two tablespoons soda, one half teaspoon ginger and two tablespoons vinegar. Dissolve soda in hot water, then add vinegar. Flour to roll.—Ed.

ORANGE SURPRISE.—Cut one side of thick-peeled oranges to represent a face, just removing the yellow, and taking care not to cut through. Cut off



ORANGE SURPRISE.

the top so as to represent a cap, and put a piece of the white inside on top to represent a button. Remove the orange pulp, take out the veins and sections and cut fine; add lemon juice, powdered sugar, a little fresh mint finely cut pineapple and candied cherries. Add sugar enough to bring out flavor. Fill the hollow orange, chill and serve.

OATMEAL COOKIES.—One cup of sugar, one scant cup of lard, two eggs, one half cup milk, one cup wheat flour, two cups oatmeal, one cup corn flour, one teaspoon soda, one cup raisins and spice to suit taste. Flour enough to roll as for any kind of cookies.—BLANCHIE MATESCH, Manitowish, 1528 S. 11th St., Wis.

WASHINGTON CREAM LAYER CAKE.—One cup of sugar, two eggs, butter size of walnut, one half cup of buttermilk, one half teaspoon soda and two cups of flour. CREAM PART.—Boil one cup of sweet milk, and stir into it one heaping teaspoon of flour and one egg, with enough milk to moisten it, and stir until cooked. Season with lemon and sugar and spread between layers.

BROWN BREAD.—One cup of brown sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one cup of sour milk, one level teaspoon of soda, one cup of flour, one teaspoon of baking powder, two and one half cups of graham flour, two teaspoons of melted butter and add one cup of raisins or chopped nut meats.—Mrs. C. A. JOHNSON, Ionia, Iowa.

ROLLED OATS PUDDING.—One egg, one cup sweet milk, one cup cold cooked oatmeal, and two tablespoons of brown sugar. Beat well. Add nutmeg or lemon, as preferred. Cook slowly one half hour. Let brown. Serve with sugar and cream or whipped cream.

CORNMEAL PUDDING WITH APRICOTS.—Pour three cups of scalding hot milk on one cup of sifted corn meal. Stir in two tablespoons of sugar, one teaspoon of powdered ginger and one half teaspoon of salt. Now add six apricots, sliced thin. Bake one and one half hours in a moderate oven. Garnish with slices of apricot and serve with sauce made from the juice.—Mrs. JAMES SWEAT, Billings, Mont.

FAIRY GINGERBREAD.—Four level tablespoons sugar, four level tablespoons shortening, one half level teaspoon soda, one level teaspoon ginger, one level teaspoon cinnamon, one egg, four tablespoons molasses, four tablespoons buttermilk, one level teaspoon baking powder and one cup of flour. Beat egg for two minutes and add rest of materials in order given. This makes one dozen gems or it may be baked in cake tin.—OPHIA CHARLES, Norman Sta., Ind.

COFFEE FRUIT CAKE.—One half cup of butter, one half cup of sugar, two well-beaten eggs, one cup of cool, strong coffee, one cup of molasses, one pound of seed raisins, one half pound of shredded citron, one tablespoon of ground allspice, cloves, cinnamon and ginger and three cups of flour.—Miss L. ROSE, Illinois.



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EGGLESS COFFEE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one half cup of cocoa, one teaspoon of vanilla, two tablespoons of lard, one and one quarter cups of strong, cold coffee, one and one quarter cups barley flour, one quarter cup white flour and two heaping teaspoons baking powder. Cream sugar and lard together, add vanilla and cocoa. Next add coffee and flour alternately and last the baking powder, sifted in a little flour.—Mrs. W. L. W., Idaho.

PINEAPPLE CAKE.—One and one half cups of sugar, one half cup of butter, yolks of three eggs, one cup of pineapple juice, two and three quarters cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder and whites of three eggs beaten and added last.—CAROLINE SCHUMACHER, Cushing, Iowa.

SWEET PICKLE FOR BEEF.—Mix together one gallon of water, one pound of brown sugar, one pound of coarse salt and half an ounce of saltpeter. Have this thoroughly mixed and pour over meat. This is sufficient for ten or twelve pounds of meat.

OATMEAL MOLASSES COOKIES.—One cup of molasses, one cup of brown or white sugar. Put in large pan and bring to boiling point but do not boil. Add one cup of butter or lard; when melted, take from stove and add one heaping teaspoon soda. Mix well and let cool. Then add one half teaspoon each of cloves and ginger and one teaspoon of cinnamon, two eggs, two tablespoons cold water, two cups water and flour enough to roll. These keep a long time and improve with age.—Mrs. FRED FETZNER, Falls City, Nebr.

BAKED APPLES.—Take sound, large, ripe apples, moderately sour, and remove core with apple corer or a sharp penknife. Then wash and place them in a baking pan and fill the cavities with sugar and butter; put a pap and fill the pan with water and bake in a moderate oven until they are soft all through, no longer, else they are apt to become a shapeless mass. Take them out with a spoon and arrange tastefully on a glass dish and dip the syrup, that formed while baking, over them and set aside to cool. Just before serving, sprinkle with powdered sugar.—MINNIE MACKINTOSH, San Diego, Cal.

CREAMED CELERY.—Cut five medium-sized stalks of celery into small pieces, cover with salted water and let simmer until tender. Drain. Put one cup of rich milk into a sauce pan with two teaspoons of butter, and when hot add the celery. Season with salt and pepper and let cook a few minutes, then add enough corn-starch, mixed in a little cold water, to thicken. Stir thoroughly and serve very hot.

RHUBARB PUDDING.—Peel and cut rhubarb into small pieces, though if it is very tender it need not be peeled and the red peel will give color to the pudding. Put into double boiler and cook until tender. Add very little water, if any. Sweeten to taste, thicken with corn-starch and pour into mold to cool. Serve with whipped cream. Flavor with vanilla.

RHUBARB TAPIOCA.—Soak three quarters of a cup of

tapoca over night. In morning, drain and cook in double boiler with a little more than a cup of boiling, salted water. When the tapioca has absorbed the water, add three cups of rhubarb, cut into half inch pieces, and one and one half cups of sugar. Cook until the rhubarb is soft. Let cool and serve with whipped cream.

RHUBARB AND DATES.—Stone one half pound of dates, cover with boiling water and cook five minutes. To this add three cups of rhubarb, cut into small pieces, and let cook until the rhubarb is tender. Sweeten to taste, though less sugar will be required than usual.

RHUBARB CUSTARD.—Stew one and one quarter pounds of rhubarb and three quarters of a cup of sugar. Make a soft custard of two eggs, a cup and a half of milk and one tablespoon of corn-starch, using double boiler for this purpose. Let both rhubarb and custard cool and pour the custard over the rhubarb.—A. M. P., Waterville, Me.

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To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.

To love our country and protect its flag.

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COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 40 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

TO understand German and German psychology: to understand why she is waging war so ruthlessly, mercilessly and horribly, one has only to dip into her literature and read her history. As you have not time to do this, I will supply you with a few choice extracts from the writings and speeches of some of her greatest men, men who have helped shape her destiny and are responsible for the Prussian way of looking at life, which is different from the viewpoint of all other races.

The Kaiser in 1914 said: "Woe and death to all those who shall oppose my will. Woe and death to those who do not believe in my mission!" Tannenberg in 1911, wrote as follows: "War must leave nothing to the vanquished but their eyes to weep with." Let pacifists and idiots who wanted the war fought on these shores ponder over that choice bit of frightfulness. In 1916, General Von Kries delivered himself thus: "Germany is destined to rule the world, or at least a great part of it. The lives of human beings are to be conserved only as it makes for the state's advancement, their lives are to be sacrificed if it is to the state's advantage!" When the Kaiser's troops went to China to take part in the Boxer expedition, the brutality and fiendish cruelty they displayed toward the helpless natives disgusted the soldiers of the other allied armies, who did only what they were called upon to do in a military sense and acted as chivalrous warriors should. Before the German soldiers embarked, the Kaiser addressed them as follows: "Use your weapons in such a way that for a thousand years no Chinese shall dare look upon a German as a German. Be as terrible as Attila the Hun." These words came from the lips of the fiend who seeks to dominate the earth and who constantly calls upon God to endorse and bless his diabolical acts. And think of it, there are men of German blood, born in this country, American citizens, who write and tell me the Kaiser is a Christian gentleman. It is this "same Christian gentleman" who by one word could have stopped the Turkish massacre of nearly a million and a half Armenians, but that word was never spoken, because the kind, "Christian" Kaiser expects to colonize Armenia with his Hun hordes and so breed more cannon fodder for his armies. In fact German officers in command of Turkish troops looked on and encouraged the perpetration of the most fiendish cruelties and murder.

Though a warring nation has a perfect right to sink the vessels of its enemies, it is a well understood principle of international law and of all the laws of decency, humanity and civilization, that the passengers and crews must first be put in a place of safety. To force men to risk their lives in open boats as the submarines are doing at present, is pure piracy, and only the Hun would do it. In the Lusitania case, the passengers were not even given a chance to get into the boats. The torpedo was launched without warning, hence the frightful loss of life. Official Germany celebrated this wholesale murder by striking a medal and declaring a general holiday, and among the festive demonstrations were parades of school children in the German cities. Here is what one of their leading ministers, Pastor Baumgarten has to say of this dastardly deed. Note that this comes from the lips of a supposed minister of Christ: "Whoever cannot prevail upon himself to approve from the bottom of his heart the sinking of the Lusitania—whenever cannot conquer his sense of the gigantic cruelty to unnumbered innocent victims—let him give himself up to honest delight at this victorious exploit of the German defensive power—him we judge to be no true German." What Pastor Baumgarten was saying, all the other lick-spittle, fire-eating ministers of Germany were also saying. When Pastor Baumgarten has to appear at the judgment seat of God, I wonder what excuse he will offer for glorifying in the murder of innocent women and children?

Now listen to what Von Moltke, the Prussian general who defeated France in 1870, has to say on the subject of war and peace: "Perpetual peace is a dream and it is not even a beautiful dream. War is a part of the eternal order instituted of God." You see, the German god is a war god, a fierce deity hurling thunderbolts, and not an all-loving Father.

"War is the most august and sacred of human activities." Von Gottburg is responsible for that remark. O. H. Schmidt, another German, gave birth to this beautiful sentiment: "We must not look for a permanent peace as a result of this war. Heaven defend Germany from that." While Von Der Goltz gives vent to this typical bit of Prussianism: "It is better to let a hundred women and children belonging to the enemy die of hunger than to let a single German soldier suffer."

"Oh, Germany, hate now! Arm thyself with steel and pierce with thy bayonet the heart of every foe, no prisoners!—lock all their lips in silence; turn our neighbors' lands into deserts," writes Vierordt. Isn't that exquisitely humane and beautiful? Nietzsche exerts the German people thus: "Ye shall love peace as a means to new wars and the short peace more than the long." Frederick William IV in his speech from the throne, April 11, 1847, said: "All written constitutions are only scraps of paper." No wonder Germany invaded Belgium, and tore up the treaty which made her responsible for its protection.

Now just for a few more words from the Kaiser, the "Christian gentleman" who has made even Satan ashamed of his profession: "Upon me the Spirit of the Lord has descended. Those who oppose me I will crush. Looking upon myself as the instrument of the Lord, without regard to the opinions and intentions of the day, I go my way."

Do you wonder that Goethe, the great German poet, spoke of the Prussians thus: "The Prussians are cruel by nature; civilization will make them ferocious."

Heine, that other great poetical German genius, had also taken the measure of the Hun. He said: "The Prussians * * * Nature has made them stupid, science has made them wicked." They could fill a whole issue of COMFORT with similar quotations. Germany's great men talk the language of the thug, the murderer, the assassin and the horse thief. Do you wonder that a nation that servilely accepts and cringes under the domination of such sanguinary brutes,

rushes madly to war whenever called upon, believes every lie that is told it, makes a specialty of outraging women and children, burns, slays, pillages, plunders and even at times crucifies, as well as starves to death, those of its enemies who fall into its merciless hands? Compare the ravings of these degenerate lunatics with the lofty and noble sentiments of our heroes, Washington and Lincoln, and many others of our great men, whose one desire has been to uplift and enoble humanity instead of to defile, degrade and crush it. Uncle Sam and the Allies are doing their best to clean up this nest of debauchers and assassins. God grant they succeed, for if they do not we shall be at Russia's mercy. But we cannot fail, for right and righteousness in the end must triumph; that is God's way and He will not desert us in our hour of trial.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers, and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk covers, either one for a club of three subscriptions; the Song Book or the Picture Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best Christmas gifts in the world.

My picture book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter, is Maria her ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the picture book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie Books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

BUHL, IDAHO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I have looked for an answer to this question ever since the war began. Is the American in Germany doing as much harm in Germany as the German in America is doing to the United States?

Yours truly, CLARENCE PATTON.

Clarence, I had to smile at your question, for it is one that does little credit to your thinking apparatus. There is as much difference between the German and the American as there is between fire and water. We have our national fallings and peculiarities as all people have. We like to brag and boast of the things we have done, and we don't like to be reminded of the things we might have done and didn't do. We are easy-going, tolerant, patient and long-suffering, and we are kind and charitable to a fault. Though we have done a lot of fighting, we hate war and everything connected with it. We are not looking for trouble and don't want trouble and we will stand more insults and abuse before shedding blood than any nation on earth. In Germany today, there are only a handful of Americans, and they are of course acting like rational human beings, obeying the German laws and keeping their mouths shut and giving no trouble. If there were five million there instead of a dozen they would be doing exactly the same thing. The Americans who went to Germany didn't go there to Americanize Germany or to plot and plan its destruction, to overthrow its government and annex it as a subject nation to the United States. That, however, is exactly what hundreds of thousands of Germans had in mind when they came to this country. They came here to Germanize America, or failing that to set up German colonies and stay German for all eternity. And we, short-sighted and simple-minded, did everything in our power to encourage them. Americans in Germany realize that they are the guests of that country and behave accordingly. Once upon a time the German immigrant appreciated us and respected our institutions, but the Prussian idea of world domination began to take root in the hearts of the people. This idea in time became a religion, as Dr. Bohn told you in his letter in June COMFORT. The idea of the German as a Superman, superior to all other men on earth, and that his "kultur" must be imposed on all other nations, was preached to the child in the cradle, in the school, in the church, in the newspapers, until the German became an overbearing, arrogant fanatic, just as was the Mohammedan of old, ready to lie, spy, buy and murder at the command of his superiors. Thank God, in the air of free America, millions of Germans have broken away from the Prussian madness, hate the very thought of it, and are Americans to the bone. Germany is no longer a nation—it is a disease. America is willing to live and let live—Germany is not. The German nation has become a horde of bloodthirsty fanatics, who regard all other nations as slaves, fit only to be trampled in the dirt. We must fight this disease of Prussianism as we fight small-pox, cholera or the black death. Germany has left us no other alternative. We must go on or go under.

RIDGEWAY, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: I go to Ridgeway public school. Am in the sixth grade and eleven years old. I like to go to school very well, and I also like my teacher. I have been reading the letters of the young folks in COMFORT for a long time, and thought I would write a few lines. I have one sister and one brother. I have twenty-five dollars in war savings stamps. I have light hair and brown eyes and live three miles southwest of Ridgeway.

Your niece,

JENNIE FISH.

Jennie, let me congratulate you on being the proud possessor of twenty-five dollars' worth of war savings stamps. Now that is what I call thrift and patriotism, and if all had your spirit, Uncle Sam would not have to sit up nights wondering where the money is to come from to run this terrible war. How interesting it would have been if you had told us how you earned the vast amount of wealth necessary to acquire those war stamps. I'm hoping with all my heart that you earned every cent of it by the sweat of your youthful brow instead of having it dropped into your hands by generous

relatives. If all little girls and boys of your age had done as much as you have to finance the war, the whole terrible conflict would be more than half won. When Billy the Goat gets mad with me he calls me a "poor fish," but as long as you hang on to those war savings stamps, Jennie, no one will be able to call Jennie Fish a poor fish. Tell your brother to hurry up and get into the army, for as he is a Fish, he would be able to swim to France and save Uncle Sam a whole heap of money for transportation charges. Incidentally he might catch a few submarines going over. Three cheers for Jennie Fish. Now all you boys and girls, take a lesson from Jennie. It will cost a lot of money to whip the Kaiser, but remember all the money you loan Uncle Sam he will repay you with interest. No matter what the cost in blood and treasure, it will be the best investment humanity ever made.

LA CROSSE, 629 Rose St., Wis.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: My school closed today. I am twelve years old. I'm not one of the smartest boys of my age, I guess the smart wheel was left out of my head. I have two brothers, but they are not old enough to go to the war. I have three sisters and I am the baby of the family. I hope we are going to win this war soon so that my brother will not have to go. I composed a parody on the song, "On Wisconsin." We shall win this war.

Your loving nephew,

ARCHIE H. SCIENNER.

On Wisconsin, on Wisconsin, Wisconsin's right in line, Shoot the ball clear round old Germany, bring her down this time.

On Wisconsin, on Wisconsin, fight on by the score, Fight, brave soldiers fight, and we shall win this war.

Thank you, Archie, for your pottery and your letter. You are lucky to have had the smart wheel left out of your head. Unfortunately the smart wheel was not removed from my cranium and my head has been smarting and has kept on smarting for some half a century. If your brothers are not old enough to go to the war, maybe your sisters are. I have two of my old Billy the Goats over at the front. One is driving an ambulance, and the other who in my story book tells how she met me, is doing war work in Paris. The army needs nurses. You girls should get the smart wheel into your heads so as to acquire sufficient education to enter a training school and become nurses. In some sections of the country the school year is so short—a few miserable weeks—that it is a wonder the hospitals can get any nurses with sufficient brains to take care of a sick grasshopper. I've only space for one verse of your patriotic pottery, Archie. From the fact that you hope your brother will not have to go to France and fight to make it possible for you and yours to have a home, does not speak very highly for your brand of patriotism. In one of the first sections of your pottery spasms you say: "Shoot the ball clear round old Germany." That line would tickle the Kaiser all to bits. What we want to do is to shoot not only one ball, but a billion balls clear through Germany. Shoot them until Germany looks like a Swiss cheese, a reproduction of Belgium, Serbia and other lands that she has crushed beneath her iron heel. Not until Germany gets a dose of her own medicine will she and her people ever come to their senses. Smashing other people's homes is fine sport, but when you get your own home smashed and your own blood spilled, the joys of home smashing are not quite so appealing. For three years the Germans bombed London and other English cities. When quite recently the Allies retaliated by bombing the railroad depots and munition factories in a few German cities, all Germany howled with indignation and the bombed cities petitioned the Reichstag to come to some arrangement with Great Britain whereby the bombing of cities would be stopped. In that one little act you get the measure of the German baby-killer. Shooting around Germany and fighting by the score instead of by the millions, we would make a big hit with the Kaiser and that great Milwaukee pro-German patriot, Herr Berger, and the hundred thousand slackers, fake socialists and Kaiser boosters who voted for him. Archie, try and land Germany a knockout punch. That is the only thing that will bring her to her senses. Do that or leave her alone.

MUNDEN, VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am ten years old, in the fifth grade. Have two sisters and one brother. We live on a farm with our mother. Father died some years ago. I have tried to milk our cow but could not get the milk. I can crochet, but cannot knit. I like to read books and papers and love to go to school. Miss Gladys Bane has been my teacher. I want to take music this summer. I wish this horrid war would end and the United States and the Entente Allies be victorious. We have several friends in France or in the Camp Lee training camp.

Your niece,

ETHEL CARROLL.

Ethel, I am sorry you have been so unsuccessful in procuring milk from your cow. There is an idea prevalent in many sections of the country that cows give milk. This however is not the case, for unless the milk is taken from them in a correct and expert manner, you just don't get it. I have been drinking a quart or more of milk daily for many years, but we get our milk from a horse and wagon instead of a cow. There are many reasons of course why you may have failed in securing milk from your cow. Maybe you do not understand a cow's geography, and are uncertain as to the exact location of the region from which the milk originates. Maybe too, now that Grade A milk is seventeen cents a quart in New York, your cow has become a millionairess and has retired from business, or has sold all her milk and converted the money into Liberty Bonds. Again, the cow may be pro-German, a bovine slacker, and declines to do her bit in winning the war. If you will send the four-legged lady up to me by parcel post, I will have her cross-examined by the Department of Justice and a few other experts, and try and find out what is the matter. I am glad Miss Bane has been a good teacher, and trust she will continue so. All my teachers were the bane of my life, but they were horrid male things with whiskers, and were not upholstered with such beautiful and romantic names as Gladys. You are a lucky girl, Ethel.

PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am a girl in the sixth grade. I have a fifty dollar Liberty Bond and a baby bond. I have brown hair and blue eyes. I am getting some freckles on my face because I have been going bareheaded so much. They look like those awful Germans on my face. I intend to get them off right away. Wouldn't you? I hope that Billy the Goat does not get my letter.

Your loving niece,

ABBY STEWART.

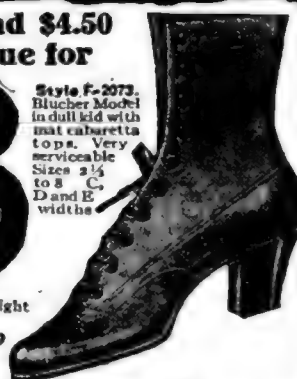
Abby, I am delighted to hear you have so much wealth invested in Liberty Bonds. Before Uncle Sam issued four and one fourth per cent bonds you could not get anyone to admit (and that includes grown-ups as well as children) that they had ever could have, or ever would have a red cent, as long as they lived. Uncle Sam's bond issues have made people haul out the dough from their long stockings and the hidden dollars from their old mattresses and tin cans, and now, thank God, the whine of poverty which was on so many lips has suddenly become a thing of the past. Well, here are three cheers for the Liberty Bond. The man who owns a few of these bonds will not be so anxious to shoot up the country and turn it into a Bolshevik slaughter house. Nothing like thrift and the possession of a few dollars, accumulated as a result of sacrifice and the noble art of self-denial, to make a man a patriot and also make him feel he has a stake in his country, even if that

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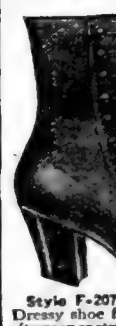
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stake is only round steak and costs fifty cents a pound. Now as regards that terrible freckle affliction. Nearly every beauty specialist in the magazines devotes half her space telling ladies, young and old, how to remove freckles, much to the amusement of the freckles, which stay right where they are and grow fat on all the lotions that are designed to effect their destruction. Personally I would rather see a girl's face freckled by the sun, honest and clean, than smothered in six inches of paint procured at the drug store. There are some things in this world that nobody can understand. I've been going bareheaded nearly thirty years and never accumulated a freckle, while you go out in the sun for two minutes and come home with a carload. If these freckles have a Germanic appearance, all you have to do is to report the matter to the Department of Justice, and they will be removed at once and sent to the detention camp. My advice to you, Abby, if you want

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

What is News?

News can only be that which is true—confirmed fact, evil exposed, and constructive good made known. Not rumors of the worst. Nor accidents, scandals and crimes of the day, with greswome details.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

and canceling and is sought by hundreds from the city when the thermometer reaches the 90 mark. But no stream in W. Va. affords a more pleasant bathing place.

The farmhouse sets on a hill and is surrounded by fine old trees and apple orchards. There are two large airy rooms that are used as a dining room and kitchen. It is furnished mostly in yellow, green, and white, yellow shades, a rug with a yellow and blue center and cream-colored walls. The house is beautiful. Fields of oats and corn surround it and potatoes, tomatoes and beans, cabbages, onions and peas so tender that I often wonder how we can eat the store vegetables. If I have an unexpected caller there is no running up a store bill for a few extras for the table. The ferns and flowers furnish a good quiet, the garden, the edibles in the vegetable house, the cows the rich cream and golden butter and an April hatch of chickens the meat and, to and fro, a meal fit for a king. It is so beautiful that I wish all the ailing sisters could enjoy it and see that there is always a good breeze coming in the best of weather and yet we are only twenty miles from the walk from the edge of the woods to the river here in March, so you can imagine how good it seems to us after living in the city with just a small park. There are one hundred acres here.

Will the sisters tell me how to decorate for Halloween party and their ideas as to games and refreshments. Something that is not expensive.

A. FARMER.

DE. PONT, WASH.

DEAR CORNER FOLKS

For once, I've had a hideous nightmare while reading in our dear corner. I thought I was a man and a vampire had fastened itself on my chest, and, . . . No, I wasn't sleeping; I was wide awake and reading a letter in the July COMFORT. Ugh!!! My, but I was glad when I came to, and read the next letter! The sun shone, the birds sang, and life was so grand I wouldn't have missed it for anything—and all because of glorious Pearl Vesey!

My husband and I have come to the conclusion that it doesn't make so much difference where one lives, for there's beauty everywhere, and one can be happy and must work wherever he is. Still, I do wish all of the sisters could enjoy this fine country. We have been here only a few years, but are satisfied with it in every respect. Camp Lewis is quite near us and we visit it often. Mount Ranier, with its inspiration to "come up higher," stands in plain view, on perpetual guard. The boys like the life, but in their desire to get at the Kaiser, some of them laughingly quote the Indian who said, "Too much salute; not enough about." We looked over the books and magazines in the Y. M. C. A. reading-rooms, and found that they need COMFORT, so I enclose a sub.

So many good suggestions are given by the sisters that I feel ashamed of coming empty-handed. But when I rummage in my mental storehouse ("scrap-lag" is more correct), I find very little that is new. Here is a remedy for that discouraged blue feeling that sometimes comes to the strongest of us—but it is old, too, for I got it from my grandmother, who always advised, "Do something for somebody, quick!" Her life was full of misfortune and bitter grief, and yet she lived cheerfully through it all by following the advice she so often gave to others.

If you like persimmons, you will be glad to know that they can be kept until spring by putting them in layers in stone jars, sprinkling each layer with a generous handful of sugar.

The question of a wife working outside of her own home has not yet been discussed to the sisters, I believe. I have three children, aged seven, nine and 13, and for two years have been in an office as stenographer, my girlhood employment. My mother looks after the children and the house, and with the extra income we can have help for the heavy work, and life is made easier for all of us, and no one is neglected, either. This could be done in many families if the right person could be found to take care of the children. Fortunately for me, it was at my mother's request that we tried the plan.

Sisters, let's have a dime shower for Uncle Charlie for Thanksgiving—not a little drizzle, but a good old-fashioned shower. All right. Everybody's invited, and it's going to be some shower!

Fraternally,

E. H.

Mrs. E. H.—Thanks for giving us something new to talk about and such an interesting something too. I feel sure the boys at Camp Lewis will appreciate your gift, as we have received numerous requests for COMFORT from boys at various camps. Needless to say, these were complied with promptly.—Ed.

BURLINGTON, KANS.

HELLO THREE SISTERS: I didn't know it would make a person so excited to write a letter that may (?) be read in all parts of the United States.

My parents took COMFORT for a number of years and I've taken it since I was married, more than two years.

First of all I want to say I think this corner fine. I have got lots of help from the hints and recipes.

Now for Lula. I'm going to start at the top of her letter and chide her to the end.

Well, well, so you don't love your husband? That's not strange, since from the tone of your letter it is plain to see you do not love anyone but yourself. If you would look around at some other men who do drink and gamble and notice how their wives have to get along maybe that would awaken love spark No. 1. What in the world have you got to fuss at him about? He does the work Sunday, is a good provider, doesn't talk back and doesn't drink. Why don't you meet him at the door and kiss him or if he isn't sentimental, greet him with a cheery, "Hello, old pard! How did work go today?" He would more than likely say something pleasant in return. Keep that up a while and here comes spark No. 2. Now pray tell me, if you haven't any children and aren't sickly, why you want to rest on Sunday? Seems to me poor old hubby is the one to rest after working all the week. I think you have an angel or a fool for a man, to take all you pile on him and not even peep.

I'm not any better than the common run of women but here's how we spend Sunday. I do my baking on Saturday (we are common farmers, I forgot to mention) and also get some canned or fresh fruit, have a chicken baked or meat of some kind, and we have a cold dinner if we don't have company or go somewhere. While Daddy does his chores I make my beds (sweeping and dusting done the Friday before, Lula) and while Daddy and Trudge (that's our girlie) drive around while he looks at the fences and crops, I wash the dishes and when they get back the porch is fixed with rugs and pillows and a stack of magazines and books. In the afternoon someone most always comes or we go visiting and to church in the evening. When bedtime comes Daddy has forgotten the "bad times" the week before and is fresh for his work of the coming week. When anything goes wrong I always sympathize with him and never say "I told you so," even if I have. I'm no angel, mind you, and get so cross with him sometimes that I could pull his ears. Now Lula, try spending a Sunday or two that way and behold, love spark No. 3.

Here's the awful part of your letter, Lula—"I never would consent to give birth to a child." Are you the one to hold such a wonderful, mighty thing as motherhood in your hands? Where then, do you place the Savior? Didn't He give women that divine privilege and how shall you answer to Him if you willfully abuse that privilege? And think what you are missing. I'd rather give up every earthly pleasure than miss the soft, dimpled hands around my neck and sunny, trusting face lifted to mine. She toddles through the house, pulling things down to be replaced later and she makes lots of washing, ironing and sewing, but the little kisses more than pay it back. You'd be surprised too, to see how a really good husband would treat you. Daddy would hardly let me move before Trudge was born and the first thing he said when he came home at night was, "Have you made any more doll clothes?" Now they are the best of pals. Try it Lula and the first thing you know your heart will be brimming over with love for your husband and you'll be sighing for your wasted years.

I tell you about our country and climate. This part of Kansas is smooth and rolling. The summers are rather droughty and the winters generally dry and cold. All kinds of grain are raised but just now it is the wheat craze and everyone raises wheat and I am glad of that for I want our boys over there to have all they want to eat.

Daddy and I knit for the soldiers last winter. I go to the Red Cross meetings, of which we are both

members. We have bought a Liberty Bond and are trying to do our bit.

Do you want to know how I look, Lula? I know, she has a long nose, false teeth and a long tongue and I'll bet she's skinny. But I haven't and I'm not. I am five feet, two inches tall, weigh 130 pounds and have brown hair and sort of blue-black eyes, round face, pug nose and a big mouth. No bad looks, I'm pretty, I say.

Pearl Vesey, I'm going to write to you some of these days. I wish I lived near you.

Good by.

Mrs. N. F. G.

Mrs. G.—Come again and tell us if Trudge is your girlie's real name, for someone will want to know. I should like to visit you some Sunday afternoon and enjoy the comforts of your cozy porch, but Kansas is too far away for afternoon calls.—Ed.

TIGRETT, TENN.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am an interested reader of the sisters' letters and have thought of writing but somehow the time has slipped by and a new COMFORT comes and each time the letters were so much better than I could have written that I'm glad I did not write and now it is the very limit. Sisters, do you think she deserves the kind treatment her husband gives her? Judging from her letter, she does not. You know the old saying, "Love is blind," and it is true in this case. Maybe she is trying to jolly us and we will hope so until we hear from her again.

Pearl Vesey, I would like to shake hands with you. You write such cheerful letters. These but days make one glad vacation time is here and by the time this letter reaches you I will have taken mine and gotten back home again. Do you know, sisters, the real good of a vacation is not so much that it rests your mind and body as that it makes you satisfied with your lot. It is good to go away but it is great to come back. I suppose the psychology of the thing is that most of the time we stay too closely at home to realize how beautiful our blessings are. We have to get far enough away to get the right view of them. I always spend my vacations with my grandmother, as my father and mother have both passed away. She lives in a pretty little country village and has the traditional vine-wreathed cottage and all the appurtenances that go to make the conventional picture of the ideal life of a woman. Now I work very hard, as a woman has to who keeps house and tends to her kiddies, although I have only one little girl who is nearing her fifth birthday. As I started to say, by the time this letter reaches you I will have begun to get on my nerves and I have commenced pitying myself and wondering if I didn't make a mistake when I married the nice little farmer who proposed to me when I was sixteen years old. I have begun to feel sort of weepy when I reflect that I never have any opportunity to enjoy myself and life is nothing but a series of never-ending drudgery, and begin to wish instead that I could put on my straight fronts and my tailor-made and go to work as a saleslady in a downtown store. That's the mood I am in when I start to take my vacation. Most married people are really attached to each other and admire each other's good qualities but they quarrel because they have been together too long, because they have gotten to the place where they bore each other and see nothing but each other's faults. That's the reason my husband and I always take our vacations separately. When my hubby sees me off on mine he looks to me like an ordinary, sawed-off, rather sloppily dressed, commonplace man, and I'm perfectly aware that I'm just a slim, ordinary sort of a woman to him, and we both secretly wonder why we married each other. But when he meets me when I return he looks about seven feet tall and is as handsome as a Greek god to me and his welcoming kiss is the kiss of a lover and he tells me I certainly do look good to him. I'm so glad to be back home that I don't see that the house is shabbily furnished, that there are spots on the carpet, that the paper is faded and a dozen other things that I thought I couldn't stand when I went away. So our vacations do their work and keep us both more satisfied with life.

Now dear editor and sisters, I've had a nice little chat with you all and will go and leave space for others who are as eager for admittance as myself. Just to satisfy your curiosity as to how I look, I'll tell you that I am five feet, four inches tall and weigh one hundred and ten pounds and have dark brown hair and eyes and a fair complexion. Age twenty-three.

Sincerely,

JIMMIE.

Jimmie.—Your letter afforded me a good laugh. It is so true to life that almost any woman can see herself in it. Come again.—Ed.

FIFIELD, WIS.

DEAR OLD COMFORTERS:

Because I love Mother Nature in all her moods—providing there's a setting of tall timber for her to "mood" in—I love you the more and wish you could spend the day around our campfire—mosquito snudge—while we listened to the wood sounds and—slapped mosquitoes. The kiddies got the long end of the wishbone, and I must be content with a perch in our corner which just now means to me—Ladies' Aid, Church, Club, Library, Friendship League and the real thing that counts, the home. Our boys are simply coming up like sturdy weeds, without raising at all. They are mannerly and good, because we are mannerly and good to them. They sing and play as the birds do and run as wild as the deer in the slashings. I think it as cowardly for a woman to strike a child as it is for a man to strike a woman. There is too much power about it, and not enough reason. I find that "power" lasts only while the mother is present, while loving explanation of the why and wherefore lasts for a lifetime, allowing for little side-paths through childish "forgetteries," which aren't deliberate disobediences at all. Let us stop "raising" the children, letting them just grow up, while we mother-girls train ourselves to walk in clean, dry places where little feet may safely step in the tracks we make.

Friend husband—in the plurality—doesn't need scolding at all. They wrote me several of above mentioned "pat" letters, in which they told me all about it. I had a sneaking belief that more than one masculine eye perused our columns, and now I know it. The only sarcastic "Brother's" letter was typed, and stated by way of argument that women of today cannot cook, and that the writer is getting to be a woman hater. If Henry will send me his address, I will mail him my recipe for flapjack, that he may fire that cook and live after the fashion of woman haters in general. I shall not argue with him, for two reasons: First—I'm Irish and I might say something that would cause him to "vote" against me. Secondly—I'm a wee bit leary of my own culinary abilities since I began Hooverizing.

Tonight Jack Frost reminds me that Santa Claus will soon begin packing his gifts, and I am going to put my money where it will either have to fight or cheer.

I have several old light summer dresses, from which collars, cuffs, aprons and morning caps for girls can be made, trimming them with dainty insertion or fine hairpin lace. Many women do not look well in the round, gathered caps, but most anyone can wear them made "auto" style, with a wide band turned back from the front and caught at the corners with buttons, bows or rosettes. Several pieces of velvet and silk will be made into neck bows, and are pretty combined with fine lace and narrower ribbon. Durable, washable, comfortable sofa pillows are one of my hobbies. No home can have too many of them.

I'm no "carpentress," but I will hunt up the paint left-overs, dry-goods boxes and pieces from garments, and furnish the children's play-house. Cloth flour-sacks will make sheets, tick and pillow-cases for the bed. Another flour-sack with rounded corners and featherstuffed top will make a neat cloth for the little table. The dishes will be odd saucers, pie plates, berry dishes, etc. I'll put shelves in a box, paint it, and paper the inside, making a cunning little cupboard. Their old dolls will receive full outfits of buttoned clothes, nighties and wraps, so I must make each of them a box with leather-hinged covers and braided-rope handles. The boy needs a work-bench with a shelf under it for tools. While I am at it, I think I will make a footstool for "Daddy"—a regular padded top, tip-back-and-rest affair with an

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opening for latest paper, glasses, pipe and tobacco. Lula may not like smoke, but we do! Smoke smells like "Dad." Dad smells like smoke, and they both smell like the home-fires. If poverty really is the mother of invention, we must cultivate her more. She knows how to give a personal touch to her gifts that any amount of cash cannot bring, and just now Uncle Sam needs all the money we can spare. I was once a designer, and though I no longer work at it, I am not entirely out of practice. If you need help in putting your favorite flowers, fruit or scenery on your gifts, and will furnish suitable paper and stamped envelope, I will gladly draw them for you, "free of charge." I must ask you not to send me money or gifts—only cheerful letters. I am not in a position to return favors—much as I would like to. I, too, think it is better to give than receive, hence that big ache in my liver—for I have received several boxes of candy, also magazines, pictures and the prettiest white apron I ever saw. Thank you all, and remember—no more presents to be sent. I think most of you can make belts, handkerchief boxes, slippers, splashers and the many kinds of crocheted and fancy gifts. I will close with the suggestion that you paint a lot of tomato cans, and start slips in them now. Where your gifts are not to be shipped, they are the best ever.

You will hear from me occasionally, when I think of something to say. My heart being in the woods, I will send the Big Woods full of love to "you"—the only sisters I have.

PEARL VESSEY.

Pearl Vesey.—When I faced the four hundred or more letters which it is my pleasure to receive every month, I said: "I wonder if there is a letter from Pearl Vesey," and when I found it I was as delighted as your admiring sisters will be when they see it in print. No, I've never kissed the blarney stone, though my grandmothers may have. Never mind the knockers, but come again.—Ed.

TACOMA, 19 Bridgeport Ave., WASH.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: Seeing what one sister says about dancing, I cannot help but say a few words. No, I do not believe in dancing.

I have four girls, aged thirty, twenty-six, twenty and sixteen, and they have never danced. The two oldest are married and have little families. They say their girls shall never get the dancing fever either. When I was a girl I danced and found no harm in it, but my husband was raised a Baptist and would not let the children dance. I now thank him for it, as we have ten children and they are all an honor to our name. Many of the girls of my acquaintance dance and during the fifteen years I have lived here, most of the girls who have blighted their lives, left home or made bad marriages, spent their Saturday evenings dancing and Sunday mornings in bed.

When the soldiers from the Camp began coming here it was worse. I have two sons and a son-in-law in camp and it worried me to see those lonely boys with no place to go but with a tough crowd. After talking to my son, who explained a soldier could not scrape acquaintance with decent people on the street, I decided to have some of them come to my house when in town. I have a boy of eighteen at

home to entertain them. But people said, "The girls will fall in love with them." I didn't want my girls to get khaki struck, so I got another idea. I got a list of a thousand names and with the help of my two girls and son picked out three hundred and sixty names. All were names we had never heard before, as we made no inquiries as to their possessors. Son wrote seven invitations each Saturday asking one to come each day of the week or if he could not to hand the invitation to a pal. My son met him at the station and brought him in about an hour before dinner, introduced him and started the entertainment, sometimes the phonograph, sometimes cards. But soon they were all acquainted. After dinner my husband would say, "Now kids, get out and enjoy yourselves." My boy would ask them to choose what it would be, a walk, a game of tennis (at the public court) or the movies or skating rink, and sometimes father would get a friend to take them for an automobile ride and generally on Sunday they went to church, the soldier choosing the one

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

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THE GIRL HE LOVED

By *Adelaide Stirling*

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CHAPTER XL. (CONTINUED.)

"He beat me," he said simply, "and said if I said one word he'd say it was me. And two of the kitchen-maids had seen me with the laurel leaves, only they didn't know they were poison. And I thought I might be wrong, for the dog got well. I'd forgotten it, when one night late the footman brought the dirty boots, and I sat down in the boot-hole to clean them. I saw the cook's white jacket and apron in there behind the door, and I picked them up because I thought he'd beat me if I got blacking on them. I had them in my hand when the boot-hole door opened and in he came. He closed the door behind him quick and soft, and I heard a dog go by, and he stood there fidgeting with his breath. He had on a tweed suit with a bit torn out of the trousers. He never said a word—just grabbed his jacket and apron that I was holding, and put them on. Then he puts his fingers on my eyes and forehead just as he'd done once before, the day he beat me about the laurel-water."

"You don't know nothing," he says, and he slips just as quiet as nothing through that door into the still-room. I began to feel as if I hadn't seen him, and yet I knew I had. But whenever anybody asked me anything I couldn't seem to answer them. I just had to say, 'I don't know nothing.' But after that I wouldn't let him touch my face. I'd lie down and hide it, and let him beat me nearly to death. Once, Sir Thomas caught him at it. He'd nearly got me that time. It sounds crazy," apologetically, "but it seemed to me it was his hands on my face that made me say what he told me. I knew all the time it was him changed the bottles and put one in her ladyship's room, for I see him put the laurel-water into a large blue bottle the day he made it, and twice that they found in her ladyship's room. But I couldn't tell, and then he took me to London because he said they were saying I killed his lordship, and he wanted to save me. He'd stopped beating me and got kind. But when he left me at a lady's house he told me not to stay there, as it was there they'd look for me. I ran out the kitchen door, and that's all I know—wearily—'Till I sort of woke up and saw Sir Thomas and a woman. I didn't hardly know I was myself till I saw those trousers the cook gave me."

"What trousers?" said the prosecuting attorney, and the next second was sorry he had spoken.

"The torn ones he was dressed up in, that he'd stolen from Captain Gordon," said the witness stolidly. "He told me Captain Gordon had given them to him, but I knew he took them, because I saw him coming out of his room with them, and I know he'd no call to be there. When there was that fuss about them he made me put them on in the post-chamber and wear them up to London. I've got 'em now—simply—and I found these two letters down the leg," producing the Umbrella's useless, well-meant warnings.

"Why did you write from London that you were happy?" said the prosecution sharply.

"Me?" said Towers. "Lord, sir, I can't write."

In a dead silence the Umbrella's letters were read out, the letters that had been past and not present meetings for Lady Levallion and Adrian Gordon. And then, with damning proof against Carrousel and against the missing Hester Murray, it was shown that Towers' supposed epistle and the letter from the pension in Boulogne were both in the same writing. And the telegram found in the mouse-hole fitted in with both—for if Adrian's detectives had not found Hester Murray they had found that she had never been in Boulogne at all, and that the Pension Bécage was kept by Carrousel's sister. Adrian's letter of inquiry had been forwarded to him, and his answer posted in Boulogne. Sir Thomas Annesley swore positively that the clean-shaven Carrousel was the man he had seen in the wood and taken for Gordon. He had known him in Paddington Station before he followed him to Bethnal Court.

The counsel for the Crown observed somewhat hastily that, even supposing Lord Levallion's chief had been guilty of his death, there was no possible reason for supposing Mrs. Murray to have been the woman seen with him in the wood by Sir Thomas Annesley. No one had identified her, or the cloak as her property. To bring in her name was not only guesswork, but malicious

slander—and Tommy interrupted by saying he had seen Carrousel take the cloak from her house.

In the wrangle that ensued, Houghton caught the duchess' arm.

"Who's that woman?" he whispered. "Isn't it she?"

The duchess followed his eyes.

There stood Lady Annesley, emerged from her Harrogate retirement, perfectly dressed, and calm as a lake.

Ravenel looked up with a sick shudder and met the pale eyes of the woman without whom she would have been Adrian's wife. What brought Sylvia here? Sylvia?

"My lord," said Lady Annesley, addressing the judge, and scolding the jury, "I have just heard it said that Hester Murray is an innocent woman. I have brought something in her own handwriting which may throw a light on that, and first, if you will allow me, I will tell you how I came by it. I was not well. I saw no papers until last week, and then I read of the apprehension of my stepdaughter for the murder of her husband, and that other case in which Mrs. Murray claimed the title of Lady Levallion."

"I was not on good terms with my stepdaughter—"

"—and the court, knowing why, believed her—"

"neither she nor any one else had written to me of the dreadful death of Lord Levallion. But, good terms or not"—and Sylvia's cleverness had not left her—"I was certain it was impossible for her to have committed such a crime. It oc-

been in her bed. Lady Annesley has told you she had a hold on her. I may tell you there was no need for it. Mrs. Murray knew she was dying, had written a letter already to clear herself from any share in the death of Lord Levallion that might accrue to her. In fact, she turned queen's evidence before she died."

There was not a sound as he read that strange, self-excusing letter, which told how she and no other had been living in the bungalow all summer. How Lord Levallion had shaken her off, and how she had formed the acquaintance in her evening haunts of Levallion Castle, of a tall, dark man named Carrousel.

"He fell in love with me," Hester Murray's hand had written, in the terror of that death which neither judge nor jury had brought on her; "he used to come and see me, and bring me things—Levallion's flowers, fruit—anything he could lay hands on. And I found out easily enough that he hated Levallion. One wet night I came home. I had been looking in the windows at Levallion Castle. I was watching Lady Levallion and Captain Gordon, and Levallion caught me. He was so angry I thought he would kill me. I was beside myself, distraught, and in my house Carrousel was waiting for me. I told him all my story—that I knew then. For it was not till Levallion was dead that I heard about John Davidge."

"And Carrousel said it was a very simple business to pay Levallion out in his own coin. All I need do, he said, was to go away to London

then—and afterwards, when I told her it was done, and how—put her fingers in her ears, and said she had no hand in it. A man has just said she is dead, and it is well for her. For if she were alive I could tell you what would hang her as well as it will execute me."

For a long moment no one spoke. Then a sharp question was asked Lady Annesley by the prosecution regarding the hold she had said she had over Mrs. Murray.

"A very simple one," she answered, "but I can prove it. She claimed she was Countess of Levallion, because, as was perfectly true, she had been married to Lord Levallion after the death of John Davidge. What she did not know was that she was never Davidge's wife at all. He married me, two years before he ever saw Mrs. Murray, and after his death I became the wife of Sir Thomas Annesley. Mrs. Murray's only legal marriage was with Murray himself, who is now recovering from an operation in Guy's Hospital. And here is my marriage-certificate, which proves what I say."

A thunderbolt could not have made more sensation. Every one knew her name had been Davidge, but no one had connected her in any way with Hester Murray.

She stepped down as coolly as she had come up.

The judge, after a stupefied pause, addressed the jury, but they did not even leave their box.

Lady Levallion and Captain Gordon stood acquitted, without a stain, and Carrousel, Archer, or whatever his true name might be, was committed for trial on the counts of conspiracy and murder.

Through two long and awful days Ravenel had never winced, had stood like a stone image that breathed and spoke, before a hundred hostile, curious faces. But now that she was free she covered her eyes with that ringless left hand that the whole court had marvelled at.

It is no light thing to move away from the hinges of death and see another take your place there. But in all the room not another soul had pity for Carrousel.

CHAPTER XLI.

"I LOVED YOU BEST."

Lady Annesley, having worked much evil, had wiped it out. Yet her stepdaughter never saw her after that day in court. A few lies, a scrap of India-rubber, had cost two men's lives, and a woman's good name.

Levallion "had been kind," had died indirectly because he chose to marry her. Ravenel turned from the dock and went away with Tommy and the duchess, knowing that in a way the dead man had been dear to her, neither as lover nor husband, but as a friend whose love had passed knowledge.

And Adrian Gordon let her go; let time pass till Tommy was in the service and Mr. Jacobs fighting with all the dogs in Aldershot. And one day in May could wait no more.

By the lake at Avonmore she was sitting when, at the sound of his step on the gravel, she looked up, and saw him.

"Adrian!" she said, forgetting that for this many a day he had been Lord Levallion. But she got no further, for the look in his eyes that were on her face.

"May I come and speak to you?" he asked quite simply, as a child does, but his mouth had the same look as his eyes. "You've traveled a long way without me, Nel. Won't you—come home?"

And she knew what he meant. There was only one home in the world for her, in Adrian Gordon's arms. Perhaps she had no pride, for without a word she went there.

In the May sun he looked at her, as in one May two years past. There was no change—but there was! He had never dreamed she was so beautiful. But as he would have kissed her she pushed him away.

"It isn't fair to you!" she cried. "People will say things if you marry me."

"We won't hear them," he returned, and in so much the manner of the dead and gone Levallion that she cried out.

"You never half-knew him, Adrian! He was good to me."

"My sweetheart," he said, with a queer understanding of her loyalty to the dead.

"He was a better man than you," she cried, and her eyes filled with tears. "But, oh, Adrian, I loved you best."

THE END.

"What She Lived For;

Or,

Guiltless, But Punished"

What should one live for but love? Love, the greatest thing in the world, "is like virtue, its own reward." "Our very wretchedness grows dear to us when suffering for one we love." Is any sacrifice too great for love's sake?

Find the answer in this thrilling story, by Lillian R. Drayton, which will run as a serial in COMFORT. It is pathetic in its description of the social chasm that separates the rich from the poor, spanned by a bridge of sighs over which the poor factory girl is led by forbidden love of the son of her wealthy and scornful employer.

It is an inspiring story of heroic sacrifice and devotion and deals sympathetically with the social problems that are shaking the world.

Don't miss the first part, in November COMFORT, which tells of the great strike that forces these lovers to array themselves on opposite sides of a bitter conflict between labor and capital.

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curled to me that there was one woman who, with Levallion in his grave, could do what she would not have dared while he lived. I went from Harrogate to London: to the address given as Mrs. Murray's in the papers, and she was not there. That made me certain she had reason to disappear, and I had reason—slowly—"to guess where she had gone. She had a son, whom she chooses to call the present Lord Levallion and I knew that the boy had spent most of his childhood with an old nurse in a wild part of Wales. I went there, on the chance. I waited till night; I looked in the window, and there in the old woman's kitchen sat two women and a boy. I may tell you that I had a hold on Hester Murray. I went in and—did not use it! This gentleman will tell you what happened."

She waved her hand to a man, and the court stared as they saw the ablest detective in England come forward.

"You see, my story does not stand alone."

Mr. David's story was short enough, perhaps, only Lady Annesley did not see that it was pitiful.

"I went to Wales," he said quietly. "Lady Annesley's story to me having confirmed something already told me by Captain Gordon. We found Mrs. Murray in a farmhouse. She had not been well for some time, her hurried flight, her trouble, and a chill had brought on pneumonia. When we reached her she was sitting by the fire, a dying woman, who should have

and let Levallion know it. I could take a lodging near the station, and come up and down every night unobserved if I got off at the siding. It did not matter, he said, how circumspect Lady Levallion and Captain Gordon chose to be, if he and I could play their parts, and two nights after I met him in the woods dressed in Adrian Gordon's clothes. When first he came up behind me I screamed, for I thought it was Gordon himself. He showed me a telegram from his sister in Boulogne; he was to describe me, and she would say I had been there all summer. He had champagne; we drank to the health of the new Lord Levallion, my son; to Captain Gordon and Lady Levallion, who would put the Levallion I hated out of the world; and I thought he meant it. Before God, I did not know what was in Carrousel's head till it was done, and he came to me and told me that my cloak might bring me into it," and perhaps when she wrote it she believed it.

In the first hush that followed, Carrousel leaned forward.

"She says I killed him," he said quietly. "Perhaps I did. But the woman who wrote that letter put it in my mind. She knew nothing, she says—and the venom in his face was unspokeable—she knew she told me that she was the true Lady Levallion, who had been wronged and betrayed; that if I avenged her she would marry me! She laughed when she said in the wood that night how I could avenge her. Laughed

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NOVEMBER COMFORT

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Past all shame is past all truth.
A noble deed is a step toward God.
Action is the main business of life.
Medicines are not meant to live on.
The morning sun cannot last the day.
The best pilots are often found ashore.
Deal gently; deal kindly; deal lovingly.
Better twice measured than once wrong.
An old man's sayings are seldom untrue.
The best things in life lie about our feet.
Curiosity is the kernel of forbidden fruit.
Money going before can open many gates.
The pedigree of the good is not sought for.
We may live fools, but fools we cannot die.
There is no pleading against Time or Fate.
What man is so blest that he never mourns?
A lie is a handle that fits all the tools of sin.
The mind of man is the proper judge of men.
Some men are hammers, and some are anvils.
Patience is a bitter tree that bears sweet fruit.
There is no religion but can boast its martyrs.
Sloth and folly build the impossibility they fear.
The bridge of life has three score and ten arches.
The greatest difference between men is in energy.
Mystery magnifies danger as the fog does the sun.
Love one human being purely and you will love all.
Right laws do not restrain freedom, but maintain it.
It is easy to forgive when vengeance is in our power.
A strong memory is often joined to a poor judgment.
A man should keep his friendships in constant repair.
There is nothing greater than the soul but its creator.
Because God could not be everywhere, he made mothers.
Change yourself and your fortune will change with you.
Some men shun mankind only to meet the devil in private.
One may ascend to God by contemplation of created things.
Man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter.
He that doubts the existence of mind, by doubting, proves it.
Great men, like great cities, must have dark alleys in their hearts.
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Write Today! Send your name now. Tell us which of the ladies or men's. Be sure to send finger size. Harold Lachman Co., 12 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 3047, Chicago.



War Garden Parties Should Be Popular All the Year

If the suggestions of the United States Food Administration are heeded, garden parties, instead of teas and receptions, will be the vogue for the period of the war.

The garden parties are not to be entertainments on spacious lawns lighted with lanterns and dotted with tables on which rare food delicacies are served, but garden parties in the sense that on all occasions the food will be furnished from the home or local gardens.

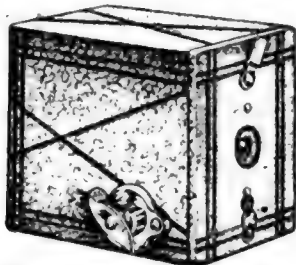
According to the Food Administration, for a church supper, a political rally, a Sunday school picnic, or a "company dinner," it is far more patriotic to use food stuffs out of the home or local gardens than to eat the food freighted into town, because transportation is the greatest problem of the war and shipping space the most precious thing in the world.

War Savings Stamps help provide that "Force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world," which President Wilson says must be used against our enemies.

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Keeping Back the Cuticle

"I HAVE so much trouble with my finger-nails," writes Evelyn. "The cuticle is so hard and dry I have tiny hangnails, which I can't help pulling or biting, and my nails are getting thick and hard."

The fact that the cuticle about one's nails is dry indicates that the whole body is a little bit out of order. For such a condition one should eat fruit and vegetables, drink plenty of water, see that all the bodily functions are regular, and soon the entire system will begin to show improvement. In the meantime, to keep the cuticle about the nails soft, vaseline or a little olive oil should be applied each night, rubbing around the base of the nail and even upon the nail itself.

Strong soaps should be avoided, the hands washed only as often as necessary to keep them clear and a hand lotion applied immediately after washing. Soap, of course, removes the natural oil of the skin and if used many times a day, a dry cuticle is a quite natural result.

It will do no harm to use vaseline on the nails and surrounding cuticle in the daytime, only of course it must be applied very sparingly. Hangnails will flee before this treatment, but if they appear before a change has had time to take place, never bite or tear them. Take your manicure scissors and clip them carefully.

There is a new method of removing the cuticle where it has grown on the nail. Little rubber discs just about as large around as the end of a lead pencil and a quarter of an inch thick, are clasped tight in a tweezer-shaped instrument, the nail smeared with a nail-cream to which powdered pumice has been added, and the little rubber wheel used to rub the entire surface of the nail and to push back the cuticle at the base. An enterprising young friend of mine used a slice of the eraser from the end of a leadpencil, held it in the tweezer she uses to get rid of an occasional obtrusive hair on chin or lip, and added powdered pumice-stone to her own nail-cream. The result was perfectly satisfactory, although the little outfit sold for this purpose is less trouble, since the tweezer clasps shut.

Try the suggestion. Even pumice-stone in your nail-cream will work wonders if you pad the end of your orange-wood stick with cotton and use it as a "pusher." By this method the cuticle is more easily kept back, and there is very little clipping with the manicure scissors.

By the way, girls, you know, do you not, that you should not cut your finger-nails, but file them? And that your manicure scissors are really to remove hangnails and trim the edges of the nail where it grows into the flesh, and not to shape the nail itself? Use a very thin flexible file, and be sure to cleanse under the nail with an orange-wood stick, after filing. The nail-cream plus pumice-stone is excellent to cleanse under the nail, but be sure to get it all out afterward. Here your nail brush and soapy water will do the deed.

Always rinse the hands in clean water after using soapy water, and apply a hand lotion. If you follow these suggestions, girls, I should like to see your finger-nails a month from now.

Answers to Questions

Miss May—For large knuckles, massage is the best remedy. Before going to bed, on arising, and at any other time in the day that you can manage, use a little olive oil, and with the fingers and thumb of the other hand gently work the knuckle up and down, pressing at the sides of the knuckle-joints. Keep the body in good condition, and use a hand lotion or hand cream on the hands before going to bed, to keep them soft and white. Eat plenty of fruits and vegetables, and do not eat too much red meat. Drink quantities of water that all unhealthful deposits may be removed from the body. Keep the pores of the body open by daily body-baths, deep breathing and plenty of fresh air—this for the same reason as the water taken internally; to rid the body of unhealthful deposits. When you wash your hands, always, in



USE THE ORANGE-WOOD STICK AS A PUSHER.

drying, massage the knuckles at the side of the joints, pressing with the thumb on one side and with the first or second finger on the other.

KYFFIE—I am sorry that it is against the rules of this department to answer letters by mail. So many people have exactly the same problem to solve, and to answer each would require more hours than there are in a day, and more days than there are in a year; therefore all answers are printed here where all may read and profit. Do you see? Now about that red face, and red neck and red hands. My guess is that you are using too strong soap and using it too often. Suppose for a time you refrain from using soap on your face and neck; and use a very mild white soap on the hands—or, rather, not on the hands, but in the water with which you wash your hands. To care for your face, use a face cream and lightly smear the surface of the face; let stay on a moment and then wipe off with a soft cloth or a pad of absorbent cotton—a bit of flannel is best. Wash out the flannel after each time, and dry for the next using. Be sure to get off all the face cream, and with it will come the dirt. You know, I suppose, that Mary Pickford always cleanses her face with cold cream, in this manner? You can do the same with the neck. For the hands, make a soapy water with mild white soap, wash thoroughly, even using a soft nail brush to cleanse knuckles, but be careful to take a fresh bowl of water and rinse the hands thoroughly. Soap left on the hands will chap, roughen and reddens them. When well rinsed, dry lightly and rub in a good hand lotion. If you will

follow these directions, face, neck and hands will soon begin to grow magically white. Too hot water, or too frequent applications of hot water will also make a neck look, as you express it, "grained." Hot water should never be applied to the face except for curative purposes—tepid water is better. Where there are blackheads, it is desirable to use hot soapy water at night, but thoroughly rinse thereafter; but in the daytime when the skin is exposed to different temperatures indoors and out, tepid water is the only kind to use. Here is a formula for a hand lotion:

To Whiten the Hands

Rosewater, two ounces; orange-flower water, two ounces; borate of soda, one fourth dram; spirits of benzoin, one half dram; bruised almonds, one half ounce.

Add the bruised almonds to the orange-flower and rosewater, and let stand for twenty-four hours, strain, add the soda, shake well, and when this is dissolved, add the benzoin, a drop at a time, shaking continually. Strained honey can be used in conjunction with this. Always apply after washing the hands, and add an extra application before going to bed.

Mrs. M. E.—The surest way of removing superfluous hair is by the electric needle. I am not permitted to name firms or business places in these columns, but there are several large beauty shops in Chicago, at any one of which you could have your hair removed. The treatment costs five dollars an hour, and the ordinary person can only take about fifteen minutes' treatment at a time. Fifteen minutes dis-



USE A THIN FLEXIBLE FILE TO SHAPE THE NAILS.

poses of quite a number of hairs. Do not go to an unskilled local operator—your face can be scarred by so doing. When you reach Chicago, inquire at the Information Department of Marshall Field's and they will tell you of some large beauty shop in the neighborhood. In the meantime, you can do much to reduce the unsightly hair by using the French treatment, applying peroxide of hydrogen to the hair one day, mopping it on and letting it dry; then ammonia the next day, in the same manner. If the skin becomes irritated after a few applications, discontinue the treatment for a day or two, rubbing in a little cold cream, then go back to the peroxide and ammonia. The former bleaches the hair, so that it is not so noticeable, and the latter, in time, kills the roots so that the hair falls out. This will remove superfluous hair, but it is a very slow process, and requires patience and perseverance.

BLACK BEAUTY.—I should be very careful what I used on those few black hairs on my lip. I imagine they are not at all noticeable, except to you. Try looking at the other girls, and you will find that almost everybody has a little hair on the lips. In the meantime, however, you can use peroxide and ammonia, which is the only safe treatment for hair on the face (except the electric needle in the hands of a skilled operator). See answer to "Mrs. M. E."

E. H.—See the first sentence of answer to "Effie." You say you perspire too freely under the arms. Of course, perspiration is necessary to health, so we do not want to stop it, but I understand how uncomfortable it is to perspire so excessively. Take a sponge bath every morning, rubbing the body over quickly and vigorously. Unless you have a warm room to take this in, in cold weather, only expose a small part of the surface of the body at one time; sponge it, then dry it with a rough towel; cover, and proceed with the next fraction of body surface. In this way you will not take cold. Remove the hair from under the arms by using a depilatory. It will return, of course, but you can remove it as frequently as is needed. The hair holds the perspiration, besides causing it by making the armpit warm, so just this one precaution may help you greatly. Then make yourself a bag of corn-starch—using loosely-woven flannel. After bathing, dry the armpits, then with a cake of white soap, barely damp, rub the armpit over, gently. Use your flannel bag afterward and shake against the armpit surface. This will check perspiration. Wear shields in all your dresses, and wash them daily—otherwise they become offensive. Anybody who is troubled with excessive perspiration needs to be even more careful about bathing and changing clothes than other people—always put on perfectly fresh underwear before going out in the evening, and see that the dress itself is perfectly fresh. Sponging the armpits of a dress with alcohol (not wood alcohol) will cleanse and freshen it without destroying the color. Alcohol is so high now that this makes an expensive cleanser. Gasoline can be used, however, and the dress thoroughly aired afterward. Quince-seed lotion may be used on the hair before putting up on curlers; it is not injurious. You say you have quite a little dandruff; do you take your hair down every night, shake and air it, then use the brush for fifty or one hundred strokes? Keeping the hair "done up" over night is an easy way to produce dandruff. You do not shampoo your hair often enough, either. Make it once in two weeks, instead of once in four weeks. As a matter of fact, your hair gathers even more dirt than your face, and imagine what our faces would be like if we left them unwashed for four weeks. Rinse the hair thoroughly after washing, because soap left in the hair causes dandruff. Read what I have to say this month about cuticle, and it will answer all your questions.

M. E.—See answer to "Mrs. M. E." Be glad that you have a comparatively small bust, for if you knew how many women had to struggle with the opposite condition, you would not change with them for the world. Your weight indicates that you are not bony and scraggly, and I should imagine your bust is prettier as it is than it would be larger. However, if you want it larger, I suppose I must help you. Buy a cake of cocoa butter at the drug-gist's, and anoint the breast with it, holding the butter over a lighted candle to soften it, then rubbing it round and round, following the outline of the bust. Do not do this too vigorously, as the breast is sensitive. Arm exercises, such as I give in COMFORT from time to time will also develop the bust, so practice them daily.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.



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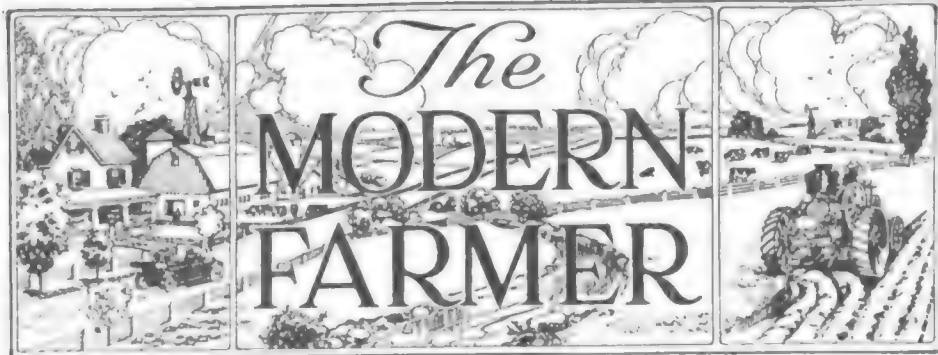
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Bumper Crops

"LET us give thanks." Next month is Thanksgiving and we have much to be thankful for. Last spring we were urged by the Federal government to plant and plant and still plant. "Food will win the war" was a slogan which looked down upon us from every billboard, stared us in the face from every shop window and confronted us from every newspaper. Despite the draft and the consequent labor shortage, we have increased our acreage and raised more crops for human food than the average of the past five years.

Europe Wants Bread

"If he ask for bread will ye give him a stone?" The cry went up—the world wants bread—and we have met this cry not with stones, but with a 900,000,000 bushel crop of wheat, over ten per cent more than the average crop. In addition to this we have produced nearly 100,000,000 bushels of rye and buckwheat, or about a billion bushels of bread crops.

BARLEY COMES INTO ITS OWN.—Since the war broke out barley has come into its own as a human food, its flour finding popular approval. This year we have produced nearly a quarter of a billion bushels of barley, an increase of ten per cent above the average yield of the past five years.

CORN SHOWS BIG GAIN.—Corn, too shows a big gain—over 3,000,000,000 bushels now being harvested, or about ten per cent more than the average crop. In other words, all cereals that are now being used for human food have shown an average increase of about ten per cent over the past five years. Surely this is something for which we should be thankful. Most inspiring of all is the fact that this splendid showing is due most largely to the favorable seasons for growing crops, with which we have been blessed.

MEAT AND DAIRY SUPPLIES SHOW LIKE INCREASE.—From all data now available a similar increase of ten per cent will be shown in our meat and dairy products.

We have passed the crisis and with proper use of substitutes and careful saving the United States will not only be able to take care of its army and navy and keep our boys well fed and in fighting trim, as well as supply the food needs of our Allies, but also accumulate a food reserve against the time of need, as an insurance against crop failure, labor shortage or other disaster.

Surely the Lord has favored us, for which we should with the greatest appropriateness render unto Him our heartfelt thanks.

Insure Your Corn Crop

The best way to insure a corn crop is to keep two years' supply of seed on hand. Had this rule been generally practiced we would not have had the difficulty we experienced last spring in getting good seed corn. Despite the hard time we had in finding seed corn, one of the biggest corn crops in the country's history is now being harvested. This is due almost wholly to favorable weather conditions at planting time—not to the quality of seed. Providence has indeed been kind to the American farmer.

SAVE TWO YEARS' SUPPLY NOW.—But we cannot always expect to be so favored. The thing to do is to save a two years' supply now. It is only a little more trouble, and is the cheapest insurance we can buy.

SAVE GOOD SEED FROM THE FIELD.—For the most part seed corn should be selected in the field before the regular husking is done. This selection should be made early before heavy freezing begins. Much poor seed of last year was due to the cold damp weather which struck the corn belt the latter part of October. Corn that was ripe and hard in September actually softened up again under the wet, cold weather of October. Then came the warmer November weather and molds grew so rapidly that much corn fit for seed early in the month was entirely spoiled. Those who picked their corn from the field and immediately hung it up in a drying room were the ones who saved the day.

SEED CORN MUST BE DRIED.—Our experience last year clearly proves that seed corn must be dried—well dried—by artificial heat if necessary.

In a good season when the weather is dry and the corn is thoroughly ripe it may be safe to pick in the field and hang the corn up on strings in the wagon-shed or on a porch or under a roof where it will be protected from rain. But the only absolute insurance is to dry the corn by use of fire as soon as picked. It will not do to dry it over the kitchen stove because of the steam from cooking, washing and so on. In the attic or furnace room away from steam and moisture is the best place to dry corn.

SEED CORN MUST HAVE AIR.—A free circulation of air is necessary to carry off the moisture of the corn. This is the reason why corn sometimes cures so well hung in the wagon-shed or under the porch where the air can circulate freely and the corn still be protected from rain. If dried in the attic or furnace room the windows should be kept open to provide this free circulation of air.

WHAT NOT TO DO.—Don't hang seed corn on the windmill or on the side of the house or under the eaves of the corn-crib if you want it to grow. Be it ever so ripe and dry to begin with, the rain will start the molds and then the seed is certainly spoiled.

What to Do Now

1. Insure your crop for two years by selecting a sufficient supply.
2. If possible select seed from the field before regular husking begins.
3. Dry your seed in attic or basement or in regular corn-drying house.
4. Provide drying room with a free circulation of air.

How to Sell Wheat

The government has fixed the price of wheat at a minimum of \$2.00 per bushel. Few of us understand exactly what this means, however. Many farmers believe that no matter what the quality or how far the distance from the grain trading centers that they will get two dollars a bushel for their wheat. This is not true, however.

HOW PRICES VARY WITH DISTANCE.—Prices vary with the distance from the Atlantic seaboard. They also vary with the quality of the wheat. For example: The Minneapolis price is \$2.21½ for No. 1 hard wheat. The Chicago price is \$2.26 and the New York price is \$2.30½ for the same grade of wheat. The difference in price in these markets represents the freight rate which the government has to pay to get

the wheat to the seaboard. That is, it costs 1½ cents a bushel more to get wheat from Minneapolis to the seaboard than it does to haul it from Chicago. The farmer who saves the government 1½ cents a bushel by growing his wheat near Chicago gets the benefit of this saving in freight.

HOW PRICES VARY WITH GRADE.—It would be unfair to pay the same price per bushel of wheat regardless of grades; hence the government has fixed prices according to grades. No. 1 hard wheat being taken as standard. No. 2 sells for three cents per bushel less than No. 1 on any market and No. 3 for seven cents less than No. 1. For grades below No. 3 no price is fixed, these wheats being least desired by the government and must be sold on their merits.

"PREMIUM" AND "DISCOUNT" WHEATS.—The prices have been fixed on varieties of wheat ordinarily grown. In some sections exceptionally good varieties that produce a high percentage of flour are to be found. For these wheats the government will pay two cents per bushel more for each grade than the price paid for common varieties. There are other wheats—particularly the soft wheats—whose milling percentage is low. For these a less price varying from two cents to seven cents per bushel is paid. These are called discount wheats. A list of "premium" and "discount" wheats follows:

"Premium" wheats worth two cents per bushel more than ordinary varieties:

1. Dark Hard Winter.
2. Dark Northern Spring.
3. Amber Durham.

"Discount" wheats worth two cents to seven cents per bushel less than ordinary varieties:

1. Yellow Hard Winter.
2. Red Spring.
3. Red Walla.
4. Red Durham.
5. Soft White.
6. White Club.

How Grades Are Fixed

What constitutes No. 1 wheat? There are several factors which decide the grade. First is weight per bushel. For common varieties:

- | | |
|------------------|---------------------|
| No. 1 must weigh | 60 lbs. per bushel. |
| No. 2 " | 58 " " |
| No. 3 " | 56 " " |

Next comes the moisture content—something which the farmer can't determine. A sample of wheat is thoroughly dried and its loss in weight during drying is moisture content. For common varieties:

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------|
| No. 1 must not contain more than | 13½ per cent of moisture. |
| No. 2 must not contain more than | 14 per cent of moisture. |
| No. 3 must not contain more than | 14½ per cent of moisture. |

Next come impurities such as dirt, weeds, seeds and damaged kernels. For common varieties:

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-------------|
| No. 1 must not contain more than | 3 per cent |
| No. 2 must not contain more than | 6 per cent |
| No. 3 must not contain more than | 10 per cent |

of all this undesirable material combined.

What Should I Get for My Wheat?

This is the question the farmer asks himself. Here's the answer. First find out the price at your nearest central market, whether it be Denver, Omaha, Chicago, Cleveland or New York. Next, does your wheat belong to the ordinary, the "premium" or the "discount" class. What is its grade—No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, or below?

Finally deduct the freight rate from your local market to the central market and from two cents to two and one-half cents per bushel for commission, handling, inspection and other charges and you have the answer to your question.

One thing must not be overlooked, however. That is dockage for material not wheat found in the wheat. The government is not going to pay you for this, so

In Order to Get Highest Price

Be sure that your wheat is as clean as you can make it and thoroughly dry. These two things will insure you the highest possible grade to which your wheat is entitled and the very best price.

A Talk on Silo Matters

The silo is now found on nearly every farm where dairy cattle are kept and on many farms devoted to beef production. The time will come when the silo is considered as necessary as the barn on every farm and the sooner that time comes the better. Prejudice against the silo and silage usually is based upon ignorance, lack of experience and preventable mistakes. Let us consider some of these things.

It is not true that silage loosens or damages the teeth of cattle. The incisor (front) teeth of all adult cattle are loose and the tendency is for every cow that is twelve years old or over to lose her teeth from natural causes. And silage was most blamed for injury of the teeth. It was injurious to the digestive organs and the teeth may suffer incidentally, as also is the case with the teeth of people who are troubled with chronic indigestion. But there is no need of having silage too acid. That came from cutting when the crop was too green and immature. The modern method of cutting obviates much of the acid condition.

It is not true that silage "soon scours the cattle out." Too much acid silage tends to cause looseness of the bowels, but no feeder need give his cattle so much silage that injurious looseness is caused. Silage must be fed judiciously.

It is not true that well-made silage is injurious to pregnant cows. It is excellent feed for such animals, and also for pregnant ewes. It is moist silage that proves injurious, and that need not be fed. It has also been found advisable to reduce the amount of silage fed to a cow during the last six weeks of pregnancy and to feed the pregnant ewe not over two or three pounds of silage daily. It also is not good practice to feed much silage to the herd bull during the breeding season, nor is silage a suitable feed for the breeding stallion, or for the brood mare that is advanced in pregnancy. Growing colts and fillies, idle stallions and work horses and mares in the early months of pregnancy may have silage. The horse at hard work should have little of it as it is too loosening to the bowels and may induce a "soft" condition of the muscles.

To Insure Good Silage

Corn for silage should be cut when well denting and when the lower leaves are ripening but the stalk still full of sap. All of the sorghums

for silage should be cut when the seeds are ripe and hard. Rather let the sorghums suffer a touch of frost than cut them into the silo too green. If corn is allowed to become too ripe and dry it cuts up into fluffy stuff that will not pack properly into the silo. Such loosely packed silage spoils from molding, as air pockets occur in the mass. Dry silage must be wetted to make it pack and all silage should be well tramped in the silo, especially around the walls. Silage tends to fall or shrink away from the walls as settling occurs and air then gets in and moldiness results. The faster the silo is filled the firmer must the silage be tramped and as help is scarce this year it would be best to fill slowly and allow the silage to settle daily, then tramp well just before adding more silage. When a silo is rushed full, and the outfit leaves the farm, settling occurs quickly and many feet of the silo is left unfilled. It would be better to fill slower and tramp better if it is impossible to refill that part of the silo left empty by settling. Silage must be well wetted if it does not pack well under foot. Experience will tell the right "feel" of the silage when tramped upon and dry silage must be made to have that right feel by addition of water, which is best added by allowing a stream to enter the blower.

Perfect distribution and spreading of the cut corn is absolutely necessary. In many instances the tendency is to have most of the corn fall in the center of the silo. Try to have it spread well over the surface by having it delivered in the silo by a tube of jointed sheet metal attached to the top of the blower pipe and hanging down far into the silo and with a canvas pipe at the down end. Keep the cut corn higher at the wall than in the center, the opposite of the rule for stacked building, but keep the edges well tramped. When the silo has been filled cover the cut corn with a layer of wet oats, or hay, or straw. Some people even use straw manure, but clean hay or straw is better. The object is to keep the air out that molding may occur as little as possible. To that end cover the silage up each time some has been removed for feeding. A deep layer of hay or straw will serve for this purpose, but some men use a stack cover or tarpaulin.

Beware the Drug Faker!

Reports come in every day of dishonest men going about the country humbugging and cheating the farmer by selling him unnecessary and often wholly useless concoctions, dopes and alleged cures, preventives or remedies for real and imaginary ills and diseases of animals. Prices for livestock are so high that the farmer is, more than ever before, anxious to prevent losses; then, too, he has more spare cash than usual to use in anything that is highly recommended or that "looks good" to him. The medicine faker knows these conditions and is taking advantage of them to make a "war profit" and is not concerned as to the outcome as regards anyone other than his selfish self. Give such men the "cold shoulder" and the "marble face" and no "glad hand." If they are peddling a hog cholera "cure" better turn the dog on them or scare them good and proper in the quickest and easiest way possible; for such men often carry cholera infection on their boots and clothes and the dope they sell is useless. There is no cure for hog cholera and no preventive other than vaccination, which is an eminent success if properly done by a trained veterinarian, using reliable serum. Waste no money on cholera "cures" and beware the dope pedler as a very probable source of the disease.

Neither is there a cure or preventive in the shape of a drug or combination of drugs for blackleg, anthrax, hemorrhagic septicemia, tuberculosis, rabies, glanders, contagious abortion, influenza, distemper, pink-eye or any other contagious or infectious disease. Some of these diseases may be prevented by vaccination, the first three named, for instance; while scientific diagnostic agents have been perfected for some of the other maladies of our list, notably, tuberculosis, abortion and rabies; but only the graduate veterinarian can safely be trusted to deal with such diseases and the agents indicated for their control or detection. Money spent for alleged cures and preventives for such diseases is wasted; nor is there any profit in doping animals with condition powders and stock feeds which merely are made to sell for the profit of the maker.

Some October Farm Jobs

Every practical farmer knows just what to do on his farm and the best time to do it, but some neglect these things they know all about, or "don't get around to them" or put them off to some other more convenient day. Then we have lots of beginners on the farm this year, many of them "back to the land" men and women and many of them "city folks" just starting life in the country and wholly "green" as to matters agricultural. May we, therefore, suggest a few things that otherwise might be neglected or forgotten? Well then, they are as follows:

The corn cutter or binder will be needed next year, if all's well, and during the fine dry days of October, when other work is not pressing, it should be cleaned, oiled, painted if necessary and stored where it will be kept dry and clean. We mentioned the corn cutter first; but doesn't that at once suggest the equal necessity of like care and shelter for the hay mower and grain harvester and every other farm implement that has done its season's work and now is to lie idle during a long winter? Of course it does, and the worst possible mistake is to postpone necessary repairs on such implements until the time when they are again to be used. Get the mower and binder and plows and other implements ready for spring now, and at other leisure times during the winter when the weather is not too cold or stormy to allow of work in the implement shed and work shop.

Getting the water off land is of great importance and it is also a grand thing to have the land in such condition that water may enter it readily to be followed by air and with its chemical actions. Spring and summer have taught what places were too wet and these should be drained now when dry. Not all of them will need tile drains. Many of them merely require surface ditching, connecting with culverts and roadside ditches. Many a field, however, is partially ruined by surplus water all of the growing season for the reason that the culvert has caved in or partially filled up and that the ditch is in like condition. Clean out the culverts and ditches to insure free escape for water and at this time of the year provide surface ditches on all fall-plowed land that holds water when snow melts or spring rains fall. Such ditches help the land to dry quickly in spring so that crops may be got in and the early-sown grain usually makes the best profit. Along with this useful line of work goes, too the stopping of "washes." Fill the deepest places with sorghum straw, brush or cornstalks. Often stakes must be put in to hold the other material in place and then the silt is caught and the wash soon fills up.

Why delay orchard work until spring? There's more time to spare in late fall and before steady winter weather sets in and some of the work must be done now if it is to succeed. Rabbits, for instance, must be acted against before they have gnawed the bark of the young fruit trees. They do their darndest when the snow is deep and feed therefore scarce. Protect each tree now by means of wire mesh, veneer or any other cheap but serviceable material. Don't heap manure about the young trees. It's good mulch and fertilizer, but don't have it lie against the trunks else mice will harbor there and girdle the trees. Burn the brush piles, but leave the long weeds standing to catch and hold a deep

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snow blanket, which is beneficial, provided the trees are protected against vermin. Chop out and remove the dead trees and branches and scrape off dead bark and, so far as possible, do away with the lodging and breeding places of injurious insects. If the orchard needs plowing badly, best get it done in fall so that it can be worked early in spring, if it is to bear a crop.

And right here Ma calls out that "John" should not forget the cellar. That's right! It smelled of old potatoes and cabbage all last winter and summer and that means that it needs a thorough cleansing and whitewashing and that the ventilation should be made perfect. A clean, ventilated, lighted cellar means better keeping qualities as regards the storing of vegetables and all manner of canned stuffs and better health for the people of the house.

Then there is that awful mud-hole around the water tank in the cattle yard. Pa has been going to fill it in with rock and gravel, for 10 or 15 years, and he has even "threatened" to put a concrete floor about the tank and in some other places—for instance where the hogs eat their corn—and now is the time for him to start. And what about that concrete sidewalk for Ma and the girls? Are they still to trail through snow and mud and wet to the milk-house and chicken-house and garden? Say, it would be a welcome Christmas present to them now and they deserve it and it should not be delayed because the boys are at war. Bless them! They're coming home safe and sound some day soon, God willing, and the nicer and more homelike we can have the old farm and house for them the better they'll be pleased and the more likely they'll be to stay at home.

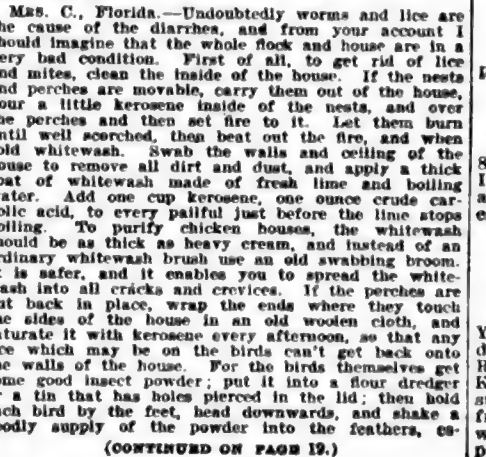
Yes, this is the time of year to get a host of little, big, necessary, neglected things done on the farm and the doing of them will keep the Old Man from worrying about those boys and please Ma so she'll forget her troubles at least some of the time.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

CHURNING TROUBLE.—Kindly inform me what ails my cow. When I churn, the buttermilk does not separate from the butter, or if it does, it leaves the butter soft, so I am unable to work it. Is the butter good to use? The cow has been fresh two months, but her milk has been the same for a long time but not quite so bad as now. The cow seems to be in good health.

S. K., Richmond Beach, WASH.
A.—The cow is not probably to blame. The cream is not properly soured or at the right temperature for churning. Consult your creamery man and from him obtain some "starter" to put in the cream. Perfectly cleanse, scald and sun-dry the milk utensils.



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His Goddess o' the Harvest

by Joseph F. Novak



He was greeted by the village's most charming girl, Alice Lovell.

Ceres appeared, drawn by two splendid white horses.

Their hands met in a warm clasp.

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WESTLEY Thompson came slowly through the field of yellow stubble, wending his way absently around the noble shocks of corn. He was big of body, handsome and bronzed, a fitting figure for the scene about him. Virility was in his every line, and in his face was that guileless wisdom characteristic of one whose close communion is constantly with Mother Earth.

There was a look of anxiety, not to say trouble, in his eyes, and as he neared the barbed-wire fence, he quickened his steps. The fence reached, he threw himself prone, rolled under it, and then rising quickly, he started down the road toward a big white and green farmhouse.

His destination reached, he pushed open the gate and went up to the porch, where he was greeted by the village's most charming girl, Alice Lovell.

"Hello, West," she began, with what Thompson thought an unusually happy thrill in her voice. "I'm so glad you're early, because Mr. Brenerton said we'd have a long rehearsal. Dear me, it doesn't seem as if the first performance is only three days away. Here, carry this suitcase; my costume is in it. And let us hurry, and as West picked up the suitcase she placed her hand on his arm and with a charming little shove, she started him for the gate.

"You're looking unusually happy, Alice," he began, as they walked along, "is it because of what I've heard?"

"What did you hear, West?" she parried. "Why, that your part gave you permission to go to the city to take up studying for the stage. Is that so?"

"Yes, isn't it fine? I've always wanted to act, but I never had a real chance. But now, as 'Ceres, Goddess of the Harvest' in the Pageant for 'Home Coming Week' I shall show what I can do. Mr. Brenerton is so enthusiastic about my work that I feel quite encouraged."

As Alice spoke, West's heart sank lower and lower, for somehow her speech seemed to take on the tone of one who had been suddenly lifted from mundane things to the clouds. And it didn't sound natural for Alice to speak so to him. It would do very well for Archibald Brenerton, who knew how to talk soulfully of artistic aspirations.

Nevertheless, he said quietly after a few moments of silence:

"I s'pose it's fine for you, Alice, but surely you wouldn't want to become a real actress, would you? I've seen plays and movie pictures, but, somehow, nice as they are to look at, I don't think I'd like to see you do those things. It's all right when they walk in the moonlight all dressed up in pretty clothes, but even the best actresses get parts where they have to fight like a bob-cat and have their clothes torn—"

"West caught his breath and blushed, for clear-souled and minded as he was, the mere thought of placing Alice in certain scenes in which he had seen movie actresses, seemed an insult to the girl he adored.

Alice laughed a bit coquettishly, apparently at his naïveté.

"I know an actress must do many unpleasant things," she said almost patronizingly, "but it is for the sake of the acting, and if she really aspires to be a great actress, she cannot hesitate about the outward effect, though personally she would rather not act the scene. Mr. Brenerton says you must not judge an actress's character from the type of parts she plays," she finished apparently in defence of the profession.

Westley did not like this reasoning, for it sounded like a tacit acceptance of the disagreeable features of acting.

"O, Alice!" he burst out. "I don't want you to be an actress. I've loved you so long but somehow I couldn't ask you to marry me until I was fixed the way I am now. Please don't go, Alice. Stay and be my wife. I know the stage looks more attractive than a home with me, but you'll be safer than among strangers. And I won't have any objection to your taking parts in plays that they'd have in the Town Hall, like the Pageant. Alice, won't you give it all up and stay?"

They were out in the public road and so he dared not press his suit with those two great adjuncts of a proposal, his arms and a kiss. Indeed, he hardly knew he was tendering a proposal. He dreaded for her safety in her desire for a career.

Alice was silent for many moments.

"I don't know, West," she said slowly, her heart urging her to accept the haven of that broad bosom which would so faithfully face any storm for her. "I've all my plans for going to the city. And—and you know actresses shouldn't marry!" she finished desperately, for though the stage allured, love was sweet too, and it was hard to choose.

"Do you love Brenerton, Alice? Is he advising you to study for the stage?"

"Why do you men always look for another lover?" she asked. "Must a girl always love someone else when she refuses you?"

"Refuses you! Evidently, then, his answer was 'no.'"

"I just asked, Alice," he said quietly, "because you never were stage-struck before."

"I'm not stage-struck," she retorted indignantly. "I've always wanted to act, but I never met anyone who could really judge my ability until I met Mr. Brenerton."

They had reached the town. Everywhere were signs of the coming Harvest Festival and Home Coming Week. On the street corners, great shocks of corn were erected and over them trailed graceful grape-vines. Festoons of corn, wheat and other grains were looped from column to column placed at set distances along the streets. These columns supported horns of plenty, loaded with pumpkins, squashes and other offerings of a bountiful harvest.

The street decorations were all designed and placed under the direction of Archibald Brenerton, an actor and adept at such things. He also was directing the rehearsals of the Harvest Pageant which was to be produced nightly at the Town Hall during Home Coming Week.

As Westley walked toward the Town Hall with Alice, a hate for the beauty of nature displayed all about him arose. A mean harvest would have tabooed this waste of nature's gifts, there would have been no thought of a Harvest Celebration, Brenerton would not have been hired and Alice would not have suddenly developed this wild desire to go on the stage.

The Town Hall was filled with the young people of the village who were to take part in the Pageant, all costumed, for tonight was the dress rehearsal.

As Westley and Alice entered, Brenerton stepped from the wings clad in sombre magnificence as "Pluto, God of the Lower World." His robes were draped about his naked throat and shoulders, he wore sandals upon his feet. The graceful manner in which he carried himself denoted the finished actor.

"Now, young people," he began, as he threw aside his mantle and stood forth in an undergarment fashioned on the style of a Grecian boy's costume, "hurry and we'll commence. Ah, Goddess Ceres" (noting Alice), "we are waiting for you."

Alice hurried to the dressing-room.

Westley did not take part in the Pageant. It is true that Brenerton had raved over his splendid physique and asked him to take the part of "Pluto," but Westley hadn't the first instincts of an actor and declined flatly, and since there were none of the young men willing to venture so hard a part, Brenerton took it himself.

In a short time Alice was ready and the rehearsal commenced.

The curtain rose on a scene of harvest beauty. Young girls in Grecian dress walked in the harvest fields, reaping and gleaning, singing as they did so. As they worked, the chariot of Ceres appeared, drawn by two splendid white horses. A spot-light threw its full radiance upon her. High aloft in her left hand she held the reins, thus not interfering with the graceful sweep of her green, gold and yellow robes. On her head rested a crown made of brilliant poppies and a panicle of corn touched up with gold paint. The same flowers trailed in a graceful festoon from her shoulder to the hem of her skirt.

The chariot stopped in the middle of the stage. Goddess Ceres bestowed her divine benediction upon the lands and then was borne away.

Westley gazed upon her in this new beauty. To his unaccustomed eye it was no wonder that the stage dazzled inexperienced girls.

The scenes of the Pageant unfolded. Proserpine, Ceres' child, was seen playing with the Nymphs, gathering lilies and violets. Pluto appeared and carried her off. Goddess Ceres came on in great distress looking for her child and indulged in a really fine emotional scene in her despair at her loss and rose to magnificent heights as she cursed the earth. Then came her intercession with Jupiter, the finding of Proserpine in the Lower World, and the compromise whereby Proserpine was to live six months in the Lower World and six months on Earth, thus illustrating the old Grecian legend that during the six months of Fall and Winter when Proserpine is in the Lower World, the Goddess Ceres mourns and will not allow the earth to bring forth its products.

The Pageant then ended with Proserpine, returned to Ceres' arms and that Goddess again bestowing her blessing upon the Earth.

At the conclusion every one gathered about Alice and congratulated her. For excellent as her performances at the rehearsals had been, still the inspiration of her costume brought forth talent that many did not suspect she possessed.

Westley hardly dared ask if he might see her home, she seemed no longer to be the girl he adored. The best he could now do, he thought, was to worship her as some bright and unattainable star in a far-off constellation.

Alice, however, gave him permission, graciously, as befitting a Goddess, for such she had become to him.

Together they walked along. High in the heavens the harvest moon floated, throwing its lovely radiance upon the couple. To Westley, his mind filled with Alice's beauty as she appeared in the Pageant, it seemed that even the moon paid her homage. She had become a Goddess indeed.

His eyes wandered over the reaped fields, and he sighed.

"I don't suppose after tonight's performance, farm life will appeal to you at all, will it, Alice?" he asked. "Better that glary light that makes you so beautiful, eh?" And thus the poor fellow tried to be cheerful.

He bade her good night at the gate and went on toward home, trying to put into his step his accustomed jaunty. But Alice knew it wasn't there, and it hurt. The calcium, however, had done its work. And so she told herself she must

be firm—love had often been sacrificed to ambition and she was not the first one who was doing it.

Monday morning came, the first morning of Home Coming Week. Crowds of people came on the trains, and many motored or drove in. Fakirs were crying their wares, and the side-shows were opening up. All was bustle and holiday spirit.

At night the Pageant took place and proved a great success. The Goddess Ceres was complimented upon her work more than anyone else. Alice's head was beginning to turn. She had almost been a flower blushing unseen.

Each night of Home Coming Week the performance was repeated. And each night found Westley at the performance, more resigned to Alice's ambition. One consolation he had, and that was that no one embraced nor made love to Alice. That he felt he could not bear. So he said but little of her coming departure and exhibited a quiet cheerfulness that hurt Alice more than anything could. He was not aware of this, however. He thought that a patient acceptance of his lot would make Alice more comfortable.

The Home Coming Week finally drew to its last day, and the final performance of the Pageant was the best attended. Many saw it for the second and even third time.

A display of fireworks was the grand finale for the festival, so as soon as the performance finished, the participants hurried to dress, while the audience disembogued from the Town Hall. But Alice was constantly delayed by her friends. Consequently when the first whizz of a rocket sounded, she was not dressed for the street, so in her costume she went to the front window of the Town Hall to witness the spectacle.

Standing thus and alone, the reaction came on. She had been living on nerves and excitement during the week, and now that it was over, she was feeling the effects. She looked down upon the young people of the village, blissfully engrossed in each other. They had forgotten her already. And she stood alone, Goddess though she was, forgotten.

A step approached and she looked up. It was Brenerton's, coming to view the fireworks. He, too, had been delayed in putting away such costumes and trappings as he had brought from the city for the Pageant.

"May I join you?" he asked. Then: "Why so pensive, Miss Lovell?"

"I don't know. I feel just a little strange—"

He laughed. "O, I know the feeling. The public is a fickle creature, isn't it? While you are giving of your best, they applaud, but when some new attraction comes along, you're forgotten. Well, Miss Lovell, that's fame, and those who seek it must be willing to be satisfied with its transient joys."

"Do you think I'm wise in deciding in favor of an actress' career?" she asked.

"Well, Miss Lovell," he replied slowly, "I really believe you would make a very good actress. I won't say a great one, for truly great ones are rare. I'm accounted a very successful actor, but I don't consider that the game was worth the candle. There's a question in your mind, Miss Lovell, what is it?"

"How do you know there is?" she tried to tease.

His eyes lighted up with understanding.

"Miss Lovell, are you hesitating between love and fame? I have observed Westley Thompson's actions. He loves you. Do you love him?"

Alice was silent.

"Because if you do, Miss Lovell, don't sacrifice love to fame. It isn't worth it. Listen, accept the man you love. Let the moonlight be your spotlight and your home your stage. Marriage need not necessarily debar you from acting if you wish in pageants and home talent theatricals, and you will enjoy the thrill of acting without enduring its trials. You will not have to climb the wearisome ladder, the rounds of which are represented by one-night stands and tank-town performances, which even very good actresses must climb. And you don't have to fight the temptations which beset your path."

Alice looked at him.

"You never spoke like this before," she said simply.

"No, because I knew you wanted encouragement in your ambition, and I felt that I was sincere in offering you that encouragement. But when I know you love a man like Westley Thompson, I cannot but advise you to think well before you refuse a man of his noble caliber for the fickle rewards of a theatrical career."

Brenerton spoke very earnestly, not noting that Westley had come up the stairs very quietly and had heard his high praise. With bitterness in his heart for the deceiver actor, he had approached to hear what he had said and Brenerton's final words:

"I think you'd better decide to be Westley Thompson's Goddess o' the Harvest and bless his lands and fields with the recurring seasons, Miss Lovell."

"Do you wish it, Westley?" she asked demurely.

Brenerton swung around, amazed, to see Westley holding out his hand.

"Brenerton, I heard all your conversation, and you can't think how deeply grateful I am to you. I wasn't spying—I had simply come up to ask Alice if I could see her home. You, above all others, could make Alice see the rough side of the profession of acting. Shake hands, and forgive me, won't you?"

Their hands met in a warm clasp, then Westley

turned to Alice, and with a big smile of happy content on his face, he opened his arms to her, and the next moment he held her close.

"This is no place for me," Brenerton laughed gently. "You'll pardon me if I go?"

"But you must not go until we assure you of how much we appreciate what you've done," Alice said.

Again he laughed, albeit a little tenderly. "Don't I know what you'd sacrifice if you gave up love for ambition? I have experienced the joy of love and I've a wife and darling baby. But I mustn't let it be generally known. My work of the past few weeks is my manner of harvesting for my loved ones. Congratulations and good luck," he finished, and shaking their hands, he departed.

"Who would have believed this of Brenerton?" Alice said.

"One would never have suspected this side of his character. Get my cloak, West, and take me home. Never mind my costume. Let it be crushed. It hasn't half the attraction that a cover-all apron will have in the future. Come."

He threw the cloak about her, and together they left the building to walk through the cool, moonlit night, with visions of their harvesting together in the future dancing before them.

Sibyl's Influence

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

settled; and the more quickly, 'the better,' he thought.

He found her in a small music room leading from the library. She was standing by the window, and watching some birds, to which she had just thrown out some crumbs.

"Will you sit down here while I tell you something?" he asked, wheeling a chair near the window for her.

Instinctively she knew what was coming; his pale, resolute face could mean but one thing; he had heard what had been said last night, and it had, as she hoped, brought him to terms.

Raymond stood gravely by her chair in silence for a moment. Then he said:

"My mother has told me of the mortification to which you were subjected last night, on my account, and I regret that anything should have occurred to distress you so."

He paused an instant again, and Ada interposed one white hand to shield her crimson cheek, which only made the contrast more vivid.

"You were deeply wounded, were you not?" he asked.

"I was wounded for you; it seemed so cruel and unkind, while your heart is still so sad; though, of course, they could not have known about that, and—Lady Prescott should not have told you," she said, with deep feeling, yet speaking with hesitation.

"Yes, it was perfectly right for Lady Prescott to tell me," he answered. "I ought to know it, for it would not be right or proper for me to remain here longer, if by so doing I should compromise you in the least. Pardon me if I speak very plainly. The world has very presumptuously assumed that an engagement exists between you and me, and is troubling itself, as I understand, with some very unpleasant gossip about it. Ada," he continued, slowly, "and her heart bounded at the word, 'I loved Sibyl,' how deeply I do love her even now, and that had she lived nothing could have separated us. But she is gone—oh, the anguish of those words! they brought the cold sweat out in great drops upon his forehead, 'the years are adding themselves very rapidly to my life; it is the desire of my father that I should marry and settle somewhere, and my mother wants me to bring her a daughter. Are you willing, knowing all, to become that daughter? I cannot tell you that I love you as I loved Sibyl, or even as a wife ought to be loved by her husband; but I admire and respect you, and would do all in my power to contribute to your future happiness. Could you under these circumstances be willing to share my life, and let the world have its way?"

"I am afraid that you do not really wish this; but that you are sacrificing yourself in order to shield me from the unpleasantness of which you speak," Ada said, lifting her head proudly, and looking him fully in the face, though two very red spots burned on her cheeks.

"I must be perfectly true with you, as I would have to be with any woman whom I should ask to be my wife. My chief desire is to shield you from further gossip. If you can accept such a shield; and since I know that both my father and mother would be greatly pleased to call you daughter, I think I can truthfully say that I do really 'wish' it."

"But you do not wish it for your own sake?" she asked, in a very low tone.

"Ada, my heart is buried in the ocean!" his white lips replied.

Ada looked up at him again.

Then she burst into a passion of tears.

Raymond allowed her to weep, for he did not know what to say to comfort her.

At last she said, brokenly:

"You have been very frank with me, and I must answer you in the same way. You have asked me to be your wife, and while I would scorn to marry you merely to shield myself from

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

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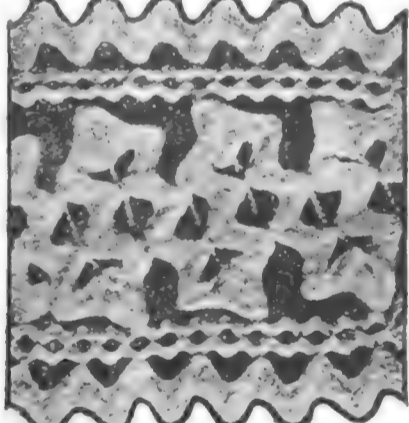
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In and Around the Home

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RICKRACK EDGING.

edge of braid make 1 st. through 5th and 10th points, ch. 5, 1 st. through 6th and 9th, ch. 3, 1 st. through 7th and 8th points, ch. 5, * working on first edge skip two points, join the next point to 5th point from it with a st. and finish as before.

When this is finished sew it to two rows of narrow braid as shown in illustration and then finish both edges with a row of wider braid.

Filet Scarf End

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

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Little Children on the Farm

By N. F. Milborn

See front cover illustration.

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MUCH is said and written about making farm life attractive to young people, but there are few persons who realize that the training of our future farmers and farmers' wives must begin in early childhood.

One of the principal reasons for dissatisfaction and unrest among country young folks is that older persons have the habit of talking much about the hardships of a farmer's life, inveighing against the weather, fretting over loss of animals, failure of crops, etc. This constant complaining creates a very harmful atmosphere. In consulting several city dwellers, who are working in different occupations, as to why they left homes in the country, they have almost universally declared it was because their fathers constantly complained about the hard work, etc. Nothing was ever said about the absolute security the farming people have against want, the independence of being one's own boss, the joys of country life, the beauty of the woods and hills in changing seasons, and the interest of the growing animals and crops.

The value of fresh air, pure, wholesome food, plenty of room outdoors for play or exercise, tranquility of mind and communion with Nature, in raising a family of children, far outweighs any advantages of education, chances to make money, or amusement facilities which are found in the crowded, busy city.

Why not impress these things upon the plastic, attentive minds of children? It pays to cultivate the habit of cheerfulness, hopefulness and patience in any situation of life. In dealing with the uncontrollable forces of Nature, the farmer should hold fast to reason and philosophy and never grumble.

Optimism becomes a habit if one persistently looks on the bright side. I have a friend, Anna B., who has suffered from long-continued ill health, financial misfortune, anxiety, and deep sorrow. Yet she is always cheery, sunny and pleasant. It is needless to say that her society is eagerly sought, that she has many warm friends, and that she is a power for good in the community. Can it be that happiness is only a habit of mind? I never see Mrs. Anna B. but I inwardly praise her for her beautiful example.

The country child is born into a world of loveliness, wonder and delight. As soon as he can express himself in speech, he finds a thousand questions to ask. Of course, children should not be allowed to chatter incessantly, and must be taught not to interrupt persons when they are busy, but considerate, far-sighted parents will realize the importance of a right start, and educate the dawning powers of the child.

Healthy children are full of unused energy and vim. They enjoy either household or outdoor work if it is made easy and interesting.

Many parents never ask a child to do a bit of work, until they actually need the child's help. Then the untrained, inexperienced little one is awkward and unwilling.

It is the part of wisdom and due to the child, to teach it how to work, how to use its hands and its strength, and to inculcate habits of useful industry while it is still young and immature. Of course, its tiny efforts are of no value, but the mother and father will reap great benefits in years to come, and it will have the advantage of capability and efficiency in manhood or womanhood.

As soon as a child can toddle about the house, the mother should teach it orderly habits and usefulness, by telling it kindly to pick up its own toys and put them in a box or basket, should allow it to carry small articles from room to room for her, and pick up chips for the kitchen fire. The dear little one will be happy to think it is "helping mother." Children should be taught to be self-helpful and to help others. A child of three or four years will be proud to partially wash and dress itself and then help wait on the baby; to bring towels and soap for washing, to help dress it, buttoning its apron, lacing its shoes, etc.

At this age, a child can have a small broom and dustcloth and assist in tidying up the rooms. When mother washes dishes, it can wipe teapoons, pans and saucers, and put them in place on the table. One tactful mother makes household tasks a round of games for the little helpers. They play being automobiles while carrying dishes from kitchen table to cupboard, play being brownies or fairies and make beds, sweep hearths, dust furniture, etc.

Singing familiar songs while working lightens all labor.

Of course, young children should never be allowed to carry heavy loads, or work at tasks until fatigued. Just a little of several different duties is the best way to train them.

Out-of-doors children love to follow a kind father about, and if controlled properly need never be in the way. The sharp ears and bright eyes will learn much of agricultural methods and store up useful knowledge.

Country children should be given small garden tools and allowed to have miniature truck and flower beds of their own.

Boys should be given a few essential tools,

as nails, hammer, small saw, etc. They will soon learn to mend small breaks in fences, make chicken coops, dove cotes, rabbit traps, etc.

All children love animals. Pet dogs, cats, chickens, ducks, tame rabbits, squirrels, etc., are sources of never-failing delight. The habit of regularly caring for pets, bringing them food and water at appointed times, supplying them with fresh straw, etc., is valuable training for children.

Dangerous pitfalls should never be permitted on a farm, and the fences should be secure against roving cattle. This ensures peace of mind for the mother without constant recourse to "Don'ts," which are very difficult for an active, enterprising child to remember.

It is very easy to keep a young child quietly entertained. A pile of clean corn-cobs will afford occupation and amusement. It can learn to make walls, log houses, fortresses, fences, etc. Corn-cobs can be dressed in scraps of calico to make dolls for little girls. Old-shaped gourds will serve as different kinds of animals. Acorn cups can be doll dishes, and hickory-nuts serve as heads for dolls made of corn-husks. There is an infinite store of treasures to be found in the woods and fields. Moss and wild flowers can be transplanted and made into fairy gardens. Bright pebbles or queerly shaped stones can make tiny rockeries.

Parents should purchase books telling about plants and animals and thus be able to answer a child's pertinent questions about Nature's wonders.

Of course, all ambitious parents take an interest in the progress of their children in school. Father and mother should consider it a duty to lay aside their own reading or sewing in the evening to help the little ones with their studies. It is worth while to revive one's knowledge of arithmetic and grammar and keep in touch with new school methods.

All sorts of home occupations and innocent amusements should be encouraged by parents.

If the mother and father can join in candy-making, popping corn, cracking nuts, playing checkers, singing choruses around the piano, reading aloud and telling stories, they will be laying up stores of happy memories and rivet the chains that bind the children to country life and the old home farm.

On account of their isolated situation, many country lads and lassies are oppressed with a sense of bashfulness and awkwardness, when meeting strangers.

There is no need of this peculiarity, however. Careful, kindly, home training will eradicate such tendencies and give ease of manner and proper speech.

I have known of two families of agricultural people who were deservedly popular and much admired because of their cordial, courtly behavior.

Both of these families were descended from several generations of country dwellers. In each home, from the days of infancy, the little ones were shown the correct way to express themselves in speech, proper table habits, polite forms of greeting, etc. There is nothing more pleasing than to hear a little child lip "Thank you" or "Excuse me" readily and naturally. A timid little tot should be led by the hand to visitors and told to say "Good morning."

Cheerful morning greetings should be exchanged in the home. In a household where hospitality abounds, the children have ample opportunity to become accustomed to well-bred social conduct.

There is no better preparation for success in life than a foundation of self-respect and good manners.

Physical culture tends to eliminate muscular awkwardness. Simple gymnastics can be practiced at home as well as at school. Turning poles, dumb bells, Indian clubs, trapezes, swings, etc., can be made and boys will greatly enjoy cultivating their strength and muscular control in the big barn on rainy days.

One wise mother as soon as her children are old enough to go to school, allows them to invite one or two schoolmates to spend the afternoon or entire day on pleasant Saturdays. Each child has its regular tasks every day. On Saturday these are quickly accomplished in anticipation of the company. When there is extra work, the little girl guests must think it great fun to help wash dishes, and churn butter, while the boys help husk corn, or weed in the garden. A plain country dinner is served at noon, and before the children leave for home, a simple, wholesome lunch of bread and butter and a glass of milk is given to each one of the hungry, happy band.

In the country, the Sabbath still retains its primal significance as a day of peace and rest. Little ones enjoy the ride to church, the meeting of friends and relatives, the cheering, inspiring songs and instruction in the Sunday School.

Family visiting in the winter time, walks in the woods and fields in summer, the singing of sacred songs around the piano in the evening, close the beautiful day.

The true spirit of religion in which our forefathers established the government of our country, is fostered in country life today. Family prayers, study of the Scriptures, reading sermons by celebrated writers, or stories with a moral purpose, teach the usefulness, beauty and happiness of an inward, spiritual life, and surround the children with noble, uplifting influences.

Ten Golden Rules of Health

THE Ten Golden Rules of Health, as prescribed by the Minnesota Division, Woman's Committee, Council of National Defense, and Minnesota Commission of Public Safety, are as follows:

I. Play hard and fair. Be loyal to your team mates and generous to your opponents.

II. Eat slowly. Do not eat between meals. Chew food thoroughly. Never drink water when there is food in the mouth. Drink water several times during the day.

III. Brush your teeth at least twice a day. Rinse your mouth out well with water after each meal.

IV. Be sure to cultivate regular daily habits. V. Keep clean body, clothes and mind. Wash your hands always before eating. Take a warm bath with soap once or twice a week; a cool sponge (or shower) bath each morning before breakfast and rub your body to a glow with a rough towel.

VI. Try to keep your companions, especially young children, away from those who have contagious diseases.

VII. Use your handkerchief to cover a sneeze or cough and try to avoid coughing, sneezing, or blowing your nose in front of others.

VIII. Study hard, and in study, work or play, do your best.

IX. Sleep: Get as many hours in bed each night as this table indicates for your age. Keep windows in bedroom well open.

Hours of Sleep for Different Ages

5 to 6	13
6 to 8	12
8 to 10	11½
10 to 12	11
12 to 14	10½
14 to 16	10
16 to 18	9½

X. Be cheerful, and do your best to keep your school and your home clean and attractive, and to make the world a better place to live in.



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Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for Fall Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



The new Fall jackets for Juniors show smart vestees and waistcoats. Some are cut in blouse style and belted, but the naggiest model, which may be of velvet or serge, is short in "pony" style. It has a vestee with a deep sailor collar that may be of pique or other contrasting material; with a skirt of plaid the vest could be of the same material and the body of the coat of serge.

The new motor coats are fashioned after trench coats. One smart model of mohair is leather trimmed and warmly lined, so as to afford ample protection in cold weather.

Broad-soled and low-heeled shoes will be correct for the coming season—and that in black or brown.

Tailored waists and dresses have standing collars in a variety of effects, though others continue to have the comfortable front opening with collar in shawl or other outline that rolls high at the back and continues over the front as far as the bust or below.

Pattern Descriptions

ALL PATTERNS 15c. EACH
Unless Other Price Is Stated

2215—A New Riding Skirt. This model has trouser portions joined to the skirt portions and will make a very comfortable and practical garment. The pattern is good for Jersey cloth, serge, mannish mixtures and broadcloth. Cut in six sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires five yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size.

2220—A Smart Dress for Mother's Girl. Linen, galatea, seersucker, gingham, percale, drill, voile, serge, plaid and checked suiting, all are nice for this style.

Cut in four sizes: six, eight, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 years requires three and one fourth yards of 44-inch material.

2326—Girl's Blouse Dress, with two styles of sleeve. This will be a very attractive model for a school dress in serge, galatea, linen, repp, checked or plaid suiting.

Cut in four sizes: eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires four and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 12-year size.

2249—A Simple Coat and Cap for the Little One. Serge, cheviot, gabardine, velvet, plush, silk, linen, corduroy, pique and all cloakings suitable for children are nice for this style. The cap may be of the same material, or of embroidery, lawn, fiddle or fur. The pattern includes coat and cap.

Cut in four sizes: one, two, three and four years. Size two requires two yards of 36-inch material for the coat and five eighths yard for the cap.

2264—House Coat for Men. This model has fronts and collar cut in one. It is suitable for serge, cheviot, double-faced mixtures, broadcloth, drill and alpaca.

Cut in seven sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches breast measure. Size 38 requires three and one eighth yards of 36-inch material.

2271—A Simple, Stylish Model. This will make a smart business suit in serge, cashmere, gabardine or mixed suiting. It is also nice for linen khaki, satin, silk, velvet or corduroy.

Cut in three sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 will require four and seven eighths yards of 44-inch material.

2297—A Simple, One-piece Model. Satin or serge with braid or embroidery could be used. It is also nice for velvet and crepe, cashmere or gabardine.

Cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires seven yards of 36-inch material.

2302—A Pretty Frock for Mother's Girl. The model is also nice for taffeta, velvet or corduroy, for linen and other wash materials.

Cut in four sizes: six, eight, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires four and three fourths yards of 36-inch material.

2314—A Popular, Practical Garment. Serge, drill, khaki, gingham, gabardine, flannel and cashmere are good materials for this model.

Cut in five sizes: four, six, eight, 10 and 12. Size 12 requires four yards of 44-inch material.

2349—A Comfortable Dress for Mother's Girl. This will be nice in brown serge with soutache braid for trimming, or in blue gabardine, with collar and cuffs of plaid or checked material.

Cut in four sizes: four, six, eight and 10 years. Size eight will require three and one half yards of 36-inch material.

2521 Waist; 2520 Skirt—A Good Combination for Business or Home. The Waist Pattern (2521) is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires three yards of 27-inch material. The skirt is cut in seven sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires three and seven eighths yards of 44-inch material. Two separate patterns, 15 cents for each pattern.

2547—Girls' Drawers, to be finished with straight lower edge or in knickerbocker style. Cambric, longcloth, nainsook, lawn, crepe, muslin or batiste may be used for this design.

Cut in five sizes: four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 will require one and one eighth yard of 36-inch material, for either style.

2554—A Simple but Attractive Frock. Gingham, chambray, percale, lawn, serge, repp, poplin, galatea and other wash fabrics are used for this style.

Cut in four sizes: two, four, six and eight years. Size six will require two and three fourths yards of 36-inch material.

2560—A Neat Dress for House or Porch Wear. This design is nice for linen and other wash fabrics, also good for gabardine, Jersey cloth, serge, satin and taffeta. Contrasting material may be used for collar, cuffs and belt.

Cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require seven yards of 36-inch material.

2563—A Simple, Practical Undergarment. This is good for muslin, cambric, longcloth, batiste, silk, crepe, washable satin, dimity and crossbar.

Cut in four sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires two and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material.

2565—One-piece Slip-on Dress. This dress is stylish, becoming and graceful, and is suitable for cloth, silk, velvet, satin or corduroy. The adjustment "slip-on" is practical, and time and button saving.

Cut in three sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires four and one fourth yards of 64-inch material.

2566—A Popular Blouse Suit. This suit may be entirely of serge, flannel, cheviot or mixed suiting, or the blouse may be of linen, madras, cambric, soisette, flannel or khaki, and the trousers of contrasting material.

Cut in five sizes: six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires two yards for the blouse and one and one half yard for the trousers, of 36-inch material.

2568—A Splendid School Dress. Good for cloth, velvet, corduroy, galatea, seersucker, gingham and other wash fabrics.

Cut in four sizes: six, eight, 10 and 12 years. Size eight will require three and three eighths yards of 36-inch material.

2569—An Ideal House Dress. This model is made with reversible closing, and its fullness is held by a belt that fastens at the center back.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires for a 38-inch size, six and one eighth yards of 36-inch material.

2571—A Good Model for a School or Play Dress. Checked or plaid gingham, chambray, percale, galatea, serge, voile, poplin, repp or linen would be nice, too. The pattern for this neat little dress is easy to develop.

Cut in four sizes: four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires three yards of 44-inch material for an eight-year size.

2573—A Smart Dress for Mother's Girl. This style is nice for gabardine, woolen or cotton

plaids and checks, serge, corduroy and velvet. Cut in four sizes: four, six, eight and 10 years. Size eight requires three and three fourths yards of 36-inch material.

2574 Waist; 2575 Skirt—A Good Style for Matronly Figures. The Waist Pattern (2574) is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The Skirt (2575), in seven sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. A medium size will require three and one half yards for the skirt, three yards for the tunic and three and three fourths yards for the waist, of 27-inch material. Two separate patterns, 15 cents for each pattern.

2576—A Simple, Practical Apron. This apron slips over the head and is adjusted at the shoulders. Its fullness is held by a belt which may be omitted. It is nice for gingham, seersucker, drill, percale, khaki, sateen, lawn or cambric.

Cut in four sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require four and one fourth yards of 36-inch material.

2577—Stylish One-piece Dress. It will develop equally well in satin, silk or cloth. It is also good for serge, gabardine and Jersey cloth.

Cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires five and one half yards of 36-inch material.

2578—Just the Frock for Gingham, Calico, Serge, Satin or Velvet. When all is said and done, the one-piece dresses are very comfortable and practical, in more ways than one.

Cut in four sizes: six, eight, 10 and 12 years. Size eight requires four and one eighth yards of 36-inch material.

2588—Here is an Ideal Suit for the Growing Girl. As portrayed, velvet and satin are used for the coat, and plaid suiting for the skirt. A coat may be of the same material as the skirt, with the vest of contrasting goods.

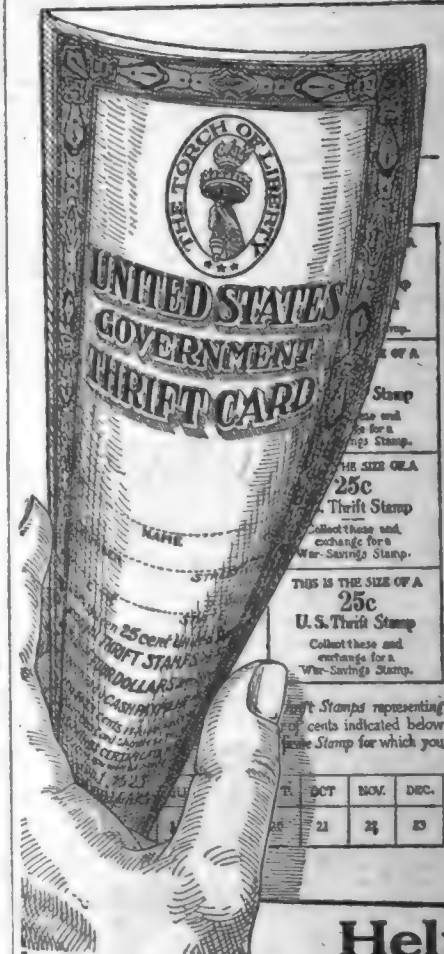
Cut in three sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 will require three and five eighths yards for the skirt, three and one eighth yards for the coat and seven eighths yard for the vest, of 27-inch material.

2592—A Comfortable House Dress Like This Will Make Work Lighter and More Agreeable. The style is becoming. It is simple and easy to develop.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires five yards of 44-inch material.

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What I Did with Ten Cents' Worth of Dye

By Elizabeth Firth

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THREE pretty faces looked disconsolate. The order had gone forth that economy must rule the wardrobe. This was a domestic tragedy, for the girls dearly loved to be well dressed, as all normally constituted young people do. So they put their heads together to see what could be done to remedy the unfortunate state of affairs.

"I have an idea," exclaimed the blonde after thinking for a minute or two. "Let's all dye." "Are you crazy?" said the brunette. The girl with gray eyes just looked at her in surprise. "Oh, you stupid," said the blonde. "I don't mean dye—but dye. If we dye some of our old clothes a different color, everybody will think they are new. Suppose each one of us sees just what we can do with ten cents' worth of dye."

No sooner said than decided upon unanimously and each girl set to work to outdo her friend.

Now the blonde knew that there were going to be a great many little festivities in the village during the winter, so she thought she would try to make a new party dress out of the pale blue silk that she had worn for two seasons. For several years she had longed for a pink silk frock, but it seemed always just out of her reach. Filled with the confidence inspired by her new idea, she ripped all the white lace trimming from her old frock, and she purchased a ten-cent package of the pink dye intended for silk and woolen materials and studied very carefully the directions on the envelope. She learned that the first thing to do was to remove all grease spots with soap and water and then, after preparing the dye, to test its color with a sample of the material before submitting her dress to the tender mercies of the dye pot. In her case, this was an old dish-pan. After a search through her piece-bag, the blonde found a small bundle of silk scraps that were left when the dress was made. She plunged a bit of the pale blue silk into the boiling dye and was delighted when it came out a lovely coral shade. So she put in the dress and lifted it up and down with two sticks so that the dye would penetrate thoroughly each part of it and there would be no streaks, but a clean, even color. When it had boiled the required time, she hung it up to dry and then rinsed it according to directions to remove the "free dye" and make the color fast. When she had pressed it she was delighted with the result. Next she washed the white lace carefully with warm water and white soap and pressed it while still a little damp. When this was put back on the frock and the whole set off by a touch of black velvet, the result was charming.

The blonde was enthusiastic until she remembered that her party slippers were blue and so were her very best stockings. But she did not let this discourage her very long, for she

knew the answer was the same as it had been in the case of the dress,—dye!

The stockings could go in the dye-pot, and in her enthusiasm along with them went a white chiffon cloth scarf that had become too yellow and dirty to wear, together with some faded ribbons and an old white silk necktie. These all came out satisfactorily, so next she tackled the slippers. She purchased at a garage five cents' worth of gasoline. This she mixed with a little of the dye powder until she got the exact shade of the frock. Then she took a paint-brush and painted the satin tops of the slippers, being careful not to stain the leather soles. Gasoline can always be employed to color silk or satin in this way without spoiling the luster of the material, but it must be used in a room without artificial light or fire, as it is very explosive.

The brunette's experience was just as fortunate. She set her heart on a new mustard-colored crepe waist to wear with a certain white corduroy skirt that was her special pride. Packed away in a trunk in the attic she had an old very pale pink crepe gown that she had not worn for years because it had faded such an ugly color it would not pay to make it over. She brought it out, ripped it apart and found that though there was not enough for an entire new frock—it was made with a very narrow skirt—she had plenty and to spare for a pretty blouse. The silk was washed and then dyed very satisfactorily. Into the same dye-pot she also dipped all her old light-colored ribbons and a faded pale blue silk belt. The result was so good that she bought another package of cardinal dye intended for cotton and dyed an old white cotton voile bright red. With a satin belt this would make a pretty house-dress and could also be worn to informal parties.

The girl with gray eyes could not afford to buy a new suit and her winter suit of three seasons ago had such a narrow skirt she was ashamed to wear it. But she had a white serge suit that was up-to-date in cut but was so dirty from last summer's outings that she had despaired of ever getting it clean; besides she needed a dark suit. So she purchased a package of navy blue dye and followed the directions to the letter. The result surpassed even her expectations. Then she put through the same process a dirty white silk blouse and painted an old white felt hat dark blue with dye and gasoline.

When the suit was pressed it was found that it had shrunk a little and as it had always been a bit too big, this only improved the fit. Worn with a white organdie collar and cuffs, it made a very smart suit. The blouse was of course exactly the color of the suit and so was the hat, which, when trimmed with a wing and a touch of ribbon, most attractively completed the costume.

When the three friends next met and enthusiastically related "What I did with ten cents' worth of dye," it was unanimously decided that henceforth dye should every season aid in refurnishing the wardrobe.

short war, until these docile pirates and cut-throats are soundly whipped.

YORK, S. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

My belief is that the war was bound to come and that there was no way of avoiding it. I believe when nations become overpopulated, a war will come some way or another, as it always has down to the present time. Who knows but what wars are the Almighty's methods of harvesting souls. It may be part of His divine plan of which we do not understand the meaning. War thins out overpopulated nations when they become too thick to thrive. Here's hoping Germany's population will be greatly decreased. If they are civilized what good is civilization doing when a whole nation will suddenly revert to the barbarians of the darkest ages. I believe the U. S. A. has got a lot to do in the affairs of the world in the near future.

ROY E. HARPER.

Roy, I think your belief that the Almighty uses war as a means of harvesting souls and thinning down the population of over-crowded countries, is entirely wrong. In harboring such beliefs you are putting the Almighty on a par with the Kaiser's bloodthirsty tribal war god. What would God gain by hurrying millions of young men in the prime of life into eternity? The harvest of souls is His anyway, as all men and women die sooner or later. I have told you time and again in these columns that Germany willed this war and planned it. Her own statesmen admit it, though it is still necessary to humbug the masses of the German people and make them believe they were attacked. The present war is simply the logical development of the policy of conquest and expansion that Prussia has pursued for five hundred years. If my word is not sufficient to convince you on this point, send to the Bureau of Information in Washington, to the National Security League and the American Defense Society, New York, and get their pamphlets. Most of these pamphlets are free and the largest only cost a few cents. Germany was not overpopulated. She had plenty of room. She was so prosperous that emigration had dwindled to nothing, and she had to import labor from Russia and Italy to gather in her harvests, so busy was she in underselling all other countries in the markets of the world, and in dumping cheap goods with the familiar "Made in Germany" stamp all over the earth. Most of her male population was in the cities and the women had to attend to the farm work. God is a God of love and not a butcher. England and Belgium are twice as densely populated as Germany. The birth rate before the war was declining in nearly all civilized countries. It was even decreasing in Germany, in spite of the fact that the government was doing all in its power to make its people breed as much cannon fodder as possible, for as civilization advances the birth rate declines. The world is not overpopulated. There is plenty of room for everybody and always will be plenty of room. Once we get the Butcher of Berlin muzzled, war in all probability will be a thing of the past, and as we become more civilized, there will be no more people in a country than that country can take care of. The parental idea as regards children will be quality and not quantity, and this will be brought about, not by birth-control, but by something far higher and nobler—self-control.

P. S. The population of France was dwindling rapidly, but that did not make her more prosperous than densely populated England and Belgium. War of old was the sport of kings, and this present war is caused by the dynastic ambitions of two imperial and imperious puppets, hungry for plunder and conquest. We are fighting to put an end to all this. God grant we succeed.

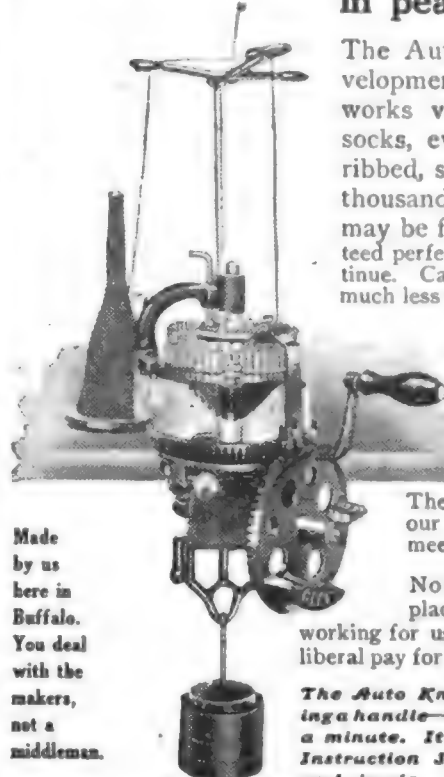
CHILLICOTHE, 398 Rose St., OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

You merit a medal for your answer to the Swedish lady's letter, which appeared some time ago in COMFORT. I have a son on the battlefields of France and I wish I had a million more all trained and ready to go; also I wish I might go along to cheer and encourage them and help to spur them on. How can we expect our sons to be patriotic if we mothers are slackers or unpatriotic? If I did not know that it was ignorance that prompted the Swedish lady's letter, I would be in favor after a just peace had

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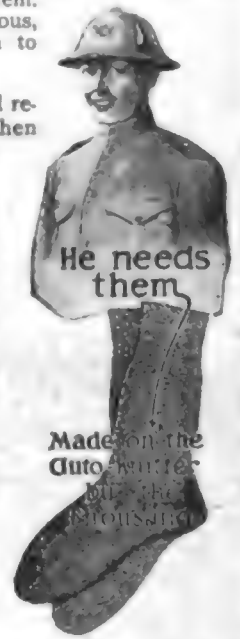
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The Auto Knitter works by turning a handle—thousands of stitches a minute. It is easily learnt, our Instruction System is very clear and simple. It is a pleasant, permanent, money maker in thousands of homes—why not yours too?



He needs them.

Made on the Auto Knitter.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

to dispense with any portion of your apparel in the summer time, is to shed your shoes and stockings, then if you get freckles on your feet, no one will ever know it.

HORTON SUMMIT, VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am sixteen years old and live on a farm in the southwestern part of old Virginia, in Scott County. Uncle, what do you think of the world's war? People think it will end this year, what do you think about it? I hope the United States and the Allies will give the old Kaiser the whipping he deserves. I have a brother in training at Chickamauga Park, Ga. My brother reports that he is getting along fine. It pleases me to see our boys volunteer and show their patriotism and not wait until they are drafted into the army. I hope to be a soldier myself in the near future and trust I may see the time when Germany will be driven back and made to stay on her own soil. God help all our boys who are fighting for victory and humanity. With love to Uncle Charlie and all the cousins,

Your true friend, BRADSHAW BOWEN.

People are constantly asking me if I think the war will last much longer. I wonder if they ever heard of the Seven Years' War or the Thirty Years' War? As for ourselves, we have only just begun fighting. Up to July 29 last, when the Germans were being pushed back from the Marne, only a trifle over 1,600 of our men had been killed in action; and though at that time we had been active participants in this great conflict for over fifteen months, our losses, including wounded, killed and prisoners, were only a trifle over 12,000. The British, during one of the weeks in July reported more casualties than we had sustained in the whole period of the war. During the great German offensive, which began in March, the British losses in two weeks were nearly 300,000 men. Great Britain, fighting on seventeen fronts, after four years of war, mourns over half a million dead, and has suffered two and a half million casualties. Germany has buried nearly two million of her fighters, France a million and a quarter, Russia nearly three millions. There has been enormous loss of life, too, among the civilian population of the invaded countries—millions have been butchered or starved to death by the Germans, or died from disease. The Allies have had eleven million casualties, the Central Powers nearly ten million. You see we have hardly begun to feel the pinch of real war yet. The treachery of Russian Imperialism and the madness of Russian anarchy, otherwise Bolshevism, destroyed the Eastern front and prevented a quick finish of this terrible world conflict. Without Russia's defection, the war would probably have been finished without our aid. We and the Allies are the only real friends Russia possesses, but the poor ignorant Russian peasants, thanks to German poison, have been taught to believe we are their worst enemies. Germany has conquered and is occupying the best part of Russia and is trying to reorganize it for her own purposes. If Germany holds Russia, and has time to reorganize it, she can defy the world and put into the field an army of twenty-five or thirty million men and fight on indefinitely; in fact she will have won the war and be mistress of the world. For this reason we must push the war to a speedy close on the western front and meanwhile help the Czech-Slovaks in their effort to overthrow the Bolsheviks, re-establish an Eastern front and rescue Russia from Germany. For the latter purpose, American troops have joined the Allied forces sent to intervene in Russia. A revolution in Germany would shorten the war, but the German has had whatever of independence he ever possessed—and he never had enough to lift him above the crawling worm class—drilled and knocked out of him. The German in the presence of his masters is a docile, cringing saphead, but a swaggering, insolent braggart to those not of his race. At present there is not a drop of revolutionary blood in German veins. The German still believes that the Kaiser and God are one, or nearly one, and that under their guidance he can dominate and tyrannize the world, so don't look for any revolutions or a

been won by the sacrifice of our brave boys, of asking such people to move on. She does not want to lose one of her children, but like all of her kind she is mighty glad to take advantage of the sacrifices of others. Why should I give my boy to make the world a safe and comfortable place for Mrs. Olderen and her children? People who won't protect their country have no right to have a country. I enjoy every bit of COMFORT. Could not do without it at any price. But most of all I appreciate Uncle Charlie's letter.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

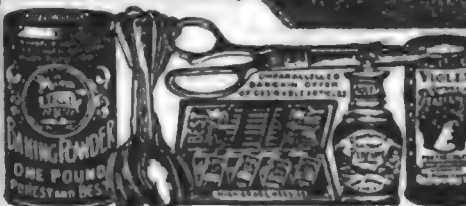


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The Boy Trappers of Beaver Bend

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CHAPTER II.

AN ADVENTURE WITH SKUNKS.

COLD weather came and muskrat trapping began to get poor. The animals were not very active and we had practically cleaned up our grounds. True, we could have made our sets farther down the stream, but if we had done this we should not have had the time to look after things properly, for we were going to school. Hence, we pulled up our traps and looked around for signs of mink, raccoon, opossum and skunk. Our reading of all articles about trapping gave us information of great value. In the first place, we knew in a general way where to look for fur bearers, and then signs. Through a neighbor we learned the use of a flash-light which enabled us to search for tracks we should otherwise have passed by. Again, when we were dubious about a den which might be that of a skunk, all we had to do was to throw the rays into the hole and if we saw black, white, or black-and-white hair, we knew we could arrange our traps with a surety of getting fur.

Our folks gave us positive instructions not to trap skunk. Yet the price lists we received showed that it was well worth our time to make sets for them. Accordingly we put our traps out.

The first set we made was in a weed patch, at the entrance to a burrow. No bait of any kind was used. While we caught three animals and killed them with a club, there was practically no odor. We early learned to staple our traps to some object which was too heavy for the animals to move or carry into the holes. A long pole proved effective, as did a piece of brush. As soon as we discovered this we had no trouble in moving our sets.

"Try this," said Wallace. "Let's build small three-sided pens where there are skunks, and use bloody meat as bait. We'll guard the lure with one or more traps. I read that if we did this we could take several pelts from the same den."

"It stands to reason," I agreed. "With burrow sets it is impossible for us to capture more than one skunk at a time from a hole. Let's get busy at once and see what we can do."

The next few hours we spent looking for likely locations. With rocks, sticks and other material, we made the pens according to directions. For a decoy we used pieces of rabbit flesh.

When we finished, results seemed certain. We were up bright and early. Disappointment stared us in the face. Four of our traps were not sprung, yet the bait was gone. What got it? Neither of us knew. We baited again as before and went home sorely puzzled. The hired man on our farm—he had done some trapping—gave us a clue.

"You're fine ones," he said. "Don't you know that crows and hawks got the flesh? Go right back at once and cover the pens with a thin layer of weeds or brush."

Jack and I did so! We had no trouble whatever catching skunk, for we found that the animals seemed to have no fear of the traps and would actually step into bright, new ones. Experience taught us, however, that if we hid our sets right, we could expect once in a while a mink or raccoon. They would not approach a bright new trap.

We learned that the proper way to conceal a set was to dig a small hole just large enough for the trap, so that when it was set the jaws were slightly below the surface of the ground. For a covering, the best thing was something that grew nearby—that is, green grass ought not to be employed when a set was made on dry ground. If dust or sand were used, we had to put a wad of cotton or wool under the pan so no foreign substance would hinder the trap from springing. Further, in digging the excavation we had to locate this so that the water did not drain into it and freeze. When this happens the trap is unprepared scents.

Jack wanted to try prepared scents. "It's easy," he said. "All you have to do is to get some small fish and cut them up fine."

Give our boys in the army and navy every fighting chance. Pledge yourself to save the utmost of your ability and to buy War Savings Stamps.

Leave these to rot in the sun and use the oil. The bait is good for all flesh-eating animals. "We'll make some," I agreed.

This we did, and the result was a lure that proved reliable.

We caught skunk almost every day, with baited and unbaited sets. In fact, we had no trouble whatever in getting them ready for market without odor. We were about to devote all our time to taking this animal when the unexpected happened.

We got a large Broad Stripes in one of our traps near a small country school, but how to get him out was the problem. That skunk was a terror and the air certainly was scented. This experience was new to us. We had handled our first sets with ease and did not know what to make of this last animal. Afterwards, we learned that some boys had teased the fur bearer—threw rocks and clubs at it. If this had not been done, most of the odor could have been eliminated. Thus we discovered something new about catching skunk.

Closer than a hundred feet we dared not venture. The animal stared at us defiantly. The thing must be killed, but how?

"Let's get Towser?" my companion suggested, referring to a dog that David Jones, another neighbor, owned. I agreed—and yet dubiously. I knew Jones was particular about this half-grown pup.

"You go," I suggested. "Now!" Jack rebelled. "Anyway, you can whistle louder. Just sneak behind his corn crib and call the dog." So I started off while my partner watched the skunk.

Luck came my way. A couple of hundred yards from the Jones' place the pup was industriously barking and digging at a hole. It took some persuasion upon my part to get Towser to leave, but after I fastened a string around his neck, he came trotting along.

The dog needed no further urging. As soon as he saw the skunk he gave one jerk and was free. Straight toward the fur bearer he flew. The trapped animal was ready—and waiting.

Everything happened at once. The air was blue. Towser sneezed; gave the skunk a final shake; walked a few feet and regretted it. We brought water from a schoolhouse pump in an old tin can, but we couldn't get the pup to notice it. What to do we had no idea, for if David knew—

"Hey! What you kids doing?" Jones hailed us from the road. We had not noticed him approach. Wallace and I were incapable of speech until we saw the amused grin on his face.

"Trappin'!" I stammered. Jack nodded.

"So I see—or rather smell," he remarked.

"And with my dog, too. Well, you hike home now and don't go nearer that 'stink cat' or your folks won't even let you sleep in the barn. The dog can come home when he gets ready—and I hope it won't be before next week. He's sick all right but nothing serious. Glad you got that 'cat,' for it will save me a lot of chickens. And say—ain't the pup a game one?"

Once more at our case, we sauntered off, never suspecting that there was the slightest odor on our clothes. The hired man told us as we walked into the barn at our place.

"Suffer!" he ejaculated. "You'll catch it now. Whew!"

My partner and I both sniffed.

We could detect no smell whatever. Further, we had not been near the skunk, so how could there be?

"You're fooling us," Jack retorted, hopefully.

"You think—"

"Nothing of the sort. The air has carried the smell into your clothes. Now you two kids go out into the corn crib and get some gasoline. Soak a cloth in it and then go over your duds. After that, walk down to the further meadow and drive up the cows. The fumes will be evaporated by that time and I hope all the smell. And say," he added, "be sure you have no matches in your pocket."

Wallace and I followed directions. When we returned, the hired man pronounced us all right.

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Fingers Before Forks

There were no forks in those days when the King of Sweden and the royalty of other nations buttered bread with the ball of the thumb. Then somebody introduced a knife with a sharp point, and the wooden spoon came next. High-born guests took their own knives and spoons when they visited.

"She would not even wash in common water," somebody wrote of the scorned princess that first dared to use a fork at her home in the Turkish capital during or about the eleventh century, "but had the cruelty to compel her servants to collect rain-water for her. But, what is most monstrous, this wicked creature would not eat with her fingers. She had her food cut into small pieces by her attendants, and then she actually conveyed them to her mouth with certain golden two-pronged forks."

Thomas Coryate introduced the fork into England in 1608, but he was roundly roasted for his trouble and called "that miserable fork-bearer." The custom was stigmatized as "an insult to Providence who has given us fingers."

A certain metal-worker later pretended that the forks he had for sale were made from a statue of Charles I, and the Royalists eagerly purchased them. Thus forks became popular in England.

NEW YORK COLORED WOMAN GOES ABROAD FOR CANTEN SERVICE.—Mrs. Helen Curtis of New York City, a woman prominent in philanthropic work, has gone to France to engage in canteen service under the National Young Women's Christian Association. Mrs. Curtis bears all her own expenses.



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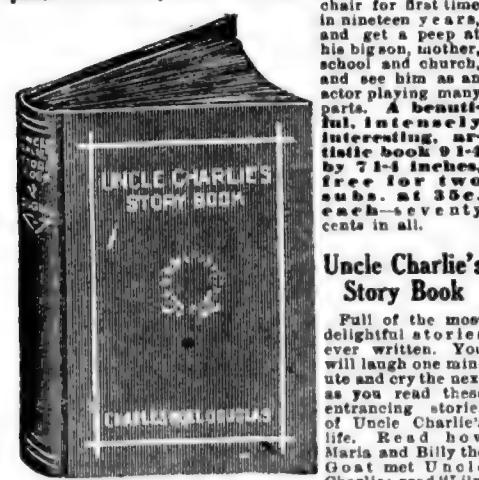
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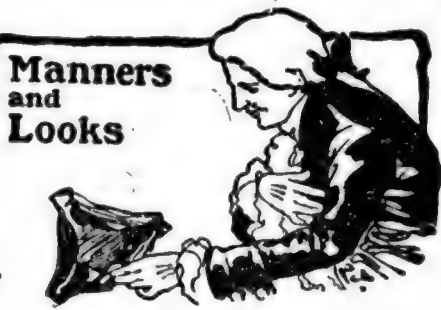


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Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

E. M. Fowler, Kans.—Why do you think that either yourself or this department knows more than your mother? At fifteen you are most assuredly too young to "go with a young man." (2) All shades of brown, green and red should prove becoming to you, but black is the most suitable color for a girl who thinks of disobeying her mother.

K. S. Lynchburg, S. C.—We think you would do better to wait one or two years before marrying. Unless you are exceptionally unhappy at home. And be sure that this young man you think of wedding is capable of supporting you properly, or you will be preparing more trouble for yourself than that you think you have now. (2) Yes, you may kiss him once a month, and you may also arrange your hair in whichever way is the most becoming and convenient.

A. L. B. Marietta, Ga.—You should return from the party with the same boy who escorted you there. You must not write to unknown soldiers.

D. J. Y. Kenneaw, Ga.—No expensive gifts should be exchanged before engagement. If you are no longer friends with the young man that gave you this ring, you should return it. (2) You should not write a first "love letter" to a boy.

A. M. Y. Kenneaw, Ga.—You may shake hands or not when you meet a boy, but it is pleasant to do so. (2) This department has stated many times that there should be no kissing before becoming engaged.

M. G. T. Bailey's Switch, Ky.—You need not be surprised that this young man—whom you met at a picnic for the first time—did not accept your invitation to call. Men are fickle creatures, and he had probably had his picture taken many times before with other girls just as foolish as you were. But we would not worry about it, or give it any more thought than he has done. We do not think that either etiquette or your heart has been seriously injured.

L. F. Hulbert, Okla.—Now that you have recovered from your illness, you are certainly wise in wishing to make up your lost time at school. We do not understand why your parents should object to this. You will never regret having made the effort to gain all the education possible. (2) Continue to decline the attentions of any boy who you are certain drinks and whose father is a drunkard.

A. G. McBride, Mo.—You may kiss your sweetheart good by when he leaves for France.

P. B. McBride, Mo.—You may go to your local dances if your parents do not object. (2) Do not go motoring at night unless some older woman is along as chaperon.

SWEET YELLOW TULIP, Belle View, Mo.—Why should you hug and kiss a boy because he may be called to war "at any notice"? Do you think this will make him fight any better? Do not cheapen yourself by accepting any such familiarities before you become engaged.

H. H. Thatcher, Ariz.—Your fiancé should give you an engagement ring. You receive your wedding ring at the time of the ceremony. You need give no ring to your future husband.

K. Y. Z. Depart, Texas.—Of course you could not think of marrying this high school girl of sixteen. When she is three years older, if you still love her and believe that she cares for you, there would be no objection to your commencing to pay her serious attention. You will not be too old at that time. But do not make love to her now. (2) Your writing and spelling is most creditable.

N. H. Paducah, Ky.—No thirteen-year-old girl should ever go out at night with a young man of twenty-one. What does your mother say to this? (2) Do not worry about the attention any young man is paying to "adorer of four." Who you should worry about are your school books and your own silliness. You need a good spanking.

M. B. Exenia, Ill.—You are sensible to know that you should not be receiving the attentions of young men at your schoolgirl age of sixteen. (2) If the automobile has only an entrance on one side, it would be necessary for the young man to enter first and take the wheel rather than to pass in front of you after you had entered the car.

CAT LOVER, Camo, Miss.—A girl of fourteen should regard herself as a schoolgirl, and not be thinking about the attentions of a young man of twenty-four. (2) A gentleman offers his arm to a lady when the courtesy is necessary. The lady may take it or refuse.

PROOF, Dunkirk, Ind.—It would not be proper for you to "speak to a boy first" if you had never met before. (2) If you have a friend who is leaving to take part in the war, it would be permissible for you to say that you would be glad to have news of him when he is gone.

OCTOBER GIRL, Thatcher, Ariz.—It is the place of your friend who is leaving to say good by first. (2) If you are leaving your home town, it would be proper for you to write first from your new address to your old friends.

F. D. Hardsburg, Ind.—If your caller talks of leaving and the hour is late, rise and send him a hint that you are ready to have him go. If it is early, and you really wish him to remain, say so. Remember the best manners and the truest courtesy are founded upon kindness and sincerity. (2) A gentleman should keep every engagement he may make, or any that are made for him by his friends.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

He department and his answers to the letters. I have all his books and would not take any price for them. I consider him the Greatest Man on Earth. Long may he live to enlighten us, and may his strength be equal to his task.

Your admiring friend,
MRS. LAURA SICKLER

If I could have a personal chat with every German man and woman in this country, who was absolutely Kaiser crazy, I could prove to them that the downfall of the Kaiser and all he represents would benefit Germany more than any country on earth, for when he and his gang go, Germany will be a republic and the plain people will come into their own. Those who uphold the Kaiser uphold monarchy and autocracy in their most venomous and vicious forms. Our fathers founded this republic to get away from the king idea and all it represents. Millions of Germans and the subjects of other European powers came here pitifully poor, to get away from the very same thing, and to better themselves in this new land, brimming over with opportunities. A good half at least of these immigrants were quick to appreciate our republican and democratic form of government and have become absorbed into our national life and are Americans to the bone. To these I extend my love and greetings. For the last thirty years, however, every effort has been made by the Imperial German government to make the Germans in the United States, even though they

had forsworn allegiance to the Fatherland, more German than the Germans themselves. Thus it is that the Germans have settled in colonies, forming hundreds of little menacing foreign islands in the sea of our national life. These foreign communities have, thanks to coddling by acquiescing politicians and the evil influences of the German language press, come to think they own the entire country. For America and its institutions they have nothing but contempt. The authorities have been wickedly lax in allowing this sort of thing to grow. Those who uphold Germany in this struggle should be notified that immediately war is concluded their farms and other property will be confiscated, and the same should apply to all other German sympathizers of foreign birth, and the whole bunch should be shipped to the lands from whence they came. Oh, what a howl there would be when they had to go back to their old ways of living—the poverty, the poor food, the long hours of labor, the bulldozing of a million officials, the goose-stepping and the drill master. Fat rolls of bills would no longer be in their pockets. It would be wooden shoes for travel instead of automobiles, and hot dogs instead of porterhouse steaks. I have scores of devoted friends of German birth who love and appreciate America in spite of all its shortcomings, and their contempt for the American Kaiser rooters is unbounded. The pacifist and the enemy alien are all ready and willing to profit by the sacrifice that we must pay in the blood of our sons for that liberty and freedom which are the most precious of all human possessions, and while we fight for them, they revile us and plot to destroy us. If Mrs. Olden and others, who, through ignorance, prejudice and enemy poison, still believe this an unjust war, let them write to the Bureau of Information, Washington, D. C., the National Security League, and the American Defense Society, New York City, where an enormous amount of free literature regarding the war can be had.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs forty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The forty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the latter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have sent in your subscription, you have no need of standing in to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send forty cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT's LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for October

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

Written references from postmaster and physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Fulton R. Lowe, Sheppard, Va. Has chronic neuralgia and stomach trouble. Unable to work. Needs money for food, medicine and clothes. Open your hearts and pocketbooks and send him a dime shower. Miss Sallie Satterwhite, Box 120, Blairtown, Mo. Shut-in. Tries to support herself, but the high cost of living and her invalid condition make the task utterly beyond her. Highly recommended. Give her a boost. Mrs. M. I. Carson, East Fruitland, N. C. Old, feeble and needy. Alone in the world. The postmaster says: "She is very needy and worthy of any assistance you can render her." Mrs. Clara Crawford, Hartford, Mich. Partially paralyzed. Widow, 72 years of age. Highly recommended. Help this poor, aged, lonely soul. Mrs. A. B. Walker, Box 17, Millboro, N. C. Seventy-one years of age. Invalid for many years. Would be grateful for any help you may send her. Mrs. Martha Geisler, Stella, Va. Invalid. Needy and worthy. Remember her. Burney Barefoot, Four Oaks, N. C. Invalid for many years. Send him a dime shower.

We have had a bountiful harvest. Won't some of you who have reaped that golden harvest from the Almighty's bounty, show your appreciation by sending a few greenbacks to these poor, sick and hungry brothers and sisters of yours?

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Uncle Charlie's Poems Is the Best Crop to Harvest

The long evenings are here, the harvest gathered in. You have all you want for the stomach, but the feast is not complete until you feed the mind. Uncle Charlie's Poems, a gorgeous, lilac silk bound, 160-page volume of riotous fun, is the best brain food in the world. You will laugh! scream! yell! as you peruse its delightful pages. Read "How Father Carved the Turk!" and be happy. Among the laughs you will find a few tears, and an absorbingly interesting sketch of Uncle Charlie's life. This superb volume of fun, free for a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at thirty-five cents each. Finest Christmas gift in the world. Work for it today.

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Uncle Charlie's Song Book contains twenty-eight of the dandiest classic songs ever written. Every song is a hit and worth fifty cents apiece. Songs for all occasions,—church, parlor, platform and joy rides. Put this splendid volume of song on your piano and it will fill your home with melody the year round. Superb pictures of Uncle Charlie decorate the artistic cover. Five dollars' worth of music for both voice and piano, free for a club of only two subscriptions to COMFORT at thirty-five cents each. Both books free for a club of five. Work for them today.

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Their wonderful calcium sulfide supplies the blood with one of the most remarkable actions known to science. This is its activity in keeping firm the tiny fibres that compose even such tiny muscles as those which control the slightest change of expression, such as the eyelids, lips, and so on. It is this substance which pervades the entire skin, keeps it healthy and drives away impurities. Get a 50-cent box of Stuart's Calcium Wafers at any drug store and learn the great secret of facial beauty.

A free trial package will be mailed if you will write the F. A. Stuart Co., 670 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.



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- Volume 1 Crocheted yokes for combinations envelopes, nightgowns, corset covers, etc.—fifteen all different, exquisite designs.
- Volume 2 Handsome crocheted edgings and insertions suitable for handkerchiefs, underwear, dresses and a multitude of other uses—thirty-three different designs.
- Volume 3 Eighteen lovely designs in Cluny insertions and laces for centerpieces, library scarfs, boudoir caps, corset cover yokes, piano scarfs, curtains, chemises, envelopes or combination suits.
- Volume 4 Twenty-five handsome designs in artistic crochet for yokes, boudoir caps, candle shades, baby bonnets, bedspreads, dollies, library scarfs, pillows, centerpieces, portiere, medallions, curtains, etc., etc.
- Volume 5 Twenty-five designs in novelty and clover leaf crocheted yokes, including a minute flower yokes; dollies, centerpieces, boudoir caps unique edging and insertions for serving trays; novelty aprons and collars.
- Volume 6 Thirty-two designs in tatting, Maltese and Irish crochet,—a varied and beautiful assortment of laced handkerchiefs, edgings and insertions, laced yokes, boudoir caps, towel edging, medallions; yokes, breakfast caps, centerpieces, edgings and lace in Maltese crochet and yokes in Irish crochet.
- Volume 7 Thirty handsome novelty crocheted designs, including rose, sunflower, periwinkle, and Venetian yokes; boudoir caps, monkey face library scarf, and lace pillow; large and small baskets, hat pin holder, jewel box, vanity tray coin purse, utility bag, starfish dolly, pineapple centerpiece; edgings and insertions in pillow lace; daisy edging; spider, bell, rick-rack, novelty and coronation braid laces.

We advise you to order all seven of these splendid books before the assortment is broken. If however you do not care for the whole library at this time we have arranged the following special offers which give you the opportunity to secure any three books or the entire seven books. When ordering please be very careful to state the desired number of each book.

Offer No. 8011. For one one-year subscription to COMFORT at 35 cents each we will send you any two books free by parcel post prepaid. Be sure to mention numbers of books wanted.

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address if not, our letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

There is something in the Autumn that is native to my blood.
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills.

—Hovey.

No, my dears, that isn't original. I only wish I were able to express my thoughts in such a charming manner, for then I could scold you all you deserve to be scolded but in such a poetical way that you wouldn't realize you were being scolded. In other words, I'd sugar-coat my scoldings just the way doctors (some doctors) do their pills. Isn't it a dear little poem and wouldn't you know that it meant October, which, as I have told you before, is my favorite month, but I'll forego its beauties long enough to answer your letters.—Ed.

TRIXIE, Anson, Texas.—Nature never meant me for a movie star, consequently I cannot tell you much about the work and whether it is nice or not, but I do know if I were drawing Mary Pickford's or Charlie Chaplin's salary I'd try my very best to make it a "nice" profession so I could stay in it. I think there are good and bad movie actresses just as there are good and bad people in all other professions and it is up to you, Trixie, to be good wherever you are or whatever you are doing. P. S. That applies to all the cousins as well.

CURLY, California.—Give him your friendship but not your photograph and don't take him back if he flirts too much with other girls.

A MOUNTAIN GIRL, Pennsylvania.—If your mother doesn't object to the young man bringing you from school in his car, I don't see why I should, particularly as you seem to be a sensible sort of girl, as was evidenced by slapping his face when he tried to kiss you. Slap it twice and harder if he tries it again and then don't ride with him; but the fact that he hasn't tried it again shows that he is the right sort and understands. Your penmanship is excellent. Wish I could do as nicely.

TROUBLED, Virginia.—I don't think you are taking any more of a risk, if indeed as much, in marrying a man whose family is not respectable provided they aren't degenerate—but who has risen above them and in all right himself, than to marry a man whose family is respectable but whose own life isn't clean and decent and who hasn't lived up to his early teachings. You are young, so wait a year or two and in the meantime tell him just why your father objects to him and give him a chance to show that he is worthy of you by working harder than he ever has before. Since "Father" objects so strongly, perhaps it would be best not to see him very often for a while, but if you really love each other you won't mind that, provided it is only for a while, and if you don't love each other it is better to find it out now than when it is too late.

HEART-BROKEN WIFE, Oklahoma.—Without doubt your sickness has made you nervous so that you notice little things that you otherwise wouldn't and brood over them until they seem worse. Perhaps your husband acts differently because he is worried over your sickness. Don't accept his mother's statement that he doesn't love you any more as final, but have him come where you are and talk the matter over with him alone and don't consult a third party about your personal affairs. Stop worrying and you will get well much quicker.

BROWN-EYED TWIN, Idaho.—If you were a maiden lady of forty-two summers, and goodness knows how many winters, I might possibly understand your desire to grab the first man that offered himself (though that is a foolish thing to do for there's lots worse things than being an old maid), but when a pretty seventeen-year-old American girl shows as little spirit as you do, it is utterly beyond my comprehension. If I had been in your place and it came time for the man to propose to me and instead he informed me that because his folks and mine were planning our wedding dinner he wasn't coming back any more, I certainly wouldn't have let him come back and I wouldn't marry him if he were the last man on earth. Seventeen is too young to marry anyone, least of all such a conceited person as he is.

SOLDIER'S GIRL AND SHY MAID, Georgia.—I know the language of flowers but I don't know whether white silk hose signify love and black silk hose indifference or whether white coldness on the part of the giver and black a warm feeling as black is warmer than white. Better find out if he hasn't given some other girl a pair of red silk hose and, if he has, I should say that he loves her most, for red is certainly warmer than black or white. It does signify, however, extremely bad taste on his part to make such a present and equally poor taste for you to accept it. Books, candy and flowers are permissible as gifts but not such intimate articles of clothing as silk hose, though I must confess I like 'em. (2) Unless it is understood that the dinner or supper is to be "Dutch" it is usually taken for granted that when a man invites a girl into a restaurant he expects to pay for what she eats, but have a heart and don't order the most expensive things on the menu just because someone else is paying for it—even if he can afford it—for it shows a grasping, mercenary spirit and is often bad for the digestion.

O. O., White Plains, Ky.—Since you didn't tell me anything about your cousin, I can't advise you whether to go away with him or not. There are cousins and cousins, you know, but if this one has a wife and home and they will give you an opportunity to attend school, which you haven't at home, it might be well to go with them, but get your parents' permission, for you are not of age and they can compel you to return.

J. M., Lapel, Ind.—Two wrongs never made one right and it was wrong of you to chasten yourself just to get even with someone else, even if that "someone" did go out with another girl after promising you he would not. I haven't the slightest doubt in the world that you are a perfectly good girl, but sometimes it takes quite a while to convince a fellow of that fact after a girl lets him "pick her up," no matter if she did it just to get even. He didn't know why you did it and judged only by your actions, so don't do it any more, will you?

C. H., Lorena, Texas.—If you are engaged, it is perfectly proper to kiss your sweetheart when he leaves for the army. (2) How can you tell when a boy loves you? You can't. (3) Certainly it is all right to go with a boy who is engaged to another girl if you are both unfair and dishonorable enough to do such a thing—all right for her if she finds it out and is wise enough to let you have him. Three questions are all I'm allowed to answer, so come again with the others.

TENNY AND WENNY, Manchester, Ohio.—Your Cousin Marion may be a stupid old thing, but when "two wonderful, beautiful young girls" try to jolly her as you were trying to do, she sees through the little joke in a minute. Thought you were smart, didn't you, but I like you for it.

BLUE EYES OF OHIO.—Don't worry about your height. You won't be too tall even if you grow three or four inches taller and it is fashionable to be tall and willowy. Read the Beauty Department for your other questions.

HALEN AND DOROTHY, Arizona.—If your mothers do not object to your going to a show unchaperoned and

then for a ride with your best friends, it is perfectly all right, "provided you get in before 2 A. M."—at least four hours before that time.

There, that's all I have room for this month and I hope I have helped some of you and if I've been harsh and stern, just remember it is because you need to be talked to that way and if I didn't make my advice emphatic the first time it might be too late the second time.

Sincerely,

COUSIN MARION.

Poultry Farming For Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

pecially around the thighs and under the body. This work should be done after the birds have gone to roost at night. Then if you place each one carefully on the perch after dosing it, the powder won't be shaken out of the feathers, and will have all night to work on the mites. Repeat the powdering three times, with three days between applications. Now about worms. Clean the floor of the henhouse by scraping off two or three inches of the surface, if it is a dirt floor—or if instead it is a wooden floor, take out the old litter and scrub thoroughly with hot water and soda. Put clean coal ashes and dry soil under the perches, and sweep it up every morning as early as you possibly can, for the eggs and embryo worms pass from the birds in their droppings every night, and would be picked up the next morning if they were not removed, so it is no use doctoring birds if you are not careful to remove the droppings. To clear the birds themselves, feed very lightly at night, and before they have anything to eat in the morning give each bird twenty drops of turpentine and sweet oil which has been mixed in equal parts. Two hours later each bird must have two teaspoonfuls of castor oil. After about an hour they can have a night feed of mash. Repeat the treatment a week later. For the best results, birds being treated should be confined in a coop, the bottom of which is made of wire netting or slats, and elevated a few inches above the ground, so that the droppings will fall through, and out of the birds' reach.

G. R.—The chicks are most probably suffering from chill. Are you careful to clean and air the brooder every day? Brooders become very damp and unsanitary from the droppings and moisture which collects from the body, and heat of the birds. This is especially so in fireless brooders. On the other hand, the trouble is of weak or unhealthy breeding stock. Chickens hatched from eggs laid by hens that are overworked or have suffered from roup or any of the kindred diseases in the past, are liable to contract sore eyes or cramp on the slightest provocation, and doctoring small chicks is almost useless work.

W. J. G.—If the skin has only become hard and thick on the bottom of the bird's foot, a few applications of iodine will reduce it, but if it is much swollen and looks as if there was any pus under the skin, it must be opened with a fine, sharp knife, the pus squeezed out, and then cleansed by washing with warm water to which carbolic acid or some other good disinfectant has been added. When you are sure it is quite clean, bind up the foot to keep out dirt, and put the bird in a small coop with a deep layer of straw on the floor. After about a week you will find it has healed, and be can be allowed his freedom. Bumblefoot is caused by an injury of some sort—a bruise which stops the circulation of the blood, causes the skin to thicken and pus to form. A cut from broken glass or a splinter will allow dirt to get in under the skin and cause the same condition.

D. J.—I am not quite sure of the points of the Speckled Sussex fowl. They have only been admitted to the Poultry Standard quite recently, but I will get in touch with some of the recognized importers and breeders and publish history and description in later issues.

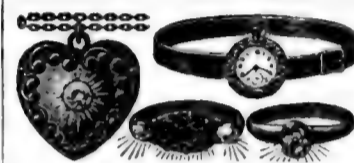
R. R.—Young ducks must have a dry sleeping place and plenty of shade from the noontime sun, otherwise they are apt to be affected in the way you describe. Their drinking water should be kept in dishes deep enough to permit them to entirely submerge their heads, as the two small holes at the base of the bill are very liable to become clogged up with mud or soft food, and unless the birds can rinse them out constantly, they get stuck, and frequently die for want of being able to breathe freely. Mature hens carry the germs which cause white diarrhea in hens and chicks, but they do not have the disease in any active form. Perhaps your hens were attacked by cholera in the past, or the diarrhea was caused by worms. Read answer to Mrs. C., Florida.

C. A. A.—There is no difficulty about killing and dry picking. Professional poultrymen use what is called a French killing knife, which has a narrow blade, sharp at both sides. Open the bill, and stick the bird in the roof of the mouth, giving the knife a sharp turn to sever one of the arteries. I think an amateur can do better and more merciful work with a sharp hatchet, for one quick blow severs the head, so there is no danger of a mistake and causing the bird suffering. To dry pick, you must commence as soon as the first flow of blood commences to stop. Hold the bird on your knee, the head hanging down. Take a few feathers in the fingers of your right hand holding the bird with your left hand, and give a quick pull, turning the feathers back from the tail to the neck. It takes some little practice and skill not to tear the skin, and for canning it is quite satisfactory to dip the bird in hot water before commencing to remove the feathers.

Y. W. C. A. Work Praised by Commander at Camp Dix

Gen. H. S. Scott, who is in command of Camp Dix, N. J., pays tribute to the work of the Y. W. C. A. through its Soldiers' Clubs and Hostess House, "which keep the young men in camp under refining influences."

"I am doing everything I can to assist the women," said Gen. Scott. "The women of America have risen to their responsibilities in this war in a very remarkable manner, and I feel sure that they will properly meet any condition that may arise in the future. In case the man power of the nation should be depleted, the women will take the places of the men just as in Russia, where I have seen women firing locomotives and commanding a battalion; and the women of America are in no manner a whit behind those of any nation."



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Is Your Blood Starving For Want Of Iron?

Modern Methods of Cooking and Living Have Made an Alarming Increase in Iron Deficiency in Blood of American Men and Women

WHY NUXATED IRON SO QUICKLY BUILDS UP WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN-DOWN FOLKS—Over 3,000,000 People Annually Taking It In This Country Alone To Increase Their Strength, Power, Energy and Endurance.

"Is your blood starving for want of iron? Iron is red blood food. If you were to go without eating until you became weak, thin and emaciated, you could not do a more serious harm to yourself than when you let your blood literally starve for want of iron—iron that gives it strength and power to change food into living tissue," says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.) New York and the Westchester County Hospital. "Modern methods of cooking and the rapid pace at which people of this country live has made such an alarming increase in iron deficiency in the blood of American men and women that I have often marveled at the large number of people who lack iron in the blood, and who never suspect the cause of their weak, nervous, run-down state. Lack of iron in the blood not only makes a man a physical and mental weakling, nervous, irritable, easily fatigued, but it utterly robs him of that virile force, that stamina and strength of will which are so necessary to success and power in every walk of life. It may also transform a beautiful, sweet-tempered woman into one who is cross, nervous and irritable. I have strongly emphasized the great necessity of physicians making blood examinations of their weak, anemic, run-down patients. Thousands of persons go on year after year suffering from physical weakness and a highly nervous condition due to lack of sufficient iron in their red blood corpuscles without ever realizing the real and true cause of their trouble. Without iron in your blood your food merely passes through the body, something like corn through an old mill with rollers so wide apart that the mill can't grind. "For want of iron you may be an old man at thirty, dull of intellect, poor in memory, nervous, irritable and all 'run-down,' while at 50 or 60 with plenty of iron in your blood you may still be young in feeling, full of life, your whole being brimming over with vim and energy.

"As proof of this take the case of Former United States Senator and Vice Presidential nominee Charles A. Towne, who at past 58 is still a veritable mountain of tireless energy. Senator Towne says: 'I have found Nuxated Iron of the greatest benefit as a tonic and regulative. Henceforth I shall not be without it. I am in a position to testify for the benefit of others to the remarkable and immediate helpfulness of this remedy, and I unhesitatingly recommend Nuxated Iron to those who feel the need of renewed energy and the regularity of bodily functions.'

"But in my opinion you can't make strong, keen, forceful men and healthy rosy-cheeked women by feeding them on metallic iron. The old forms of metallic iron must go through a

digestive process to transform them into organic iron—Nuxated Iron—before they are ready to be taken up and assimilated by the human system. Notwithstanding all that has been said and written on this subject by well-known physicians, thousands of people still insist in dosing themselves with metallic iron simply, I suppose, because it costs a few cents less. I strongly advise readers in all cases to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to this trouble, then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package. If you have taken preparations such as Nux and Iron and other similar iron products and failed to get results, remember that such products are an entirely different thing from Nuxated Iron." In commenting upon the value of Nuxated Iron as a means for creating red blood, strength and endurance, Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author says: "Scarcely a day goes by but that I see women whose careworn faces, dragging steps and generally weak, tired appearance show unmistakable signs of that anemic, run-down condition usually brought on by lack of iron in the blood.

"There can be no strong, healthy, beautiful women without iron and inasmuch as refining processes and modern cooking methods remove the iron of Mother Earth from so many of our most common foods this iron deficiency should be supplied by using some form of organic iron just as we use salt when our food has not enough salt. "Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it no matter how much or what you eat your food merely passes through you without doing you good, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly-looking just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. Pallor means anemia. The skin of an anemic woman is pale, the flesh flabby. The memory fails, and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, de-

Who Should Take Nuxated Iron

THE ELDERLY INACTIVE MAN



THE RUN-DOWN BUSINESS WOMAN

THE TIRED NERVOUS HOUSE WIFE

THE EXHAUSTED BUSINESS MAN

spondent and melancholy. Give such a woman a short course of Nuxated Iron and she often quickly becomes an entirely different individual—strong, healthy and rosy-cheeked. I have used Nuxated Iron widely in my own practice in most severe, aggravated conditions with unfailing results. I have induced many other physicians to give it a trial, all of whom have given me most surprising reports in regard to its great power as a health and strength builder."

MANUFACTURER'S NOTE: Nuxated Iron which is used by Dr. Sullivan and others with such surprising results, and which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians, is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturer guarantees successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.—Advertisement.



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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Mrs. C. McC., Tex.—About forty years ago phrenology had a considerable vogue and having one's "head read" was a favorite diversion. Modern science, however, refuses to admit the claims made by the followers of Gall, who was the discoverer of this so-called science. There are numerous books on the subject which can be procured at any library or bookshop. Not the least interesting of the literature upon the matter would be back numbers of the "Phrenological Magazine." Bound volumes of this are often seen in second-hand bookstores. There is a periodical called the "Phrenological Era," which is now published at Bowdoin, O. If you are interested, send for a sample copy. (2) All of the large cities and many of the smaller ones contain shops which purchase second-hand clothing. In the larger towns the addresses can be procured from a classified telephone directory, or secured by making proper inquiry. Such shops, as a rule are gathered in one section of the city. In New York, for instance, there is a section devoted to this trade on Seventh Avenue below Thirty-fifth street.

Mrs. Frank Stark, Richmond, Mo., is desirous of procuring a book entitled "Knox Strong." We cannot help her. Perhaps some COMFORT reader can.

F. G., Greensboro, Ky.—We cannot tell you to what use the government will put the cottons now established when the war is over. This will be a matter for Congress and the War Department to decide, and this column cannot register any guess upon the subject.

A. N., Seabrook, Tex.—It takes more than the desire to write short stories to accomplish the feat of turning out marketable literature. In these days all of such work is done by trained writers who have labored long and carefully at their craft. We cannot encourage you—a girl of sixteen—in believing that you can write stories which would sell. If you wish practice in working with your pen, try making contributions of some sort to newspapers in your vicinity.

M. B., Milan, Ind.—We do not believe that there is any school for nurses where a high school education or its equivalent would not be necessary for entrance. If you have lacked this advantage, we would suggest that you take up local nursing in your vicinity. The profession of a trained nurse is an important one, and requires a high order of ability and intelligence.

Mrs. C. C. H., Barboursville, W. Va.—Submit your piece of mineral to the laboratory of your state Department of Mineralogy at Charleston.

W. C. A., Hanceville, Ala.—It is true that dogs consume a great deal of food which is worth thinking about in these days of conservation and starving nations. Not only that but very many dogs are nuisances because of sheep-killing and other destructive habits. Yet Congress would find it difficult to enact a law to kill all "useless dogs" as you suggest. For every owner of a dog would think his own at least useful enough to love. Dogs are filthy animals and spread disease germs. Unquestionably the country would be benefited by killing half the dogs.

Mrs. A. M. W., Murfreesboro, Tenn.—The prophecy of Mother Shipton you write about is as follows:

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
Through the hills men shall ride
And no horse or ass be by their side.
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen
In white, in black, in green.
Iron in the water shall float
As easy as a wooden boat.
Taxes for blood and for war
Shall come to every door.
The world then to an end shall come
In Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-one.

The true name of Mother Shipton was Ursula Southall and she was born in Knaresborough, England, in 1486. She acquired great reputation as a prophetess during the reign of Henry the Eighth, and has to her credit many oracular utterances which were remarkably fulfilled. She died in 1561, after having predicted the time of her death.

F. A. Rockport, W. Va.—Bookkeeping would be profitable for you to follow as a profession if you made yourself skillful enough at it to be able to secure the salary that a competent accountant can command. As in every other line, the best salaries are earned by the best men—who know their job best.

G. F., Obion, Tenn.—If you desire work as a waitress in some Y. W. C. A., write to the Employment Department of the Y. W. C. A. in the nearest city to your town where a branch of the organization is maintained.

Mrs. B. M. W., Conneaut, O.—You could make but very little adding machine money, even if you were successful in securing such work. If you are a good sewer, as you state, we believe you would do much better to attempt the making of some fancy articles at home, and selling them through a "Woman's Exchange" in some nearby city. We know of many women who have made children's caps, embroidered luncheon sets, handbags, and other articles, and derived a considerable income from selling these. If you can get an introduction to a few wealthy families and your work pleases them, you will soon have orders for all you can make.

Mrs. P. D., Watertown, N. Y.—See above answer to Mrs. B. M. W.

J. C. S., Pontiac, Mich.—Write to the Council of National Defense, Washington, D. C.

Sibyl's Influence

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

answered; "but I do not like to fall Lady Allstone, for she has often obliged me in the same way. Besides, she speaks particularly of a young person whom she hopes I will not neglect to see every day, as she is extremely delicate. She has been thought to be in a decline, but seems to be gradually recovering now, and it is necessary that she should have close attention and a very nourishing diet. She feels particularly interested in her. Her other charges will not need so much attention, she adds."

"It is exceedingly provoking when we need every moment of time to ourselves," Ada continued, petulantly; then, catching sight of Lady Prescott's raised eyebrows, she added, laughing, "I believe I must be getting nervous, or I should not feel such a slight interruption as this. Of course, you cannot refuse Lady Allstone's request, auntie, and we will get along without you, while you are away, as best we can."

"I shall have to go at once, then, very sorry, Ada, when we were intending to do considerable shopping today."

Lady Prescott offered to assist Ada in the shopping, if the countess would intrust it to her, which she was perfectly satisfied to do; and that matter, being settled to Miss Therwin's

satisfaction, Lady Shirley departed to seek Lady Allstone's protegee.

Driving to one of the poorer sections of London, she found the street and number indicated in the note, alighted from her carriage, and ascended to the second floor, as directed.

Here she knocked on the "third door at the left," and a weak though sweet voice bade her "come in."

Lady Shirley obeyed, and found herself in the presence of a lovely young girl, who was sitting in a large, comfortable easy-chair, by a sunny window.

She was actually startled at finding any one so beautiful in such a place, and did not wonder at the interest which Lady Allstone manifested in her protegee.

She went forward and presented her card, explaining why she was there, and she was still more surprised at the composure and grace with which the girl asked her to be seated.

The card simply bore the name "Lady Hortense Shirley."

"Have you been ill long?" the countess asked, noting the large, mournful eyes, the transparent hands, and the delicate, almost husky lips.

"I had a very severe illness last fall, and have never wholly recovered from it," was the sad reply.

"And do you think you are really getting better and stronger now?"

"Oh, yes; since the days have grown warmer, and Lady Allstone has been so kind to me, I have been improving rapidly, and I hope soon to be able to work and do something for myself instead of being a burden upon others."

Lady Shirley saw the pale lips quiver slightly as she said this, and her heart was strangely stirred with sympathy for this lovely girl, whose name she did not even know.

"You must not think of work for a long time yet," she said, with a pitiful glance at the slender hands. "What do you intend to do when you get stronger?"

"All that I can do is to teach, I suppose," answered the maiden, with a suspicious trembling in her tones.

"Have you ever taught?"

"Oh, no."

"Pardon me, but teaching is considered very laborious, and you do not look as if you were accustomed to work of any kind," said the countess, wondering how one who had apparently been so delicately reared, happened to be in such a place as that.

"No, I do not know much about work," she said, with a sigh, as if that were a fact to be deeply regretted. "Do—do you believe I should be able to get any pupils without references?"

she asked, with a wistful look in her great eyes.

"I fear that would be rather a difficult undertaking, dear; but do not be troubled about it yet a while—it will be some time before you are strong enough to do anything of the kind, and meanwhile, we must do everything to make you strong, and bring the natural color back to your cheeks and lips. Do you live here alone?"

"Oh, no, I live with a middle-aged woman, who takes care of me."

She did not mention any name, and the countess did not like to ask the question.

She remained some time longer, talking upon various subjects, and was greatly surprised at the intelligence and refinement which Lady Allstone's protegee manifested. She left her basket of delicacies, promising to come tomorrow, and went away deeply interested, and very glad she had come.

As the door closed after her, the young girl bowed her head upon her hands, with a low cry, and fell to sobbing bitterly.

A strange incident occurred below as Lady Shirley was about leaving the place.

She had reached the bottom stair, and was about leaving the house, when she was suddenly confronted by a little, wrinkled, sallow-faced woman, clad in a brown-stuff gown, with a


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mantle of the same wrapped about her shoulders. A large, dark bonnet of straw covered her head, and somewhat shaded her features, and she wore black stockings, low shoes, and carried a little, worn black bag upon her arm.

The woman started on beholding the countess, as evidently she had not expected to encounter any one. She then bestowed a searching and closer look upon the stranger, when, with a sharp cry of fright, she dashed past her, springing up the stairs, and my lady heard a door above suddenly closed with a loud noise.

"Strange! who could that creature be?" mused the countess, with a puzzled look.

After her return to Shirley House, it was observed that she appeared very absent-minded, and looked weary and pale.

Ada rallied her about her "extra duties," and declared they should have her sick, with those added to all the other things which engrossed them; but the countess replied, very gravely, that she was glad she had heeded Lady Allstone's request, and said she should go every day until that lady's return. And so the subject, for the present, was dropped.

Three weeks went rapidly by, and the preparations for the wedding were nearly completed.

The week preceding the wedding, Lady Prescott, desiring something from home for the occasion, dispatched a telegram, bidding one of the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 1/4 oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.



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Send only \$1.00, and we will ship you this handsome 6-piece Fumed Solid Oak Library Set. Only \$1.00 down, then \$2.50 per month, or only \$24.90 in all. A positively staggering value, and one of the biggest bargains we have ever offered. Look at this massive set, clip the coupon below and have it shipped on approval. Then see for yourself what a beautiful set it is. If you do not like it, return it in 30 days and we will return your money. Send coupon with \$1.00. Pieces not sold separately.

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Two Wheel Chairs in September 486 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Only two wheel chairs in September, but the weather has been hot, and with cooler weather we shall do better in October—it ought to be much better.

The two September chairs go to Johnnie D. Whitenburg, Aspel, Ala., 133, and Harold Lester Brown, Gate, Okla., 132. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent by them or by their friends for them.

Johnnie Whitenburg, age 16, has been a helpless cripple from birth and is unable to use hands or feet. His wheel chair will be a great help to his mother in caring for him.

Harold Brown, age 12, badly crippled by spinal trouble, is unable to walk and has but little use of his arms. His widowed mother, besides supporting herself and little daughter, has to take care of him.

In our list of applicants trying for a COMFORT wheel chair are many others whose sad condition is equally pitiful. Help them to get their chairs at an early date.

Below are some interesting letters of thanks from shut-ins who have recently received COMFORT wheel chairs.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P.S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 35 cents each, sent in either cash or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premium in which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little easier each month than you do yours. Any shut-in who has friends to help him get subscriptions can obtain a wheel chair free. Write me for information.

Wheel Chair Much Comfort to Him

CEDAR HILL, TEXAS.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

The wheel chair shipped me for my husband has been received in good condition and he is well pleased with it. It will be so much comfort to him. Many thanks to you and my friends for helping me to obtain it for him. I will try to help others, in need of a wheel chair, to obtain one.

Sincerely your friend,

MRS. T. J. RAGLAND.

Well Pleased with Her COMFORT Wheel Chair

ARDMORE, OKLA.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

I received my wheel chair yesterday and am well pleased with it. Many thanks to you and also to the friends who helped me to get it.

Respectfully,

MRS. ADELIA EVANS.

Finds Wheel Chair Comfortable and Easy

ORONO, MAINE.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

I am very much pleased to let you know that I received my wheel chair, and I thank you. I find it very comfortable and easy to sit in and to be moved about in.

Very gratefully yours,

MRS. T. J. LIBBY.

Proud of Her Wheel Chair

BORDEN SPRINGS, ALA.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

I am pleased to tell you that Jessie Lee Bright received her wheel chair in good condition. She surely is proud of it. She can roll it herself. I thank you and all my friends who helped me get it for her. I will have her picture taken and will send you one for COMFORT.

Truly yours,

MRS. ELLA BRIGHT.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Mrs. S. A. Spillyard, La., for Octavie Sanders, 110; Horace Mann, Ga., for own wheel chair, 70; Mrs. J. H. Price, Okla., for Harold Brown, 34; Mrs. Mary Whitenburg, Ala., for Johnnie Whitenburg, 29; Miss Frances Morris, Va., for Maude Sparks, 23; Mrs. M. E. Carson, Ark., for F. F. Carson, 23; Mrs. Z. T. Isaacs, Va., for Isaac Price, 21; D. W. Brunson, Ill., for R. M. Sanders, 21; Eleanor Nichols, Vt., for Clara Josephine Nichols, 16; Mrs. Katherine Corven, Vt., for Clara Josephine Nichols, 16; Mrs. Mattie McGregor, Miss., for Elvy L. Tutor, 12; Miss Lue Brooks, Ky., for David Berry, 12; Mrs. J. S. Pool, N. C., for Strout Pool, 11; Mrs. H. Jones, Vt., for Clara Josephine Nichols, 10; Dudley C. Nichols, Vt., for Clara Josephine Nichols, 5; Mrs. G. R. Britt, Ga., for F. F. Carson, 5.

Four Beautiful Ferns



PREMIUM NO. 6112

Given For Two Subscriptions

Of all indoor foliage plants, none give more lasting pleasure and satisfaction than these popular house ferns. They need but little care and live indefinitely, growing larger and more beautiful year by year. The collection offered you here comprise four of the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture. They are the Asparagus Plumosus or "Lace" fern, the Roosevelt, the Boston or "Fountain" fern and the Whitman or "Ostrich plume" fern. They will thrive in any dwelling room near a window and require almost no attention except a little sprinkling of water now and then. These ferns are guaranteed to be absolutely free from all injurious insects or diseases which destroy foliage plants of this type, and they will be packed carefully and mailed to you by Parcel Post so that you will be sure to receive them in just as good condition as though they were fresh from the greenhouse. We are able to illustrate only one variety, "The Roosevelt," but remember you get all four ferns free on this offer.

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 35 cents each, we will send you by Parcel Post prepaid the above described collection of four beautiful ferns, each of them a strong, healthy, well-rooted plant ready to pot and guaranteed to grow and develop into a fine specimen fern. Premium No. 6112.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

MRS. J. C. So, Boston, Va.—Cataracts can be removed by operation after they are sufficiently advanced for operation, or in general terms, after one is unable to count one's fingers at a distance of one foot from the eyes. A preliminary operation known as iridectomy can be done at any time, and this will hasten the final operation. Operation is not painful. Hard pulse indicates hardening of the arteries and high blood pressure. You should have your blood pressure taken before you are operated on and, if found high, this should be lowered by appropriate medication before your cataracts are operated on. For your indigestion, take a compound cathartic pill two or three times a week. Also take American oil with your meals to counteract the accumulation of gas in the intestines. Of the oil, take two teaspoonfuls with each meal.

MRS. M. A. W., Dodge City, Kansas.—Paralysis is due to hemorrhage in the brain due to weakened blood vessels and a high blood pressure. It is incurable in the main. The loss of eyesight is also due to the same cause. You should have your husband take cathartics daily, eat sparingly of simple foods, avoiding heavy meats, and have him also drink plenty of good spring water.

MR. C. C. T. Denmark, Ark.—You probably have an enlarged prostate gland. You should consult a good genito-urinary doctor and have a local examination made of the affected parts. In the meantime drink plenty of some good alkaline water, such as Vichy water.

MR. CHAS. T., Dearborn, Mich.—The only cure for rupture is an operation. We do not recall any prescription for the cure of rupture appearing in COMFORT at any time.

MRS. J. D., Santa Anna, Cal.—There may be some local trouble that causes these night terrors in your sister. Look after her bowels; have her eat little and very simple food at night; keep her from meat, sweets, etc., and have her exercise in the open air daily until she is very tired. A cold douche to the spine before retiring, followed up with a stiff rub would be beneficial.

MR. B. B., Jetmore, Kansas.—You can get Dobell's solution at any drug store. It is an official remedy and every druggist has it on hand.

MRS. X. Y. Z., Fredericksburg, Va.—You are entirely used up from repeated pregnancies. You should be examined and ascertain whether or not you have been torn externally and internally during labor. All your symptoms seem to point to such a condition.

MR. G. M. G., Monticello, N. Y.—Only a doctor has the liquid snow mentioned in COMFORT, and only a doctor should use it. We do not know of any liniment such as you describe.

MISS M. W., Ashville, N. C.—The condition described is called purpura, and is due to thin blood. The only remedy is iron in some form. Ask your doctor for an iron tonic. Basham's mixture taken in tablespoonful doses in water might help you.

MR. L. J. G., Bessemer, Ala.—Consult a good dentist about your teeth and gums. You probably have so-called Riggs' disease, which needs immediate treatment. Your rheumatism probably comes from the absorption of pus from your gums. Have them treated at once.

MRS. G. S., McArthur, Ohio.—Your child has, no doubt, scurvy. Give him the juice of one orange per day with his food.

MRS. M. C. S., Stillwater, Okla.—COMFORT has several times given a remedy for incontinence of urine. It was Petutrin extract. This must be prescribed by the doctor and its action watched by the same doctor. The remedy is held to be almost a specific in this condition. We don't think the water the child drinks has anything to do with the bed-wetting.

MRS. A. C. C., Bowersville, Ga.—You should have your throat examined for so-called adenoid growths. If present, have your throat operated on. In the meantime you can use Dobell's solution as a gargle and spray. The worms mentioned are known as pinworms. An enema of salt and water taken just before retiring will remove them. Use about one half teaspoonful to the quart of water.

MRS. J. H. C., McDonough, Ga.—Have the offending tooth removed at once. Many cases of pronounced heart trouble have come from pus infection due to an abscessed tooth. This may account for all of your general symptoms as well as the local heart trouble.

"WORRIED." Whistle, Ala.—The discharge at or in the navel is possibly due to a short sinus. It should be probed by a competent surgeon and properly treated, either surgically or by some remedy that will cause the sinus to close up from the bottom. You should not do any strenuous exercises at all until you have ascertained the exact condition of the navel, for in the end you may develop a hernia in that region.

We wish to call the attention of subscribers to the fact that letters addressed to this department, accompanied with the full name and address of writer, will not be answered. Three letters this month have thus been deposited in the waste-basket.

Chinatown Behind the Trenches

By Carl Schurz Lowden

CHINESE lecturer recently remarked: "China could send several million men to France to work; and China wouldn't miss them if they never came back." Already two hundred fifty thousand coolies have formed a city of their own back of the lines, helping the Allies win the war.

What can the Chinese do? In the first place they are the most intensive farmers in the world; they can work in munition factories and they can dig. Thus every peaceful Chinese in France liberates one fighting man to go to the front. This is one way that China is doing her bit.

Chow Ching over in China gets about five cents a day working in the rice fields. On this he has to support a family. One day he is offered many cents a day for a period of three years, working in France, while his family is paid at home for letting him go. Chow has his doubts at first but finally is transported free of charge over to France, where he is fed, insured, given all necessary medical care at the government's expense. He in turn is to work eight hours a day at any work assigned him.

Chow Ching is taken to Chinatown, where his finger-tips are impressed and compared with those obtained when he enlisted in Canton. His finger prints are indexed and Chow is thus identified. The Chinaman then gets a work-card, on which the boss marks the hours he works or shirks. At the end of each month he is paid; at the end of his contract he will be transported back to the rice plantation from which he came, with no cost to himself. He is fed well while he works in France and should he die his family would receive his insurance.

Chinatown is near a sleepy little French village, in whose streets there is no trace of the coolie; but once inside the bounds of the compound the visitor imagines he is in the Orient. Acres upon acres are covered with white tents in which live the Chinese workmen. There are Chinese policemen and Chinese guards; no-



ALL THESE FREE

Gold plated Lavallieres and Neckchain, pair of Pierced Ear Bobs; Gold plated Expansion Bracelet with 1m. Watch, guaranteed quality and 3 Gold plated Rings. All given FREE for selling only 15 Jewelry Novelties at 10c. each. Write today.

COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO.
DEPT. 173
EAST BOSTON, MASS.

tices in Chinese are placarded everywhere; and coolies dressed in their home-togs pass to and fro with bamboo poles and bamboo baskets the same as if they were in Mongolian territory. There are Chinese stores and Chinese paraphernalia wherever the eye glances. Few white men are seen about this transported Chinatown back of the lines.

This camp though has organization that only the English can give. The Chinamen work, to be sure, under bosses of their own race, but these bosses are in turn responsible to English officers. Although there are thousands of humans in the camp, here all records are kept with machine-like accuracy. A wonderful organizing system it is. No great industrial concern could handle such a problem with more sympathy, tact, fairness and efficiency.

An officer in charge of Chinese labor in the British army zone said of the coolies:

"They are well behaved and have not given the slightest trouble. They seem to stand the climate first rate, but we shall take special care of them during their first European winter."

When Misfortune Becomes Good Fortune

Sometimes misfortune turns out to be good fortune. Generally considered, deafness is not a thing one would wish upon himself, and yet there are times when it becomes a veritable blessing to be deaf. Edison accredits his great power of concentration to the very simple fact that he cannot hear well and can so easily shut out all distracting noises. A well-known composer was once heard to say that he considered Helen Keller most fortunate because she never had to hear Wagner played on a hurdy-gurdy.

In this class of people to whom deafness can prove a relief and a blessing, is Queen Alexandra. She has a most wonderful energy and interest in things, and she never appears bored, no matter what the entertainment or what the company. She is very deaf. She only has to look; seeing never wears one. She doesn't have to listen—it's listening to things which one wishes he didn't have to hear and from which he cannot politely get away from, which bores.

Lucky for Queen Alexandra at this war time that she is deaf, because no entertainment given, of any import at all, for the benefit of the soldiers and war sufferers, can be a success without her. She attends them all—but she has little to say and practically nothing to hear.



Our Special Offer

WE shall send you a package of these beautiful, patriotic Post Cards—24 cards in all—if you will send us one one-year subscription (not your own), to COMFORT at 35 cents. Remember, it must not be your own subscription, but the subscription of some friend or neighbor. You will receive the cards by mail postpaid. If you want more than one package, you can have them by sending one one-year subscription (not your own), at 35 cents for each package wanted. Better send for at least two packages right away. You will need them. Premium No. 8271.

Agents: \$50 a Week

Introducing new 2 in 1 Reversible Raincoat. Two coats in one. One side a handsome black raincoat. Reverse side fine dress coat, rich tan. Water-proof. Positively guaranteed.

Make \$2500 a Year

Sell to business men, clerks, farmers, teamsters, truck drivers, miners—every man in your community is a prospect. Kahn made \$16 first day. Robins sold 3 first day. Be first to introduce this new, easy selling, big money maker. Write for territory and demonstrating sample.

Thomas Raincoat Co., 1130 Jess St., Dayton, O.



FREE PHONOGRAPH and one Popular RECORD
Handsome Mahogany finish, wonderful hand driven motor, plays all style records. Given for selling our beautiful Art & Religious pictures at 10c each. Order 25 pictures today. Easy to sell. We trust you. When sold send us the money and select your price according to our big premium list. GAITHER CO., Dept. 701 CHICAGO

FREE POWERFUL AIR GUN AND 500 BUCK SHOTS
Big 21-inch large-action rifle, fine walnut stock, free for selling beautiful pictures of 25 pages. Post Cards at 10c each. Order your choice. GATES MFG. CO., DEPT. 525 CHICAGO

CASH FOR OLD FALSE TEETH
Don't matter if broken. We pay up to \$35.00 per set, also actual value for diamonds, old gold, silver and platinum. Send by parcel post, and receive cash by return mail. Will return goods if price is unsatisfactory. Mazer's Tooth Specialty, Dept. 30, 2007 S. 5th St. Phila. Pa.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S
Poems and Story Book, cloth bound, 50 cents each. Song Book 30 cents each. Address: UNCLE CHARLIE, care Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

Write To Them Often! A Message From Home Is Worth More Than Anything Else In The World To Our Brave Boys "Over There."

THEY are in the midst of death and desolation. Their spirits must be kept up. They need the inspiration that comes from friendly words from home. It is only a small thing for them to ask for, but a very important thing for us to do—to write, and write frequently. This is just as necessary for victory as the shipping of food, arms and ammunition.

If you have a friend or a loved one in the service, write, write, write. Whether he is in training camp, or in the trenches, let him know that he is not forgotten. Send him long, cheerful letters telling about the little intimate things that are happening in the home—what his friends are doing—all the neighborhood events that he is interested in. To be sure, they may seem small to you, but he will read them with absolute joy. Then again, don't wait for replies. Write again—and again. And in between your letters send him post cards—lots of them.

Stirring, Patriotic Post Card Messages To Soldiers! A Big Package Mailed You Free!

There are thousands of COMFORT homes from which son, brother or husband has answered his country's call. To each of these homes we want to send a package of these Post Cards. If you have no near relatives in the service then you need these cards to send to your friends and acquaintances who have gone.

Beautiful—inspiring—patriotic—they are just the thing to mail to soldiers anywhere. There are 24 cards in the package, every one different, but all carrying an appropriate message or tender words of greeting and remembrance to some soldier boy who is now fighting for you. You will be delighted with these cards—and so will the boy who receives them. The striking designs, showing President Wilson, the American Flags, the flags of the Allied Nations, Shields and other patriotic emblems, are all highly embossed in the most beautiful colors, while the verses of greeting, good wishes, etc., are cleverly worked into the designs in a most artistic manner.

The cards themselves are of regulation post card size—3 1/4 x 5 1/2 inches—and there are the usual spaces for the address and any personal message you may care to write yourself. We want to give a package of these cards to every COMFORT reader who has a friend or loved one fighting for Uncle Sam. You need them—they are the finest, most appropriate message to soldiers ever thought of. Nothing like them was ever seen before. They will be treasured for years as souvenirs of the great war. If you have no son, brother, husband or sweetheart "over there," some of your friends or neighbors have. Write to them! Send them letters, and one of these Patriotic Post Cards every now and then. Remember, they are fighting for you—all of us. Cheer them on to victory and everlasting peace for the whole world.

You can have a package, or more than one package, of these patriotic post cards free and postpaid if you will accept our special offer printed at the left. Read it and send in your order today.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.



AGENTS WANTED

Agents \$40 a week. New Kerosene Burner. Makes an stove a gas stove. Burns just like gas. Clean, odorless, absolutely safe. Women delighted with it. Low price. Big profits. Easy sales. Write for agency. Thomas Burner Co., 4519 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

Sell Inlayde Tyres, inner armor for auto tires double mileage, prevents punctures and blow-outs, big profits. Details Free. American Accessories Co., Dept. 1118, Cincinnati.

Agents—Steady Income Large manufacturer of Handkerchiefs and Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest going fast or spare time. Credit given. Send for details. Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Young Man, please wear this suit and show it to your friends. Write for book of free samples, latest styles and wonderful offer. Banner Tailoring Co., Dept. 984 Chicago, Ill.

Agents \$40 a week selling guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Agents having wonderful success. Thomas Mfg. Co., 2219 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 31 So. Main, St. Louis.

\$10 to \$15 per day handling new household articles. Big war time sellers. All on spare time. Outfit free. Territory going fast. Write quick. Duff Co., Dept. W. 46, Attica, N. Y.

Agents Profits—Our plan beats anything ever before offered. Goods practically sell themselves. "Horoco," 131 Locust, St. Louis, Mo.

Large Man! If you want agents to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, etc., direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 603 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Could you sell coal at 29¢ off? We'll show you how to cut coal bills and secure the exclusive right for your County. A \$1.00 trial will convince you—your money back if you're not satisfied. Fair isn't it? The City of Louisville, Ky., saves 29.12¢ on coal costing \$5.50. Figure the saving in your County. "Keeline," P. O. Box T, Bradley Beach, N. J.

Agents 2 in 1 reversible raincoat. Two coats in one. One side a handsome black raincoat, reverse side fine dress coat. A wonderful new. Not sold in stores. Steam vulcanized. Guaranteed water-proof. Big seller. All styles and sizes for men, women and children. Write for agency. Guaranteed Raincoat Co., 1619 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. G, 1624 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Agents! Quick Sales! Big Profits! Outfit Free! Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Hosiery, Underwear, etc. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. H 2, 425 Broadway, New York.

Agents—The greatest opportunity ever offered—sell War Time Necessities—Big Demand—a sale in every home—Essential. Write today for free offer. American Products Co., 7115 Third St., Cincinnati, O.

Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Medallions, Patriotic Pictures, Pennants. Rejects credited. Prompt shipments; samples & cat. free to agents. 30 days credit. Jas. O. Bailey Co., Desk X, Chicago, Ill.

Agents—If you have a position or not you can sell our fraternal buttons, jewelry, diamonds and watches, besides your other work; new offer; no experience necessary; goods sell themselves; everybody buys; write for particulars, free. Charles A. Keene, Dept. 4, 189 Broadway, New York.

Reliable people wanted—place our goods in stores and apartment agents. Eggine takes place of eggs at 10¢ doz.—Wonder pudding powder makes 6 to 7 large dishes of the most delicious dessert for 10¢. Our goods are different from others. Novel, catchy, big value. Send dime for sample and full particulars. Morrissey Co., 424 Madison St., Chicago.

Be a Money-Maker! Earn \$10 a day easier than you ever earned \$2.50 before. Lincoln Stylis tailored-to-order suits sell themselves. Why? Lower prices; handsomer, newer styles; finer patterns and more of them. No competition for you. Write for our wonderful Free Portrait of Abraham Lincoln. Offer, style book and sample outfit. Lincoln Woolen Mills Co., Dept. 1907, Chicago.

Agents—Make a dollar an hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 462-B, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Drastic Measures for Control of Labor in Germany

Control of labor power in Germany is absolute, according to information just obtained from that country. The arrangement in force there contrasts strongly with the present plan of control in America through the United States Employment Service of the Department of Labor, and it is said that in no country of the allies has it been necessary to adopt any measures even approaching the drastic steps that have been taken in Germany.

Just how each workman is chained to his job may be realized when it is known that he can not change positions without the written consent either of his employer or of a board of seven members appointed by the military authorities. The boards of seven include an army officer as chairman, two Government officials, two employers, and two workmen. The workmen, therefore, not only have small representation on the board, but are denied the opportunity of choosing their own representatives, for that is undertaken by the War Office.

Any violation of the regulations concerning migration from one job to another is punished by heavy fine or imprisonment.

Both Bread and Meat in Soy-Bean Flour

Washington, D. C.
What would you think of a slice of bread that has the same food value as a beefsteak sandwich?
It isn't a dream nor an exaggeration. It is a fact supported by specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. It is based on chemical analyses of and experiments with soy-bean flour, a "new" product that is expected to "pinch hit" for wheat, and not only to

PHOTO FINISHING

Films developed free. High class work. Perfect prints at 5 to 7¢. We do the best work in the Photo City. Remit with your order and get returns same day. Bryans Drug House, Rochester, N. Y.

Films Developed. 5c. prints 3c. each, any size. Post Cards 4c. each, 40c. per doz. Quick service. L. Loney, Hartford City, Ind.

Mail Us 15c with any size film for development and six velvet prints. Best material. Skilled operators. Get our book. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 228 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

ROOTS, HERBS, ETC.

Gather or Cultivate Herbs, Bark, Roots for Us. Profitable, enjoyable, instructive. Buying list and illustrated descriptive booklet 10c. Wisco Herb House, Desk 11, 409 Chestnut St., Milwaukee, Wis.

PRINTING

100 Bond Noteheads, 4 lines printing and 100 envelopes printed corner, prepaid S. L. Southwestern, 1413-C Berendo, Los Angeles, Cal.

HELP WANTED

Men and Women Wanted, 18 to 60, to fill thousands of vacancies and new positions in Government Service in Washington and elsewhere. Permanent, higher salaries, patriotic work, easy hours, paid vacations. Quick appointments. Write for free Book RE, listing positions. Washington Civil Service School, 2004 Marden Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Government Needs Thousands of Men and Women. Good salaries. Permanent positions. We help you secure appointment. Particulars Free. Write Today. Columbia School of Civil Service, 406 Jordan Building, Washington, D. C.

HELP—MALE AND FEMALE

Earn \$25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451 St. Louis, Mo.

Government Pays \$900 to \$1500 yearly. Prepare for coming "exams" under former Civil Service Examiner. New Book Free. Write Patterson Civil Service School, Box J-15, Rochester, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Learn Dress Designing. Big demand. \$30 week earned. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. V 850, Rochester, N. Y.

Wanted ten bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell well known goods to established dealers. \$25.00 to \$50.00 per week; railroad fare paid; weekly advance for traveling expenses. Address at once. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 82, Omaha, Neb.

We Have Customers who will buy from you tea aprons and dust caps in dozen lots. They also want fancy work of all kinds—Embroidery, Crocheting and Tatting. Send 20c for patterns and prices. Returned if dissatisfied. Kenwood Sales Shops, 6238 S. Park Ave., Chicago.

Wanted—Girls. Women. Government positions. \$100 month. List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. V 8, Rochester, N. Y.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Plays, Speakers, Dialogues and Patriotic Entertainments. Catalogues free. Dept. A, Ames Publishing Co., Clyde, Ohio.

FOR THE GARDEN

Frost Proof Cabbage Plants, leading varieties, \$2.50 per Thousand, by Mail Prepaid. Clark Plant Co., Thomasville, Ga.

MALE HELP WANTED

Fall Government Clerk Examinations everywhere. Men—Women wanted. \$100 month. Sample questions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. V 12, Rochester, N. Y.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggage-men, \$140—\$200 Colored Porters, by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 828 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

We Establish You; Plans Free; In The profitable Carpet and Rug cleaning business. Own boss; Sure road to independence; \$8, \$10, and more daily. Can employ agents; Build up big increasing business; Repeat orders; Sole territory and no limit to possibilities. Rescol Mfg Co., 1037 Third Ave., New York, N. Y.

Comfort's Comicalities "Jest for Fun"

Wrong Kind of Arms

"As soon as I get to camp I am going to send my girl a rifle and bayonet and a sword."
"Is she collecting souvenirs?"
"No; but she enjoys having arms about her."—Detroit Saturday Night.

Abbreviated Costumes

Marie—"We suffragettes will show you men something!"



Manning—"The way you women dress nowadays proves you're doing pretty well in that line."

No Argument

"Do you realize what you did?" demanded the wife.
"No," said the husband, "but I'll admit I was wrong. What was it?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Easily Seen Through

He was fond of playing jokes on his wife, and this time he thought he had a winner.
"My dear," he said, as they sat at supper, "I just heard such a sad story of a young girl today. They thought she was going blind, and so the surgeon operated on her and found—"
"Yes," gasped the wife breathlessly. "That she'd got a young man in her eye!" ended the husband with a chuckle.
For a moment there was silence. Then the lady remarked, slowly:
"Well, it would all depend on what sort of a man it was. Some of them she could have seen through easily enough."—Boston Post.

Wise Beyond His Years

Teacher (of geography class)—"Johnnie, how is the earth divided?"
Johnnie—"Nobody will know until the European war is over."

The Force of Habit

Customer—"Have you any three-cent stamps?"
Drug Clerk—"No, madam, but we have something just as good. Here are some two's and one's."

In Loving Memory

Availing herself of her ecclesiastical privileges, the clergyman's wife asked questions which, coming from anybody else, would have been thought impertinent.

"I presume you carry a memento of some kind in that locket you wear?" she said.
"Yes, ma'am," said the parishioner. "It is a lock of my husband's hair."
"But your husband hasn't gone," the lady exclaimed.
"No, ma'am, but his hair 'as!"—Boston Post.

Just Like a Man

All day a man will wait for a bite in a dinky boat—the sinner—But he won't sit down in an easy chair. Possess his soul in patience there And wait for a bite for dinner.
—Yonkers Statesman.

All day a man will walk o'er the links And golf till he's nearly dead, But his energy fails when he's asked to go To the store, tho' it's only a block or so, To purchase a spool of thread.
—Judge.

All day a man will be polite, And you will find him debonair. He's nice as pie to his business friends, But when he gets home his jollity ends And he acts like a grizzly bear.
—Portland Express.

Comedian—"The Kaiser is crazy to get all the watermelons he can."
Soubrette—"What for?"
Comedian—"To feed his soldiers on the Rhine."

Gladys—"He said he would kiss me or die in the attempt."
Gwendolyn—"Well?"
Gladys—"Oh, he was too young to die."

Who Lost It?

The train was held up by robbers, and all the passengers were told to come out, line up together and hold their hands above their heads. Moses and Ike stood together with their hands up, when one of the robbers came to search them with a loaded revolver in his hand. Said



Moses to the robber: "May I put my hand in my waistcoat pocket von moment?"
"Yes, and look sharp!" was the reply. Moses put his hand into his pocket, pulled out \$50, and turning to Ike said: "Here is the \$50 I owe you."—Louisville Herald.

Once He Had It on Her

"See this string on my finger? My wife put it on to remind me to mail a letter for her."

"And you forgot, I suppose?"
"No, she forgot to give it to me."

After the Service

Minister—"I was sorry for your wife this morning. She coughed so incessantly."



ly during the sermon that she attracted attention."
Fellowholder—"Don't worry. She was wearing her new spring bonnet for the first time."—Portland Express.

Also Thrift Stamps Buy

Swat the fly, shoot the spy, cut out the lie, swear off pie, quit drinking rye and never say die.—Fort Wayne News.

Easily Explained

"Pop, what are the silent watches of the night?"
"They are the ones which their owners forget to wind, son."

Mistakes

When a plumber makes a mistake he charges twice for it.
When a lawyer makes a mistake, it is just what he wanted, because he has a chance to try the case all over again.
When a carpenter makes a mistake, it's just what he expected.
When a doctor makes a mistake he buries it.
When a judge makes a mistake it becomes the law of the land.
When a preacher makes a mistake nobody knows the difference.
When an electrician makes a mistake he blames it onto induction; nobody knows what that means.
But when an editor makes a mistake—Good Night!!!

A Chance for You, Girls

WANTED—a housekeeper under 30 years of age. If suitable, will marry. (Name omitted.)—Advt. in Rutland, Vt., Herald.

Nor in Maine Either

A young woman has been arrested at Los Angeles on a charge of conducting a school of flirting. Such educational facilities are not needed in Indiana.—Indianapolis News.

Won't be Any Over There

"There'll be some new names in Who's Who in America after this war is over," says the Portland Evening Express. The revision of Who's Who in Germany will be more important.—Boston Globe.

SALESMEN WANTED

Salemen—To sell Oils, Belting, Hose, Paint, Varnish, to factories, mills, auto owners, stores, thrashers, outside large cities. Excellent proposition. Paid weekly. O. L. Doty, Century Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

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Have you a practical invention to sell outright or place on royalty? Send details to Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 91 A, St. Louis.

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We pay to \$80.00 for certain large cents; \$5.00 for certain eagle cents, etc. High premiums paid for rare coins to 1912. Many in circulation. Watch your change. Send us now. Get our Large Illustrated Coin Circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 6, Fort Worth, Texas.

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Own A Farm Home. Ask about our week end excursions to our hardwood lands in Michigan's best Counties. 40,000 acres. \$15 to \$25 per A. Easy terms for wage earners and farm renters. Grains, stock, fruit, truck, chickens. Big booklet free. Swigart Land Company, Oldest Company in the business. 61246 1st Nat'l Bk. Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.

INTEREST TO WOMEN

Waterproof Rubber Aprons for housework, nursery, dairy, etc. Checked gingham styles. By mail \$1.25. The Apron Co., 40 W. 38th St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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BELGIAN HARES

Big Profit Raising Belgian Hares for us. We furnish stock and pay you \$6 pair, basket and contract 10c, none free. Canada's Rabbitry, 258 York, Denver, Colo.

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Authors—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, 64, Hannibal, Mo.

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Wanted—Stories, poems, etc. We pay on acceptance. Handwrite Mss. acceptable. Woman's Nat'l Magazine, Desk 394, Wash., D. C.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. \$25-\$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Henderson Will Tell You How to make money in spare time. Samples and Particulars free. Henderson, 428 E. 6th St., Dayton, Ohio.

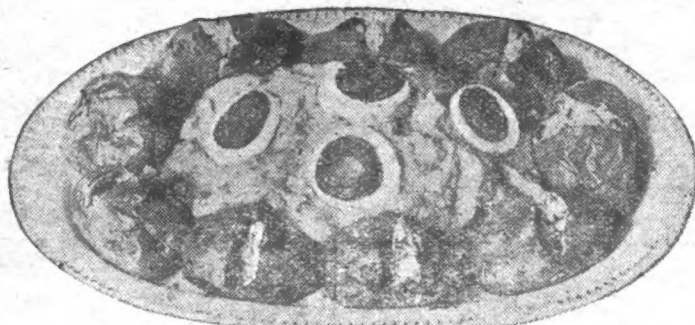
Earn hundred dollars quickly organizing Umakem Toy Making Club for your school, neighborhood or Red Cross. Address Umakem, 117 Fifth Ave., New York.

PIGS FOR SALE

O. J. C. Hogs, Large, Prolific, prize winning blood bred sows. 60 service boars. Pr. pigs mated 125. W. D. Ruebush, Macomb, Ill.

do that, but to work in meat's place as well. The "high-powered bread" that has the scientific resemblance to a beefsteak sandwich does not even use all of the "voltage" of the soy-bean flour. This bread has been made from a mixture of 30 per cent soy-bean flour and 70 per cent wheat flour. It is extremely high in the protein element and is really a substitute for protein foods such as meat and cheese.
Some people call soy-bean flour a "new" food, but it is far from that, for the soy bean was used in China and Japan in the dim dawn of history and has been used in those lands ever since. Only recently, however, has this bean become of importance in the world's commerce and only within the past few years has its food value been recognized in the United States.

German View of Christianity
Frederich Wilhelm Nietzsche was one of the most noted of modern German philosophers. How much has his philosophy affected the views and character of the Germans of today? Is not the answer written in the blood of the women and children, the old men of occupied France and Belgium? Are not the *Lusitania* victims witnesses to German adoption of Nietzsche's faith?
Here is his indictment of Christianity: "With this I conclude, and pronounce my sentence: I condemn Christianity. To me it is the greatest of all imaginable corruptions. The church is the great parasite; with its anemic idea of holiness it drains life of all its strength, its love, and its hope. The other world is the motive for the denial of every reality. I call Christianity the one great curse, the one great intrinsic depravity, the one great instinct of revenge, for which no expedient is sufficiently poisonous, secret, underhand, to gain its ends. I call it the one immortal shame and blemish upon the human race."



TRIBE WITH STUFFED POTATOES.

WAR ECONOMY IN FOOD WITH

SUGGESTIONS AND RECIPES

By Violet Marsh

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MORE and more we are getting the feeling that all food belongs to a common store to be distributed to meet the needs of the hour. Directions are given from time to time for such voluntary shaping of our diet as will conserve the necessary supplies. As conditions change, the directions are modified. They are stiffened in one line, relaxed in another.

The food situation in Europe is critical—far graver than when the first reckoning was made of the world's supply for this year. Harvests fell below estimates, the shortage of shipping has grown more acute, remote markets have become inaccessible.

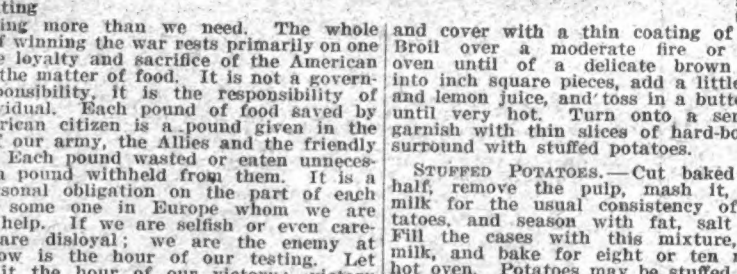
There is simply not enough food in Europe, yet the soldiers of the Allies must be maintained in full strength, their wives and children at home must not face famine; the friendly neutrals must not be abandoned to starvation; and finally our own army in France must never lack needed food. There is just one way in which these requirements can be met. North America must furnish the food. We have already sent over much more than our normal surplus, and this excess created by our savings has saved the situation and made possible the succession of victories in which our brave soldiers have borne a glorious part. But there is need of yet greater saving of food to meet the growing needs of war.

We do not need to starve ourselves. There is plenty in America; and it is the firm policy of the Food Administration to retain for our people, by its control of exports, a sufficient supply of every essential foodstuff. Nobody in our country ought to eat less than is necessary for good health and full strength, for America must have the full productive power of all its people. Much of the needed saving can be effected by substituting one kind of food for another. But the time has come to put aside all selfishness and disloyalty. The time has come for sacrifice.

The Allies ask us to meet only their absolutely imperative needs. They are restricting the consumption of their own people to the minimum. They are controlling their food by drastic government regulation. There is privation among their women and children; there is starvation in Belgium.

The Allies need wheat and meat and fats and sugar. They must have more of all of these than we have been sending, more than we shall be able to send unless we restrict our own consumption. We can do it without harm, for, as a nation, we are today eating and wasting more than we need. The whole problem of winning the war rests primarily on one thing: the loyalty and sacrifice of the American people in the matter of food. It is not a government responsibility, it is the responsibility of each individual. Each pound of food saved by each American citizen is a pound given in the support of our army, the Allies and the friendly neutrals. Each pound wasted or eaten unnecessarily is a pound withheld from them. It is a direct personal obligation on the part of each of us to some one in Europe whom we are bound to help. If we are selfish or even careless, we are disloyal; we are the enemy at home. Now is the hour of our testing. Let us make it the hour of our victory; victory over ourselves; victory over the Enemy of Freedom.

FRENCH FILLETS OF FISH.



War-Time Economy

1. Choose food wisely.
2. Store it properly.
3. Cook it carefully.
4. Serve it attractively.

Don't give the new dishes a black eye by having too many of them at once. Use all the ingenuity you have to make them both taste and look well. Food habits like other habits are not easily changed. Lead gently into the new realm.

Five Rules for Wise Buying

1. DON'T BEGIN TO SAVE ON MILK.—Children must have it; adults ought to. Milk builds bone and muscle better than any other food.
2. SPEND AT LEAST AS MUCH FOR MILK AS FOR MEAT.—Remember that a quart of milk is equal in food value to a pound of steak.
3. SPEND AT LEAST AS MUCH FOR VEGETABLES AND FRUITS AS FOR MEAT AND FISH.—Fresh vegetables and fruit cannot well be sent abroad to the enemy. A free use of them makes your

family dietary better; if purchased in season and of the sort grown in your own locality, they need not be expensive.

4. USE BREADSTUFFS MORE OR LESS FREELY, ACCORDING TO YOUR DESIRE FOR ECONOMY.—They are usually the most economical of all the foods. The Food Administration does not ask you to use less bread but less wheat in your bread.

5. BE SPARING IN THE USE OF MEATS.—These are usually the most expensive of the staple foods in proportion to their food value, and are not strictly necessary when a proper amount of milk is used. Meat may be decreased with less harm than any other of the other foods mentioned. The amount spent for meat may decrease as the amount for milk increases.

Meal Plans

Study your meals. Plan them for at least three days in advance.

This helps you to buy to better advantage, gives variety in material and preparation. Ask yourself the following questions about your meals: Does this plan mean:

1. The use of home-grown products and thus allow the railroads to be hauling supplies for the army instead of food for my family?
2. The exchange of milk, cheese, eggs, fish, game, beans, nuts and peas for beef, mutton, pork?
3. The use of barley, buckwheat, corn, oats, potatoes and rye instead of wheat?

4. Plenty of whole milk for the children?
5. The substitution of the vegetable fats whenever possible?
6. The substitution of honey, molasses, corn syrup or other syrup for sugar so far as possible?
7. Meals adapted to the season and pocket-book? Have they character and flavor?

Recipes

FRENCH FILLETS OF FISH.—Clean small fish, remove the backbone and cut in two lengthwise. Steam over a small amount of water to which has been added the fish bones, one chopped onion, half a teaspoon of salt, parsley and one eighth teaspoon of pepper. Make a sauce by melting four tablespoons of butter substitutes until it bubbles, cream in two tablespoons of flour and when it thickens slowly add one half of the hot fish-water with the cooked onion and parsley and one cup of milk which has previously been brought to a boil. Stir until it thickens and cook for five minutes. Pour over fish and garnish with lemon slices.

TRIBE WITH STUFFED POTATOES.—(See illustrated heading).—Select the honey comb tripe, and cook it in boiling salted water half an hour. Drain quite dry.

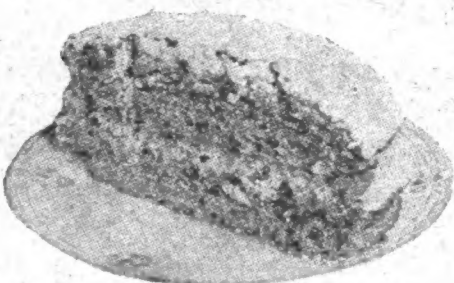
Spread the honey comb side with butter substitute and cover with a thin coating of cracker-dust. Broil over a moderate fire or in a quick oven until of a delicate brown color. Cut into inch square pieces, add a little salt, pepper and lemon juice, and toss in a buttered stew-pan until very hot. Turn onto a serving platter, garnish with thin slices of hard-boiled egg and surround with stuffed potatoes.

STUFFED POTATOES.—Cut baked potatoes in half, remove the pulp, mash it, add enough milk for the usual consistency of mashed potatoes, and season with fat, salt and pepper. Fill the cases with this mixture, brush with milk, and bake for eight or ten minutes in a hot oven. Potatoes may be stuffed in the morning and heated at noon or in the evening for dinner.

OATMEAL MUFFINS.—Heat one and one half cups of milk and pour over two cups of rolled oats and let stand for forty-five minutes. Add two tablespoons of molasses, one tablespoon of melted fat, three quarters of a teaspoon of salt and one beaten egg. Beat well and add one cup of flour to which four teaspoons of baking powder has been added. Beat hard and bake half an hour in gem tins. Have oven moderately hot.

CORN DODGERS.—Pour one and three quarters cup of boiling water over two cups of corn meal, one teaspoon of salt and two teaspoons of fat. Beat well and when cool form into thin cakes and bake one half hour in a hot oven. These crisp biscuits are good served hot with butter or gravy.

WAR CAKE.—Boil together one cup of molasses, one cup of corn syrup, one and one half cups of water, one package of raisins, two tablespoons of fat, one teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of cinnamon, one half teaspoon of cloves, one half teaspoon of nutmeg, for five minutes. Cool, add three cups of rye flour sifted with one half



WAR CAKE.



Setsnug UNDERWEAR

It looks well, it fits beautifully, it keeps you warm, and because of its unusually elastic fabric and patented features, it affords a delightful degree of bodily freedom and comfort. It is tailored for Styles and Sizes on living models—no guess work about fitting. Made on Cooper Spring Needle Machines, the fabric gives, stretches, "springs back" with every movement of the body.

The "V-H" Gusset in the crotch prevents binding. The fabric there is so placed that it has an "up-and-down" stretch—as you bend over it gives in the crotch.

A patented extra wide bust, close-fitting cuffs in sleeved garments, neat, dainty trimmings, the sliding waist band in two-piece suits, the long wear that it affords—all add to the advantage in Setsnug Underwear.

For Men, Women and Children—for health, comfort and contentment.

AVALON KNITWEAR CO., Utica, N. Y.

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teaspoon of soda and two teaspoons of baking powder. Bake in layer cakes or in two loaves for forty-five minutes.

TAMALE PIE (Serves six).—Make a mush by stirring two cups of corn meal and one and one half teaspoon of salt into boiling water and cook forty-five minutes. Brown one onion in one tablespoon of fat; add one pound of beef after it is put through the food-chopper, and stir until the red color disappears. Add two cups of tomato, one third teaspoon of cayenne pepper, or one small chopped sweet pepper, and one teaspoon of salt. Grease a baking dish, put in a layer of corn meal mush, add the seasoned meat, and cover with mush. Bake thirty minutes.

SMOTHERED RABBIT.—Dress one rabbit and separate into pieces at the joints. Season with salt and pepper and fry in one quarter of a cup of drippings or other fat until a golden brown. Add one cup of boiling water, cook for five minutes and transfer to an earthen baking dish and cover closely. Bake in a moderate oven one half hour, then add two cups of meat stock or thickened gravy, one tablespoon of lemon juice and one bay leaf and continue cooking in the oven about one and one half hours.

MAKE YOUR OWN CORN-STARCH.—Take ripe but not dried white field corn. Grate the kernels down to the cob. Place in a bowl, cover with water and let the pieces of husk rise to the surface, then skim them off. Stir the corn and water well, then let it stand several hours. Drain off the water, and fine white sediment will be found in the bottom of bowl, which is corn-starch. This will soon dry and can be put away in bags or boxes. Use to thicken soups and gravies, and to make into puddings. Also makes an excellent starch for clothes.

HOME-MADE FRUIT VINEGAR.—Use apple cores and parings, pulp from jelly-making, skins and stones from pulping plums and other fruit, berries, etc. Add water to cover and simmer for one hour. Strain and to each cup add three cups of water and one tablespoon of molasses. Put into a cask. Tie a piece of cloth over the top and let it make in the sun from four to six weeks.

PLAIN TOMATO PASTE.—Stew the tomatoes until soft. Crush thoroughly and pass through a fine sieve to take out the skins and woody portions of the pulp. Place what passes through the sieve in a shallow pan and boil it down gently over a slow fire to a thick consistency. Then place it over hot water or in a slow oven where the heat is not sufficient to cause the paste to stick to the bottom of the pan. Allow the pulp to evaporate until it reaches the consistency of peanut butter. While still hot, add about two level tablespoons of salt to a gallon of the paste and pack into hot sealed jars or bottles. Sterilize in washbottle or canner from half hour to an hour. Useful in preparing macaroni, soups, meats, etc.

FLAVORED TOMATO SAUCE.—To four quarts of the strained pulp, add two sliced onions, two buttons of garlic, one bay leaf and two or three chili peppers. Boil down and bottle as in plain paste.

CANNED APPLE SAUCE.—Wash tart apples and cut into small pieces without paring. Add boiling water and cook quickly to a pulp. Strain and return to preserving kettle. Sweeten with honey or sorghum if sugar is scarce. Put into jars or wide-mouthed bottles and sterilize. If bottles are used, sterilize cork stoppers, press into bottles, cut off even and dip end of bottle into sealing wax.

DRIED PLUMS.—Cover plums with boiling water, let stand twenty minutes, drain and dry in month of oven or in the sun. Useful for winter marmalade, sauces and puddings.

DUTCH APPLE BUTTER.—Boil cider down one half. Pare, quarter and core sound, sweet apples, using about half the amount of apple that there is boiled-down cider. Put apples into boiled cider and cook over rather a quick fire, stirring very frequently to prevent burning. When the apples are reduced to a smooth pulp, add a palatable flavoring of powdered allspice, and put the butter in earthen jars. If kept closed from the air, it will keep indefinitely.

DRIED PUMPKIN.—Cut into half-inch strips and pare. Plunge into boiling water for three minutes and then in cold. Remove surface moisture and string the same as apple. Dry in the sun or over the kitchen stove.

Furs in War Time Rise Sharply in Price

Washington, D. C. The spring fur sale in London showed a sharp advance in certain varieties of skins, according to the report of Consul General Robert P. Skinner, which says:

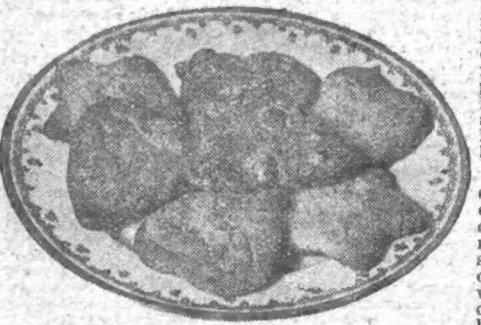
"The American buyers purchased freely of the finer furs, but the main support came from the home trade. Orders from France were small, buyers therefrom being unable to attend."

"Compared with the January, 1918, sale, Australian opossum declined 20 per cent; fox, red Australian, sold readily at an advance of 15 per cent. Compared with the spring sale of 1917, black bear rose 30 per cent and brown and white 50 per cent. Mink advanced 25 per cent, advanced 100 per cent as did civet cat. Beaver advanced 100 per cent, but prices did not reach those obtained in the winter sale. For gray fox the demand slackened, but old prices were realized, while red fox advanced 20 per cent. Squirrel rose 60 per cent and mole 20 per cent; for the latter there was keen competition. White hare advanced 110 per cent; nutria rose 90 per cent. Spring musquash advanced 60 per cent; winter, 80; fall, small and shot, 90, and southern, 120. Skunk advanced 50 per cent; American opossum, 35 per cent, and raccoon, 25 per cent."

Repairing Soldiers' Garments

Hundreds of women are now being employed by the government in the work of repairing the garments of soldiers and also in the laundries of cantonments. The former work is said by the quartermaster general's office to have cut down the issue of new clothing and new shoes from thirty to forty per cent in some instances. In employing the women, preference is given to the wives, sisters and mothers of men in the service. The plants where the mending is done are run in connection with forts and camps by the camp quartermaster. When a soldier tears or rips a garment he turns it in to his supply officer. In turn it is taken to the repair shop, managed by the conservation and reclamation officer. When in order the garment if possible is returned to the original owner.

The same methods of thrift are being used in conjunction with camp laundries. By paying one dollar a month a soldier is entitled to a weekly bundle of laundry of which the number or articles is not limited. In almost all instances women operate these laundries. They also mend and repair all garments before they are laundered.



CORN DODGERS.